

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



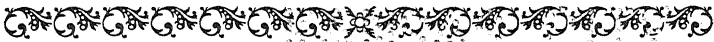
121 626

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



THE RIVALS

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, ACRES AND FAULKLAND

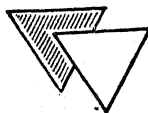


COMPARATIVE COMEDIES PRESENT AND PAST

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER,
by OLIVER GOLDSMITH &
THE RIVALS, *by* RICHARD
BRINSLEY SHERIDAN &
THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH,
by LEWIS BEACH & HOLI-
DAY, *by* PHILIP BARRY

Edited by
ROWENA KEITH KEYES
Chairman English Department
Julia Richman High School, New York City

AND
HELEN M. ROTH
Chairman English Department
Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.



NOBLE AND NOBLE, *Publishers, Inc.*
100 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH (ENTIRE PLAY). COPYRIGHT, 1923, 1924, BY LEWIS BEACH. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NO PERFORMANCE OF THIS PLAY, PROFESSIONAL OR AMATEUR, OR PUBLIC READING DRAMAT, MAY BE GIVEN WITHOUT THE WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR AND THE PAYMENT OF ROYALTY. APPLICATION FOR THE RIGHTS OF PERFORMING "THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH" MUST BE MADE TO SAMUEL FRENCH, INC., 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOLIDAY. CAUTION: PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS ARE HEREBY WARNED THAT "HOLIDAY," BEING FULLY PROTECTED UNDER THE COPYRIGHT LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THE BRITISH EMPIRE, INCLUDING THE DOMINION OF CANADA, AND THE OTHER COUNTRIES OF THE COPYRIGHT UNION, IS SUBJECT TO A ROYALTY, AND ANYONE PRESENTING THE PLAY WITHOUT THE CONSENT OF THE OWNERS OR THEIR AUTHORIZED AGENTS WILL BE LIABLE TO THE PENALTIES BY LAW PROVIDED. APPLICATIONS FOR THE ACTING RIGHTS MUST BE MADE TO SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, OR AT 811 WEST 7TH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, OR AT 480 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA.

Copyright, 1935,

By NOBLE AND NOBLE, *Publishers, Inc.*

THE COMPARATIVE CLASSICS

IN recognition of the demand for more modern literature and in the belief that a study of the Classics is greatly enhanced by comparison, the publishers have launched a new series, *The Comparative Classics* based upon a new idea: that of presenting an older classic side by side with a modern one of the same type. This plan has several advantages. There has been a strong demand for more modern literature in high school courses; there is at the same time a feeling that no English education is complete without some knowledge of the great classics. The present plan meets both demands. Furthermore, it is generally recognized that one of the most fruitful ways of studying literature is by the comparative method. To place side by side two plays, two poems or two essays in which the same theme is treated by different writers makes clear at once the characteristics of the two authors. It also affords a means of studying the larger aspects of the two works, of comparing them in theme and treatment, rather than concentrating upon the text of one. It is the practice of many teachers, after studying a classic, to assign as supplementary reading a modern book of the same type. Here both books are conveniently placed within a single cover.

CONTENTS

COMEDY TODAY AND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . .	I
LIFE AS THE BACKGROUND OF COMEDY TODAY AND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY	6
London Streets	6
Country Life	8
Means of Communication	10
Differences in Costume	11
Resemblance in Rise of Middle Classes	15
Resemblance in Broadening of Knowledge through Travel	16
Reaction from Puritanism of Cromwell's Day and from Victorianism	17
Sentimental Plays in Both Eras as Counter Reaction . .	19
THE THEATER NOW AND THEN	22
MEANING OF DRAMATIC STRUCTURE	29
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES	32
Oliver Goldsmith	32
Richard Brinsley Sheridan	44
Philip Barry	53
Lewis Beach	53
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER	55
THE RIVALS	173
THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH	315
HOLIDAY	443

COMPARATIVE QUESTIONS	575
HELPS TO UNDERSTANDING— <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i>	579
GENERAL QUESTIONS— <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i>	581
QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER— <i>She Stoops to Conquer</i>	584
TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS OR DISCUSSIONS— <i>She Stoops to</i> <i>Conquer</i>	585
HELPS TO UNDERSTANDING— <i>The Rivals</i>	586
PARTIAL GLOSSARY OF WORD-BLUNDERS OF MRS. MALAPROP .	589
GENERAL QUESTIONS— <i>The Rivals</i>	591
QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER— <i>The Rivals</i>	594
TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS OR DISCUSSIONS— <i>The Rivals</i> . .	596
GENERAL QUESTIONS— <i>Holiday</i>	597
QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER— <i>Holiday</i>	599
TOPICS FOR ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITION— <i>Holiday</i> . .	601
GENERAL QUESTIONS— <i>The Goose Hangs High</i>	602
QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER— <i>The Goose Hangs High</i> . . .	604
TOPICS FOR ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITION— <i>The Goose</i> <i>Hangs High</i>	604
SHORT TYPE TESTS	605
GAME OF QUOTATIONS	614
PROJECTS	619
SUGGESTED READING	622
COLLEGE ENTRANCE AND REGENTS QUESTIONS	625

INTRODUCTION

COMEDY TODAY AND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

NEARLY everybody likes to go to see a good comedy, whether on the stage or on the screen. There is delight in seeing amusing events enacted before us so that we seem to live with the characters of the play instead of in our own humdrum surroundings.

When we stop to think of it, however, the special sources of our pleasure in comedies (plays with a happy ending) are quite varied. There is the "slap-stick" type of play, where the fun consists largely in clumsy and harmless fights, accidents to over-dignified or disagreeable persons, absurd situations, and ridiculous gestures by queer individuals,—such a play as Charlie Chaplin somehow makes irresistibly laughable. Comedies of this type are usually called *farces*. Then there are the comedies that make us laugh at foolish or crotchety persons who are remarkably like the ones we see in real life. The fun is derived partly from unexpected coincidences, misunderstandings, witty devices, mischances, and partly from the discomfiture of these slightly exaggerated yet realistic figures. We enjoy recognizing types of persons that we know and laughing at their foibles as we cannot politely do in real life. *The Show-off* by George Kelly illustrates this kind of so-called *satiric comedy*, the "bluffer" having his bluff called

at the end. Most of George Bernard Shaw's comedies are brilliant examples of this type of play, making fun of the prejudices and insincerities of human nature. Somerset Maugham excels in light, witty plays of this sort. His *The Bread Winner*, for example, shows up a set of supercilious young people, two frivolous, conceited wives, and an unpleasantly noisy father. Still another kind of comedy is that which pleases chiefly through emphasizing the reform of bad or foolish characters. Frequently the central love story of such a play comes close to a tragic event, many tears are shed, but in the end the hero or heroine emerges from his or her troubles through the complete—and quite improbable—reformation of the villain. Often in such plays an undue amount of emotion is expended and expressed by the characters without sufficient cause and with little use of "common sense." Here our pleasure is derived mainly through our sympathy with the emotions of the characters and our pleasure in their final deliverance. There are plenty of examples of such plays among the motion pictures of today as well as on the stage. This type is called *sentimental comedy*.

Besides the three types of comedy that have been mentioned, there are fantastic comedies that make little pretence at reality, at least in their setting, but take us into a delightful world of "romance" where any strange or even supernatural events may occur. Sir James Barrie and A. A. Milne excel in the writing of such plays, of which *Dear Brutus* and *The Ivory Tower* are examples.

Such an enumeration of types does not by any means ex-

haust all the varieties and subdivisions among comedies, but it will serve to awaken us to the broad distinctions to be made under the general term "comedy" and help us to understand a little better the excellences and weaknesses of some of the plays that we see or read.

If we think over the comedies of Shakespeare that we have read, we find that even in the sixteenth century these different sources of pleasure existed on the stage. *Twelfth Night* with its Malvolio, Sir Toby, and Aguecheek, is largely satiric; *As You Like It* is of the romantic and unreal sort, with delightful bits of satiric fun, and with the complete reform of the elder Duke and of Oliver which would make it *sentimental* if the setting pretended to be realistic. Types of plays we see, therefore, are often mixed.

Now a certain contemporary of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson by name, who was a University man, as Shakespeare was not, had a special admiration for the Latin plays produced during the later years of the Roman Empire. These comedies of Plautus and Terence delighted Elizabethan audiences as they had those of their own time, by their satiric treatment of human foibles, often employing the same exaggerated types repeatedly. One of these popular types was the *miles gloriosus* or "braggart soldier," whose bubble of conceit was always pricked. You can get an idea of this "stock character," as it was sometimes called, by reading *Ralph Roister Doister*, an English comedy of the early sixteenth century, which presents just such a person in imitation of the Roman type. Johnson created a whole group of persons, each with an exaggerated

foible or "humor" as it was called. The resulting play, *Every Man in his Humour*, and its sequel, *Every Man out of his Humour*, were tremendously popular and set a style in satiric comedy that was imitated by many playwrights throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and whose influence has never entirely disappeared.

From 1642 until the Restoration of Charles II to the throne of England in 1660, the Puritans kept the theaters closed, regarding all play-acting as immoral. The comedies of the Restoration Period gave plenty of excuse for such censure. They were almost exclusively satiric, and usually the laugh was at the expense of foolish, trusting, or very pious persons, with an exalting of the witty profligate by contrast. One of the cleverest and least objectionable comedies of the Restoration type, though produced in 1707, is *The Beaux' Stratagem* by Farquhar. It is included in many anthologies of English Drama, where you may enjoy reading it. The extreme immorality of the early Restoration plays led to an effort to reform the theater through introducing sentimental comedies. So over-weighted with "feeling" were these, so unreal in their sudden reformation of rakes, so unnatural and "high flown" in their dialogue, that they lacked almost entirely the virtues of humor and realism.

Throughout the eighteenth century, a time when innumerable plays were presented, the pendulum of popularity swung back and forth between "legitimate,"—that is, satiric,—comedy on the one hand, and sentimental on the other. Richard Steele, best known today as the originator of those famous periodicals,

The Tatler and *The Spectator*, wrote popular sentimental comedies, of which *The Conscious Lovers* is perhaps the best example. Colley Cibber, a successful theater manager whose autobiography, called *Confessions*, gives a vivid account of the theater business of his day, was another sentimental playwright. One of his successes was *The Lady's Last Stake* which dealt with the card-playing mania of that time.

The eighteenth century authors included in this volume, however, Goldsmith and Sheridan, whose works alone, in the flood of dramatic writings of the time, have had the vitality to survive as popular performances down to the present day, were conscious of the absurdities of sentimentalism. In *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, and *The School for Scandal* they produced three masterpieces of satiric comedy which yet avoided witty satire at the expense of morality. Combined with satire there is here a broader, kindlier humor that makes for realism, and it is this quality together with ingenuity in devising situations, and sustained wit in composing conversation, that set these plays apart from other comedies of their day.

LIFE AS THE BACKGROUND OF COMEDY TODAY AND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

ALL good plays, as in fact all forms of literature, are a reflection of life,—a mirror held up to nature. The wider and keener our interest in the life about us, the more thoroughly do we understand and appreciate contemporary drama. To get the full flavor of the modern comedies in this volume or those that we see performed, we need to realize certain tendencies in modern life, on which plot and characterization turn. Similarly, to appreciate plays of the eighteenth century we must recall a little of the ideas and the outward aspects of the life out of which such plays grew.

London Streets

At first thought, it seems to us that a great gulf separates our ways from the ways of eighteenth century England. The mere progress of invention has changed in almost every particular our method of doing things. For instance, to enter into that time, we must visualize London houses, even of the wealthy, as warmed only by open fires and lighted by candles, as devoid of bathrooms, and as supplied with water pumped only three times a week from the Thames. The streets of the city were narrow and paved with cobbles. Until the mid-century, they were darkened by projecting signs and extremely dirty. Up to that time, each householder was responsible for



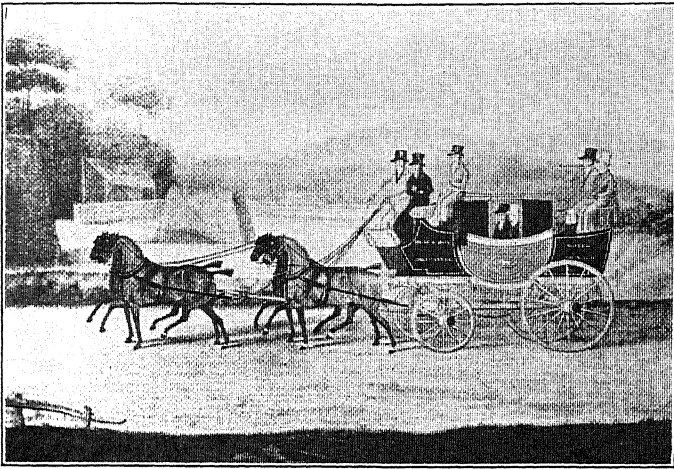
A LONDON STREET SCENE
FROM A CONTEMPORARY HOGARTH PRINT

the removal of the filth from before his door, a system whose inadequacy can be imagined when we know that (in the absence of sewers) refuse of all kinds was thrown into the streets. A vivid and amusing description of conditions is given in Gay's *Trivia*, a long, versified account of walking in London. Though the noise of our modern cities,—the honking of motor horns, the rumble and clang of buses and trolley cars,—and the appearance of vehicles and pedestrians are different from those of the eighteenth century, noise and crowding in themselves are not new to city life. Traffic in the main thoroughfares in the earlier period was heavy and extremely noisy. Coaches and wagons with iron-bound wheels drawn by horses with clattering hoofs made perpetual roar, above which rose the calls of men with sedan chairs, the innumerable cries of street vendors and news-boys, and the tones of ballad singers and of other wandering musicians. Some of Hogarth's pictures, of which you may find prints in the larger libraries,* give a wonderfully clear idea of the appearance of the jostling throngs with their background of two-story and three-story houses and shops.

Country Life

Life outside of London, since it was conditioned by the slow means of travel and communication, was much more primitive and isolated than it is today. Country roads were in most cases muddy, stony, and deeply rutted. Though there

* Good examples are his *Four Times of the Day* (1738) and *Four Prints of an Election* (1755-58).



THE DOVER MAIL

was a steady improvement in highways through the century, a journey of fifty miles by land was often hazardous and subject to delay owing to the effects of bad weather on the roads. Passenger vehicles, to be sure, were constantly being made more comfortable and more speedy. In the latter half of the century (when the plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan were produced) stage-coaches were being constructed with the new luxury of springs, and in 1784 John Palmer's mail-coaches performed the miracle of covering the 108 miles between London and Bath in sixteen hours! To our motor-conditioned minds all this seems slow and uncomfortable enough. When we add to the dangers of travel in that era the almost omnipresent highwaymen, who robbed wayfarers, rich and poor, without compunction, we may well congratulate ourselves

(despite the recent increase of hold-ups in certain parts of the United States) on the ease and comparative safety of modern travel.

Means of Communication

Again, country dwellers before the invention of telegraph and telephone were dependent for their knowledge of national, metropolitan, and world affairs on these same slow methods of conveyance. The morning daily papers and the evening papers, which appeared thrice a week, were circulated in the country by means of the post. In all, there were about sixteen London newspapers in Goldsmith's day, the circulation of each averaging under three thousand. Most of them consisted of only four folio pages, printed in four columns. (A folio is a large sheet of paper, folded once.) Many of the larger towns published also their own weekly news sheets. There were, besides, magazines,—of which *The Gentleman's Magazine* was the pioneer,—which furnished citizens of town and country with fiction, essays, and current comment. These tended to supersede the single-essay paper of which *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and Johnson's *Rambler* had been outstanding examples. Johnson's *Idler* was published not independently but as a feature of *The Universal Chronicle or Weekly Gazette*, a general weekly newspaper. Here we have, faintly shadowed forth, the vogue of the modern "columnist" in the present-day newspaper. There were also, for the delectation of sentimental young ladies such as Miss Lydia Languish (in *The Rivals*), both in London and in other towns, circulating libraries, which



CONTEMPORARY COIFFURES

seem to have specialized in romantic fiction. There was no system, however, of public libraries for reading and reference.

Differences in Costume

No feature of the life of an earlier age affords us more entertainment than the dress, chiefly because it is different from that of our day and is likely to be associated in our minds with a fancy dress ball, or a play. Costumes of the eighteenth century ladies and gentlemen seem more adapted for a formal dance or artificial posturing than for the ordinary affairs of everyday life. As a matter of fact, the elaborate styles that we see in illustrations and that are sometimes beautiful and stately but more often extravagant or grotesque were not for the middle or working classes, but for the smart and wealthy

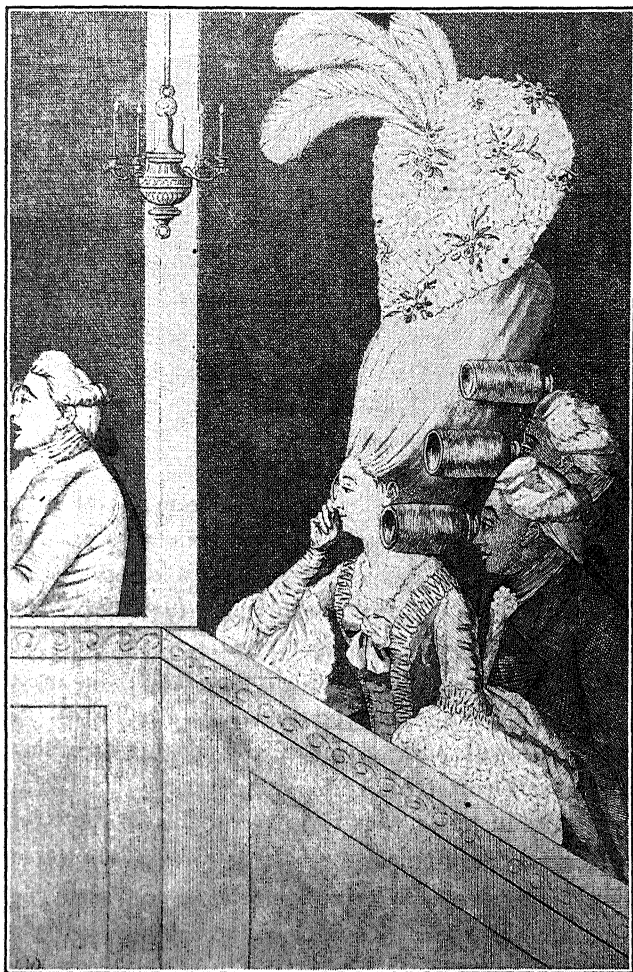
people. Fashions changed rapidly during the century. Calthrop remarks of the reign of George III that "the changes of costume were so frequent, so varied, and so jumbled together, that any precise account of them would be impossible." Of the ladies' dress he suggests: "You may watch the growth of the wig and the decline of the hoop."*

English fashions came from Paris, especially after the middle of the century. In the sixties, taste grew more refined than it had been hitherto, and beautiful silks, full kerchiefs or fine lace at the neck, a bandeau around the head, a high cap or feathers, all produced a general effect both stately and beautiful. According to Talbot Hughes, writing on dress in *Johnson's England*, the style of this decade was one of the most beautiful in the history of costume.

The seventies are particularly interesting to us as the decade in which all three of Sheridan's great plays and Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* were produced. Extravagance of costume, a term applying to style as well as to cost, was at its height during this period. Beautiful silk brocades, Indian dyed or embroidered cottons, Chinese painted silks and satins were materials used to construct marvelous costumes, some of which may still be seen in museums and all of which can more easily be pictured than described. It was also a period that marked the beginning of democracy in dress, for maids and shop girls went to the theater in costumes that imitated those of ladies of fashion.

High headdresses grew steadily higher during this period,

* Calthrop, Dion Clayton: *English Costume*, London, 1907. p. 432ff.



THE OPTIC CURLS

and reached ridiculous proportions. Large hats were worn tilted over the front of the coiffure. Women, like men, used powder in their hair, and at this time both used powder of reddish and gray hues rather than white.

The dress of the men of the upper classes was marked by the same elegance of style that characterized women's costumes. Coats with full skirts were decorated with borders of embroidered flowers with gold thread. Large wide cuffs and buttons of gold, silver, or bronze, often set with precious stones, made these still more elaborate. An open waistcoat usually showed the lace ends of a long, lawn tie, and a shirt of fine linen.

The color schemes were brilliant, and found favor not only with the fine gentlemen of the court, but with such more humble followers of fashion as Oliver Goldsmith. During one year, Irving tells us, Goldsmith's tailor furnished him with "four or five full suits beside separate articles of dress. Among the items we find a green half-trimmed frock and breeches, lined with silk; a queen's blue dress suit; a half-dress suit of ratteen, lined with satin; a pair of silk stocking breeches, and another of a bloom color."*

The styles in men's wigs were as variable as the women's headdresses. The front of the wig, or foretop, was often absurdly high; there were three-tailed wigs, and such popular styles as the short bob, triple bob, major bob, fuzzled bob and the grizzle wig.

* Irving, Washington: Works Vol. XI. *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*—New York, 1849. p. 228.

The term Macaroni was applied to the fops, or men of fashion, who affected extreme styles. These gentlemen used cosmetics, lip salve, patches (of court plaster) bouquets, and perfumes.

As we have said, these styles of necessity were confined to gentlemen of the leisure class. Those of the middle and working classes dressed in more sober fashion. Dr. Johnson and Boswell both usually wore plain brown clothes.

Our present plainer styles of dress owe their origin to the growth of democracy. Changes in men's economic outlook swept away most of the overloaded finery of the past. Women's dress shows even more plainly the influence of their new attitude toward life.

It is interesting for us to turn over the pages of a history of costume, or to consult the illustrations in the newest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica to see the gradual changes in the silhouette of women's clothes, reflecting so well the activities of the woman of each age. The straight lines of dress in the twentieth century, the short hair or very simple hairdress that tops these costumes, is a clear indication of the active life of the woman of today.

Resemblance in Rise of Middle Classes

Yet, despite these differences in the outward show of life now and that two centuries ago, the two ages have certain resemblances in temper and attitude. Both times have seen great increase in the importance of trade and manufacture. The London man of business was rising in Goldsmith's day.

to a position of wealth and influence that enabled him to command residences rivaling those of titled persons, the best seats in the theaters, and the use of fashionable resorts such as Ranelegh and Vauxhall in London, Bath and Tunbridge Wells in the provinces. A new class of society had in fact been formed, with its rules of decorum, its social functions, its rivalries for precedence, as well defined as those of court circles. Similarly, on a larger scale, today the middle classes have gained increased wealth and influence and have become the chief factor in determining the success of plays and motion pictures.

Resemblance in Broadening of Knowledge through Travel

Another resemblance between the two periods is seen in the broadening influence of travel upon the popular thought of the times. The young people in England in that earlier era had in general much narrower educational opportunities than are offered today. The instruction of girls especially was most elementary. If a young lady could read, write, and keep household accounts, sew a fine seam, and dabble in the accomplishments of singing and harpsichord playing, she was esteemed highly educated. More than this was apt to bring upon her derision as a "bluestocking" or "learned lady." While tradesmen's daughters might assist in their fathers' shops, girls of any gentility looked forward to marriage as their only possible career and found in attracting a husband their only interesting occupation. It is not strange that their reading was seldom of a highly improving character. Scarcely less

ignorant were the sons of well-to-do country squires. While some were adequately tutored or sent to schools and universities, many were permitted to grow up as unlettered as Tony Lumpkin (in *She Stoops to Conquer*). The comparative isolation of England from the life of the continent had contributed to this neglect of a culture. The French, who regarded themselves as the arbiters of fashion and culture, looked upon the English as little better than barbarians; and in fact the cruder manners and the insularity of mind of the latter nation were such as to trouble even themselves when through travel they became acquainted with more sophisticated people. Hence, as increased wealth made it possible, it became the custom for English fathers to send their sons abroad—not so much for university study as for a knowledge of the world and its social graces such as the “grand tour” was supposed to bestow. How absurd were the affectations that sometimes resulted may be gathered from Foote’s comedies, *The Englishman in Paris* and *The Englishman Returned from Paris*. Yet, when all is said and done, travel must usually be a broadening influence. Young Englishmen then, as well as young Americans today, must have gained through the increased opportunities for travel, something of an international consciousness, which was lacking in the earlier days of the two nations.

Reaction from Puritanism of Cromwell's Day and from Victorianism

Another aspect of the resemblance between the two periods, (and one having a particularly strong influence upon the

drama) is the fact that the early eighteenth century, like the early part of our own century, was a time of reaction. To appreciate this similarity we must retrace the period preceding each of these eras. The age of Cromwell, in England (1642-1660) had been a time of stern restriction on amusement and self-expression. Plain living and high thinking was the ideal. Clothes were simple in cut and gray or brown in color; men wore their hair short and the women covered theirs with a cap. Behavior conformed with this sobriety of attire. The theaters, closed by order of Parliament in 1642, were not reopened until the Stuart King Charles II came to the throne in 1660.

After the Restoration there was a natural wave of protest against the Puritanic view of life, protest which was still felt in the eighteenth century. Now that the excessive restraint of Cromwell's period was removed, thought and behavior went to the other extreme of unbridled license, and the court of Charles II was the most corrupt ever known in England.

Similarly, in our own day to call anyone "Victorian" in dress or manners or attitude toward life is far from complimentary. Since the beginning of the twentieth century the term has implied a greater regard for conventionality than for sincerity, and a rigid adherence to strict standards of propriety, especially in public. The Victorian Age in England, so remarkable in furthering the advance of democratic government, of science and invention, and so rich in literary achievement, none the less left on men's minds an impression of narrowness in moral standards and lack of sympathy with unconventional self-expression.

With the coming of the twentieth century there came also a reaction against Victorian insincerity. Especially after the Great War, when the younger generation started to amaze and sometimes horrify the older by insisting on full self-expression and utterly disregarding many accepted codes of polite behavior, there was much discussion of the alarming change from Victorian days. Many instances of abuse of the new freedom of speech and behavior, in books and on the stage as well as in everyday living, could be cited to show that the alarm felt by the conservative elders was not unwarranted. We see now, however, that these displays of bad taste that accompanied the new freedom were the natural reaction from a pietistic period.

Sentimental Plays in Both Eras as Counter Reaction

Such sentimental piety was the outstanding trait of the drama in the eighteenth century, as we have shown it to have been in the life of that era, also. As our brief review of types of comedy indicated, the immorality of Restoration drama led to an effort at reform. *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* was published in 1698 by Jeremy Collier, an English clergyman. In his indignation he asserted that the indecency of the stage had resulted in a decline of public morality. For ten years angry dramatists published their protests, and Collier defended his position in numerous tracts. Moral reform was introduced by other dramatists, Richard Steele among them, who wrote plays usually of domestic unhappiness in which pathos and a moral took the place of wit and humor. These could be called

comedies only because of the forced "happy ending." The delight in "a good cry" was shown by the popularity of the sentimental novel in the middle of the century as well as of the sentimental drama.

In the latter part of the century came a saving dramatic counter reaction, (parallel to the reaction in mode of life) in the form of burlesque. Outstanding among numerous farces was Samuel Foote's *The Handsome Housemaid* or *Piety in Pattens*, marked by wit and a variety of characters. Goldsmith's character-comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* and his delightful *She Stoops to Conquer* were still stronger protests against the sentimental comedy. In the prologue to the latter play David Garrick warned the audience:

"The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!"

and represented Goldsmith's play as:

"A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd."

Sheridan joined in the attack with *The Rivals*, in which he mocked sentimentality both on the stage and in the novel. Later, in *The School for Scandal*, he dealt a still stronger blow to sentimental moralizing by showing it to be a characteristic of Joseph Surface, the hypocrite and villain. He displaced:

"The goddess of the woeful countenance,
The sentimental Muse,"

and restored true comedy,

"This form where humor, quaint and sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye."

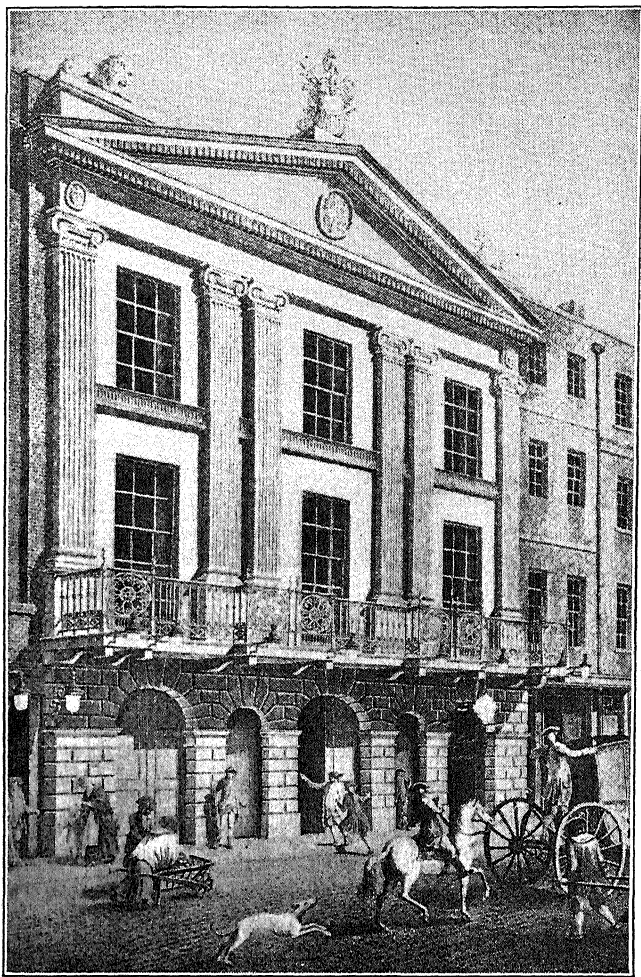
Indicative of such a counter-reaction in our own day is the clearer perspective of our post-war generation. It seems more possible than it did earlier in the century to combine artistic freedom with good taste, both in novels and on the stage.

In comparing the plays of Victorian days with those of our own time we must not forget that the motion picture theaters attract thousands of people who would not attend the legitimate theaters. Just as cheap novels and newspapers are printed today for people who a century ago would not have known how to read, so today there are many vulgar plays enjoyed by those who would find others too literary or delicate for their tastes.

Churches are using their influence to prevent the producers of motion pictures from offering plays that will have a bad moral influence. There is much discussion among critics as to how far a League of Decency may be permitted to dictate to producers without hampering artistic production. All this open discussion may help to educate public taste to the point where lack of public patronage will prevent cheap, vulgar performances.

THE THEATER NOW AND THEN

IF THE theater-goer of today could be transported to a performance of the late eighteenth century, the transition would certainly be far less astounding than if he had retreated to the time of Shakespeare. The building which in the sixteenth century had been little more than a remodeling of the inn-yard from which it had originated, roofless and with seats in boxes and balconies only, had become a fairly adequate auditorium. The visitor from the twentieth century would doubtless seek a place in a box, but he would see below him the "lower orders" accommodated with benches in the pit. The lighting of the room and of the stage would seem to him very dim, even with the profusion of candles, and the noise and confusion among the audience would certainly startle him. With no reserved seats and with doors opening two hours before the performance began at five or six o'clock, the restless crowd amused themselves in a boisterous manner that often drowned out the music provided for their preliminary entertainment. Even during the play itself, hisses, cat-calls, and loud, disorderly applause were the common expression of scorn or approval, and were often led by organized groups of enemies or adherents of the playwright. Indeed if the actor or his lines were seriously disapproved, a riot might ensue, and only a few years earlier the hurling of dead



THE DRURY LANE THEATER

cats or even hand to hand assault upon the unfortunate performer had frequently occurred.

The less violent members of the audience also presented a problem in their general inattention. The following lines from the epilogue of Kelly's comedy, *The School for Wives* (1773), illustrates the attitude of many of the public.

“Some to yawn, some round about to look,
Some to be seen, few come to mind their book:
Some with high wit and humour hither run,
To sweat their masters—and they call it fun.
Some modish sparks, true stoicks, and high bred,
Come, but ne’er know what’s done, or sung, or said;
Should the whole herd of criticks round them roar
And with one voice cry out *encore! encore!*
Or louder yet, *off, off, no more! no more!*
Should Pit, Box, Gall’ry with convulsions shake,
Still they are half asleep, nor t’other half awake.”

The part of the stage extending outside of the curtain, towards the audience, called the *apron*, had been gradually reduced in size, but still remained the favorite position for important dialogue or soliloquy, partly because of the poor acoustics of the auditorium. The raising and lowering of the curtain between acts and scenes had only recently come into vogue. Instead, the flat scene at the rear of the stage frequently opened to reveal another background. Entrances and exits were made through the permanent doors at the side of the front stage. Above such a door was a balcony convenient

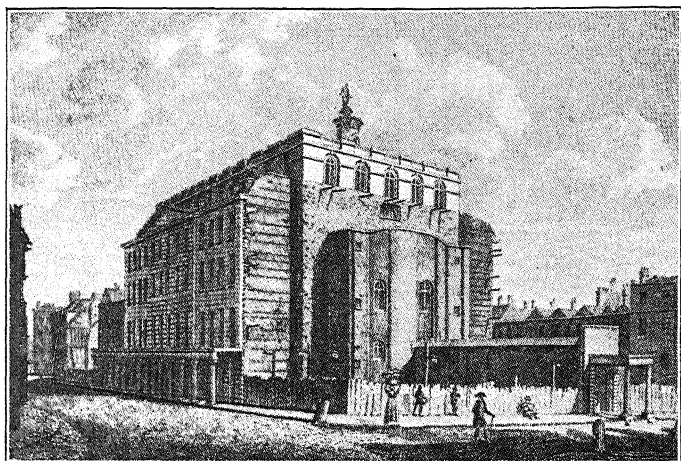
for lovers' colloquies such as that in *Romeo and Juliet*. One or two choice boxes were also provided above the stage itself. The custom of admitting gallants to seats on the stage was, however, done away at this time by the determined stand of the great actor-manager, David Garrick.

Scenery, during the latter half of the century was constantly being "modernized." Instead of a few conventional sets, used to represent any street and any room, there were often special backgrounds and wings (scenery for the sides of the stage, placed almost parallel to the background instead of nearly at right angles as on the modern stage). These scenes were sometimes of a highly romantic character, to suit the fashionable taste for gloomy woods, frowning rocks, and ruined castles,—sometimes actually copied from the English landscape. One scene-painter, for instance, studied to produce a likeness of Dover Cliffs as the realistic setting for King Lear in his madness. This effort toward both romanticism and realism was also shown in the building up of grottoes and castles at various points on the stage and the use of more elaborate "properties" for indoor scenes. Naturally these changes were accompanied by similar developments in costuming. It had been the custom to garb Shakespeare's characters, whether of the Roman era or of Elizabethan days, all in the style of eighteenth century England,—powdered wigs, ruffled shirts, scarlet military coats, hoop-skirts, and all,—or to robe all the heroines in sweeping black velvet and villains in long cloaks. The transition to period-costuming was neither sudden nor consistent; Roman heroes in togas sometimes appeared on the

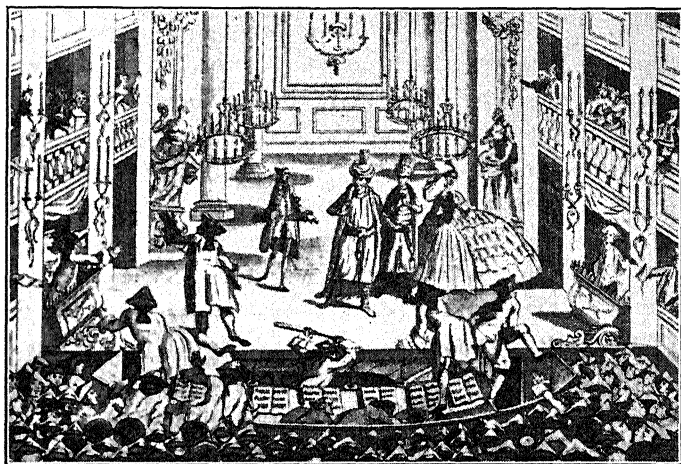
same stage with minor characters in modern garb. But a start had been made toward the careful historical study that precedes modern first-class productions.

That age has sometimes been called the time of the greatest English acting. Yet in this respect, again, the present-day observer might find much to surprise him, could he be wafted back. There was far more of rant and declamation than there is today. Actors were expected to recognize the audience, not only in the speaking of prologues and epilogues, but sometimes by bows and glances in the midst of scenes, and often by their manner of pronouncing their soliloquies and "asides." This latter device for apprising the audience of the character's secret thoughts had been inherited from the earliest English dramas and has recently been experimentally revived by Eugene O'Neill in his *Strange Interlude* and *The Great God Brown*. For the declamatory tones used, the difficulty in being heard in the enlarged theaters was partly responsible. Yet David Garrick became a reforming influence on the side of a more natural voice and manner.

Whatever their faults, actors and actresses of that time made names for themselves with contemporary Londoners, which have not passed away. What Edwin Booth was to the nineteenth century stage of America, David Garrick was to the eighteenth century stage of London,—the greatest actor, beyond dispute. Garrick, however, excelled in humorous as well as in serious parts, while Booth is remembered as a great tragedian. The actor who most nearly rivaled Garrick in tragedy was Stanger Barry, whose wife, Ann Barry, had also



COVENT GARDEN THEATER



RIOT IN COVENT GARDEN THEATER IN 1763

a great reputation on the stage. Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive were also famous among the actresses of the day, as was Mrs. Siddons, perhaps most commonly known today because of Reynolds' portrait of her as *The Tragic Muse*.

As for the plays to be witnessed on the eighteenth century English stage, in the two rival theaters,—Drury Lane and Covent Garden,—there was plenty of variety. Besides such comedies, satiric and sentimental, as have been described in another section of this introduction, produced by native talent, there were adaptations from the French, Italian, and Spanish drama, tragedies both of the Roman tradition and in the modern "sentimental" manner, and frequent revivals of plays of the Restoration period. Moreover, Shakespeare's dramas, which had been unfashionable for a time, now came in for renewed popularity. To be sure, the adapters and modernizers were ruthless in their treatment of the Shakespeare text. Not merely omissions but considerable additions were blithely made even by Garrick himself. Yet, as is attested by the frequent quotations from Shakespeare in *She Stoops to Conquer*, the audience of the day was familiar enough with that greatest English playwright to enjoy recognizing his words. Besides the "legitimate dramas" such as we have suggested, there were innumerable operas, Italian opera being all the vogue, and performances that were somewhat in the nature of modern vaudeville, including acrobats and trained animals. Considerable spectacular scenery and machinery were used for startling the audience, in these popular shows. In short, in the eighteenth century, as today, the stage made its appeal to all sorts and conditions of men and of women.

MEANING OF DRAMATIC STRUCTURE

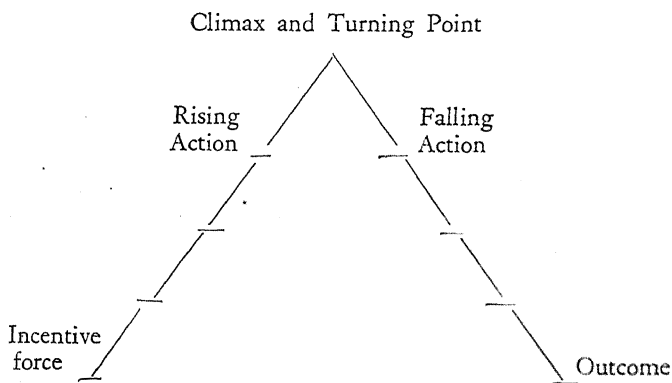
THEATER means, literally, "a seeing-place"; the audience "those who listen"; and drama is "a thing done." In the theater, therefore, we, the audience, watch something being accomplished. Every speech and event in a play has a definite purpose and furthers the action in the play.

To be interesting to the audience, such action must not be too simple and uninterrupted; there must be some opposition offered to the main character or characters, showing a struggle between two opposing forces. If we can too easily foresee the outcome, we lose interest; therefore the conflict must be waged between forces that seem fairly well-matched, at the beginning of the play.

This conflict, called dramatic conflict since it occurs in a play, is a broad term. It may mean a conflict between two rivals, two enemies, or between a character and outside circumstances such as poverty, social conventions, or a storm at sea; or it may mean a conflict within one character's own mind. An incentive force or initial incident of some kind starts off this conflict. Step by step this struggle proceeds, our interest mounting with the rising action. Then something happens to indicate which side is going to win; there is a climax, and then a turning point. If the play is a comedy, the hero, who throughout the rising action has been in danger

of losing, has now reached the turning point of his fortunes. He has not yet accomplished what he has set out to do, but we may be confident that his success is only a matter of time. If, on the other hand, the play is to be a tragedy, the hero or chief character, who has been apparently successful throughout the rising action, has now reached the end of his triumphs; from this point on his career declines to failure. The downward course of either comedy or tragedy, that is, all that is said and done from the climax and turning point to the close, is called the falling action; and the eventual outcome is also termed the catastrophe (a Greek word meaning a final event) or denouement.

Plot structure is often portrayed by means of a diagram:



The eighteenth century comedies in this book are divided into five acts, like the dramas of Shakespeare. In the first act of each we learn the circumstances of all the main char-

acters, and the complication that is to cause the dramatic struggle. In *She Stoops to Conquer* we see Tony misinforming the travelers; in *The Rivals* we learn of Sir Anthony's arrival in Bath to upset his son's carefully elaborate wooing of the romantic Lydia. The second act of each play increases the difficulties for the young heroes, and our suspense. In Act III there is a point at which our anxiety may relax, for we feel that the worst is over. Though there is still much to be lived through before the course of true love can run smooth, a turning point has been reached in the fortunes of the harassed young men, and we know that they will win in the end. The fourth act clears away most of their difficulties, and in the fifth we have the deserved happy endings.

Drama has changed somewhat since the 18th century. Modern drama includes works in which the discussion of ideas is the whole purpose of the play, and we leave the characters very much where we found them at the beginning. Such plays are more suitable for reading and discussion than for presentation on the stage. The two contemporary plays in this book, although you will find much discussion of ideas in them, have also so much dramatic interest that you will be able to follow the rising and falling action almost as easily as in the earlier dramas. You will notice, however, that the plays of our day are shorter. There are only three acts; there is little change of scene; the speeches are shorter. It will be interesting to compare the two modern plays, as well as to compare the eighteenth century plays with those of today.

Questions at the back of the book will assist you to make these comparisons.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

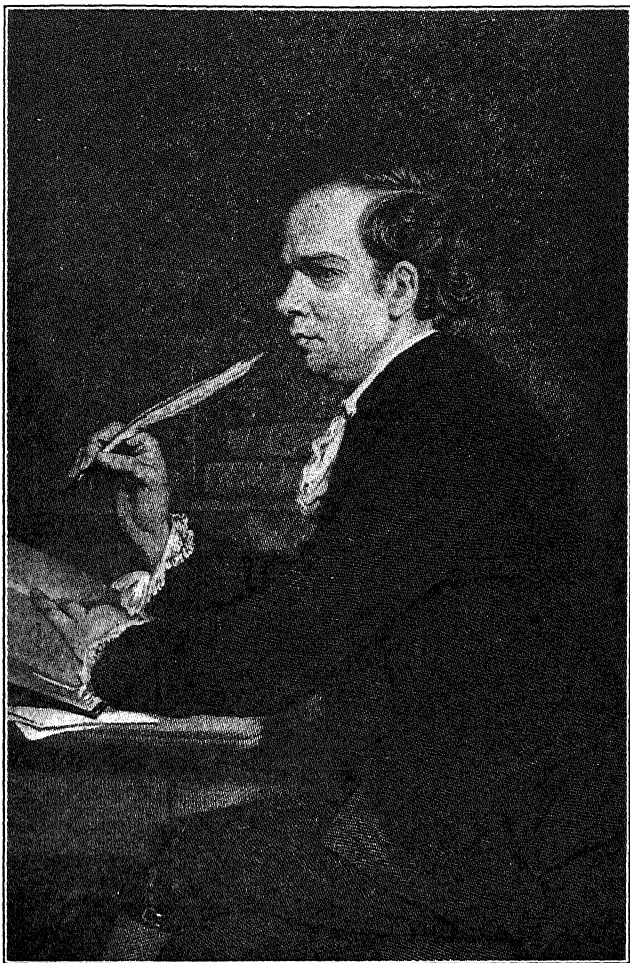
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ON A certain "first night" of a comedy whose performance had been long delayed by a distrustful producer, the anxious author went wandering through the streets of London, afraid to enter the theater and meet the disgrace of failure. A plain, pathetic little person, this author,—squat of figure, pock-marked and deeply lined of face. Moreover, the singularly gaudy and discordant colors of his costume accentuated the pathos of his agitated manner and expression. At last he encountered an acquaintance, who exclaimed in surprise at his absence from the theater on an occasion of such importance.

"Suppose," said the friend, "some alteration might be thought advisable and you were not at hand to advise upon it."

The distrust that had driven him away now brought the truant back to the play-house, where his worst fears were fulfilled: a hiss from the audience greeted his ears!

But it was the only hiss of the evening. *She Stoops to Conquer* was a rousing success. For the time-being, poor Goldsmith's anxieties were over. The play, which the manager, Colman, had feared to produce, because its natural humor and well-directed satire were contrary to the current rage for sentimentalism in drama,—this play was continued through-



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

out the season, was revived in the summer, and ran again the following winter. The author's returns were between four hundred and five hundred pounds (two to three thousand dollars). Goldsmith could pay his debts, but alas! little remained to him when that was done.

And so had it ever been with Oliver. All his life he had anticipated his income, slaved to pay old debts, lived on advances from publishers who thus held him in perpetual service, and poured out what cash came to him, in benevolence and hospitality generous but ill-advised. Whatever his success in life, he could never be well-to-do, since he would empty his pockets at the first demand of friend or of stranger whose distress was made known to him. This disposition may have been partly due to his Celtic temperament, for Oliver was the son of a poor Irish clergyman; but partly it was the result of the direct instruction of that same kindly but improvident father, who taught his children the lesson of universal benevolence without the slightest advice as to thrift. "We were perfectly instructed in the arts of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing," says the son in what is undoubtedly an autobiographical passage in his *Citizen of the World*.

Goldsmith was born November 10, 1728, in Pallas, County Longford, Ireland,—the second son in a family of five sons and three daughters, to be reared on an income that never exceeded £200 (\$1000) a year. His father removed two years after Oliver's birth, to Lissoy, which his son was later to

immortalize—and idealize—as “sweet Auburn” in *The Deserted Village*. The boy received a desultory education at the hands of various schoolmasters, whose chief qualification for their profession seems to have been their skill in handling the rod. Oliver was a homely, under-sized lad, whose touch of genius, manifest in early rhyming, was not evident in speedy learning of Latin syntax. Ridicule by fellow-pupils as well as by teachers was a poor means of developing a boy of Oliver’s original but supersensitive temperament. By treating him as a clown and a dullard, they developed in him what today would be called an “inferiority complex,”—a self-distrust that he attempted to hide under words and manners that were mistaken for signs of vanity. Thus he went through life, loving his fellow-men and longing for their affection and appreciation, but usually spoken of by his associates even in the days of his literary success as a kind of inspired idiot.

He entered Trinity College, Dublin University, as a “sizar,”—a student who was given free tuition in consideration of his acting as a sort of servant. The American boy who works his way through college cannot fully appreciate the ignominy of the sizar’s position in a time and social order when such work caused one to be scorned by his more fortunate companions. Goldsmith was not happy at the university, but neither was he well-behaved. One or two mad escapades caused him to be suspended, and only the intervention of his older brother effected his reinstatement.

For two years after receiving his B. A. at Dublin, Goldsmith lived in Lissoy, supposedly preparing himself for examination

for admission to the ministry of the Church of England. In reality his days were spent in assisting his brother Henry in his labors as schoolmaster (a duty added to Henry's work as vicar) and his evenings were wasted with a group of roistering companions in the tavern. His reputation for dullness in College and his low spirits while there were in surprising contrast to his gay leadership in fun among youths who looked up to him as the best of story-tellers and ballad-singers.

We cannot be surprised that he was rejected as a candidate for the ministry nor that he was also unsuccessful as tutor in the family of a neighboring squire. This latter position he had secured through the aid of his uncle Contarine, a man of some property, who seems to have had such perennial faith in Oliver's ability that he supplied him again and again with funds to make a new start in the world. Setting out for London to study law, Oliver got no farther than Dublin, where he spent all his little substance in gambling. At last, however, he did succeed in getting to Edinburgh and there spending two years in rather desultory studies directed towards a medical career. But he was too restless to remain there long enough to become a fully qualified physician. He went to Paris and then to Leyden, Holland, ostensibly for further medical study but in reality with no idea of steady application. Yet all these youthful experiences served him in later years as sources for his writings.

The story of his next year, 1775, is one of the famous bits of biography,—how he wandered on foot over Europe, playing his flute and singing in return for food and a night's lodging,

and entering into public debates in universities, where visiting disputants were sometimes paid for their eloquence, in hospitality and in coin. In *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in the person of the Philosophic Vagabond, he thus describes the method of his rural wanderings.

"I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house toward nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the day."

Perhaps that year was the happiest of Oliver's life, for if he was without possessions he was also without cares. His return to England was the beginning of a long period of dire poverty and repeated failure. He lived in squalid surroundings and eked out a bare living by drudgery in an apothecary shop, assisting in a despicable sort of school, and practising medicine among people so abjectly poor that he could seldom accept payment. His first real start towards a literary career came through an introduction to Samuel Richardson, the famous novelist, who employed him in his printing shop as reader and corrector. From that time, except for a miserable experience as "usher" (under-teacher) in another school, his principal means of earning lay in "hack work" for the press. By this is meant chiefly compilation of whatever text books and short editions publishers required, but in Goldsmith's case it included also the writing on demand of essays that were a real expression of his genius.

The first work that won him recognition was his pamphlet, *An Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning*, which shows his keen critical judgment. One who reads it can never take at full value Boswell's slighting judgment of his mental acumen, evinced in the *Life of Johnson*. Johnson was an affectionate friend to both men, and the jealous Boswell could not resist belittling Goldsmith, whose fun-loving Irish temperament was so different from his own.

Goldsmith was now thirty-one years of age, and despite the renown which his critical pamphlet had brought him, he was still so far from being able to support himself adequately by his pen that he sought—and sought in vain—one or two minor medical appointments. It is evident that, whatever his skill in writing, in medicine he had practically none. Following the example of Addison and of Johnson, he tried publishing a periodical essay, which he entitled *The Bee*. This too was financially a failure, but its quality was such as to bring him requests for contributions to *The British Magazine* and *The Public Ledger*. It is in the essays contributed to the latter paper, under the title *The Citizen of the World* that he reveals himself as a delightful philosopher and humorist, worthy to be regarded as a forerunner of Charles Lamb. His style is far simpler than that which Addison and Johnson had made fashionable for the personal essay. In the fictitious character of a Chinese gentleman residing in London, Goldsmith comments amusingly on the life of the day, and through the invention of other characters finds opportunity for revealing bits of his own experience and observation on human-

nature. If you like the modern "columnist" writers in the newspapers, you will find in *The Citizen of the World* interesting material for comparison.

Though his financial status now permitted Goldsmith to exchange his miserable garret for comfortable quarters off Fleet Street,—a center of business and publication,—he was still incurably improvident, extravagant in dress and in hospitality when he had funds, ready to sell his clothes or his furniture to relieve the poor (worthy or unworthy), yet seldom or never out of debt. The story of the publication of his great novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, is so typical of his character and so famous that it must be given in the words of Samuel Johnson himself.

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged

the rent, not without rating the landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The Vicar of Wakefield may seem to the modern boy or girl, accustomed to swift-moving adventure stories, a rather slow-paced narrative. But read it slowly, to savor its gentle humor, to picture its charming scenes, and to know its realistic characters, who embody many of Goldsmith's own traits, and you cannot but enjoy it. Moreover, if you can imagine a time before Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, or any of the twentieth century novelists had arisen, you will appreciate better the originality and genius displayed in plot and characterization. The Vicar is largely the portrait of Goldsmith's father. In George, in Mr. Burchill, and even in Moses we recognize traits and experiences that were Oliver's.

The Traveller, a poem of observation and philosophy, was published, however, before *The Vicar* came from the press, and won far greater popularity at the time, since it was in the style approved for poetry in that day, while *The Vicar* struck a new note in fiction.

With his usual variability, Goldsmith did not immediately follow up his start in either poetry or novel-writing, but essayed for a time to renew his medical practice,—this time among the well-to-do. Another dismal failure was the result. Turning then to drama, he wrote *The Good Natured Man*, a droll satiric comedy. It was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of George Colman just after a very sentimental play, *False Delicacy*, had been acclaimed at the Drury Lane, under the management of the famous

Garrick. This fact probably contributed to the partial failure of Goldsmith's work, for sentimentality was all "the rage." On its first performance, many of the best scenes fell flat or were hissed. Goldsmith's extreme poverty united with his sensitive self-distrust to make this failure a crushing blow. Characteristically, he tried to hide his chagrin at the close of the evening by playing the clown more completely than ever at the famous Club (formed by Johnson) where even his friends often mistook his Irish drollery for mere foolishness.

To be sure, *The Good Natured Man* had a ten-nights' run and brought the author £400 from the performance and £100 upon publication. Yet the sting of disappointment remained. Fortunately his next publication, *The Deserted Village*, the poem in which he paints an idealized picture of "Sweet Auburn" (Lisoy), in its days of prosperity and another of its decay in the time when industrial expansion drew its young folk to the cities, was praised by practically all its readers and went far to establish Goldsmith as the leading poet of England. The description of rural sports and the portraits of school-master and of pastor are entertaining reading even for young people of today.

The climax of Goldsmith's career,—with which this little biography was opened,—came in the production of *She Stoops to Conquer*, March 15, 1773. That success, preceded by the caviling and delay of Colman, the manager, forms a truly dramatic chapter in the author's life. As usual in his best work, the main idea came from his own experience. As a youth of seventeen, journeying on horse-back to a boarding

school that he had not previously attended, Oliver, in consequence of characteristic dilly-dallying, found himself at nightfall in an unknown town. Inquiring with a swaggering air for "the best house in the town," he was directed by a practical joker to the home of the squire of the place, as to an inn. The squire, who recognized Oliver as the son of his college mate, on perceiving the lad's misunderstanding, entered into the joke and played the part of landlord. He permitted Oliver to commit all the blunders inevitable in such a case, not revealing the truth until the next morning, when Oliver's embarrassment may be imagined.

But the realism of the play is not only in the plot, but in the tavern scene, with its reflection of Oliver's early revelings, in the types of the bluff squire and his foolish wife, and above all in the clowning of Tony and the self-conscious manners of Marlow, both of which are borrowings from the author's own character. Not even a London audience, soaked in the sentimental affectation of the popular comedy, could resist the genius displayed in substance and style of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Yet, as has been said, the financial rewards of this success brought little alleviation of Goldsmith's distresses. He was still the slave of the publishers to whom he was in debt. The steady grind of this hack work with its accompaniment of harassing worry took its toll in enfeebled health. Moreover, his very success brought upon him the venomous attacks of jealous newspaper writers, which in turn resulted in ridicule even from his friends in Johnson's Club. Less than a year after the produc-

tion of *She Stoops to Conquer*, Goldsmith's constitution, weakened no doubt by early privations, broke under this strain. Months of failing health were followed by acute illness, and he died in his lonely, dark lodgings in the Temple, at the age of forty-five, April 4, 1774. He left a legacy of debts, in consequence of which even the posthumous honor of interment in Westminster Abbey was denied. He was buried obscurely in the grave-yard of the Temple Church. In Westminster Abbey, however, stands his monument with the Latin inscription by Samuel Johnson, the leading phrase of which is justly famous,—"who essayed nearly every form of literature, and none that he did not adorn."

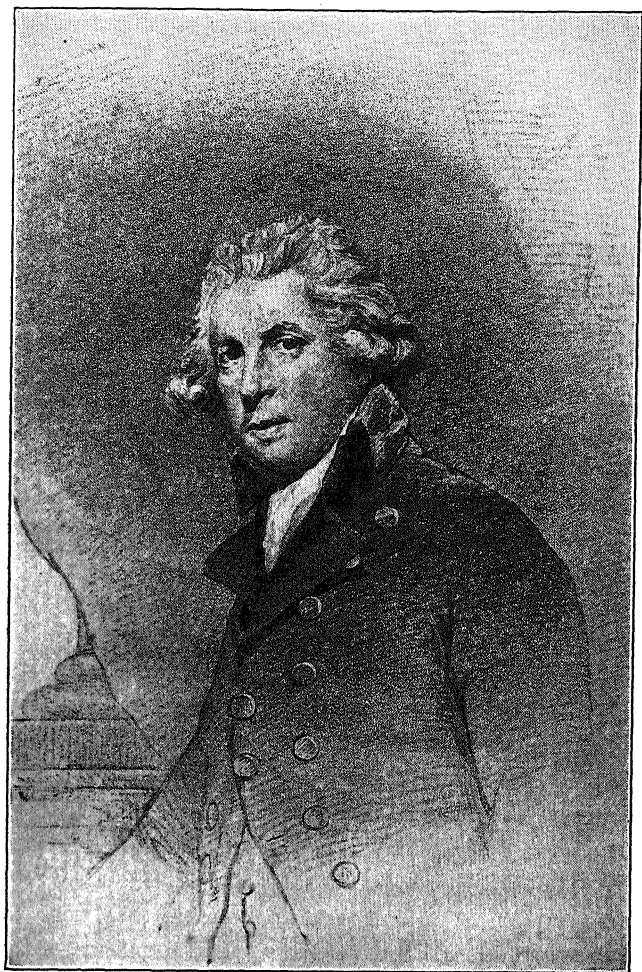
That sincere tribute was representative of the sentiment of a small group of choice spirits who loved and appreciated Oliver Goldsmith. Hosts whom he had relieved in their distress paid their humble tribute; many praised this or that one of his works; but the friends who knew him best understood the fineness of his spirit and mourned his loss. Of these, Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Edmund Burke were closest to him. The lovely Horneck sisters, known by the nicknames of The Jessamy Bride and Little Comedy, had delighted in his company, and in the friendly atmosphere of their home, freed from the inhibitions of self-consciousness, he had shown all the geniality and charm that he possessed. Such friendships testify, as could no monument of stone, to his true worth as a man, while *The Deserted Village*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, in their perennial interest, bear witness to his literary genius.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

In 1770, when Richard Sheridan was nineteen, his family removed to Bath, the fashionable English watering place of the eighteenth century. There the Sheridans became acquainted with the Linleys, a family so gifted in singing and concert work that it was called "a nest of nightingales." Of Miss Linley's first public appearance in London, Fanny Burney writes in her diary: "The whole town seems distracted about her. Every other diversion is forsaken. Miss Linley alone engrosses all eyes, ears, hearts." Further, she declares that Miss Linley "has had more lovers and admirers than any nymph of these times. She has been addressed by men of all ranks, but she has rejected them all. She has long been attached to a Mr. Sheridan, a young man of great talents and very well spoken of, whom it is expected she will speedily marry."

The last part of the prophecy did not occur so speedily as Miss Burney predicted, for it was only three years later, after a particularly exciting courtship, which included Sheridan's escorting the young lady to a French convent to escape the attentions of another admirer, and his fighting two duels, that their wedding occurred. It is typical of him and of the period that, after their marriage, he refused to permit his wife to sing on the public stage. They settled in London in 1774.

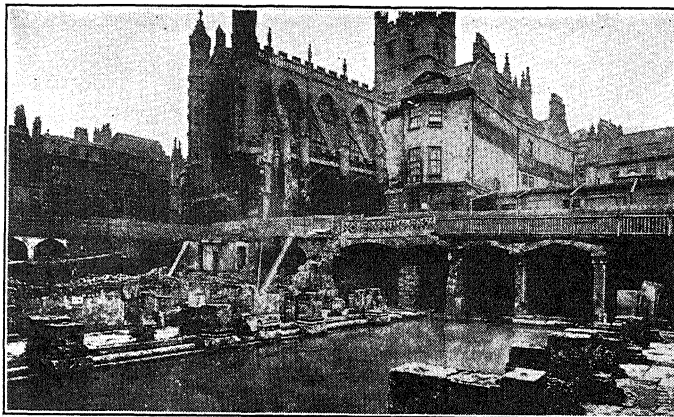
But though Miss Burney may have erred slightly when she foresaw the speedy marriage for Sheridan, her shrewdness in estimating character was well illustrated when she described Sheridan as a "young man of great talents." He was not



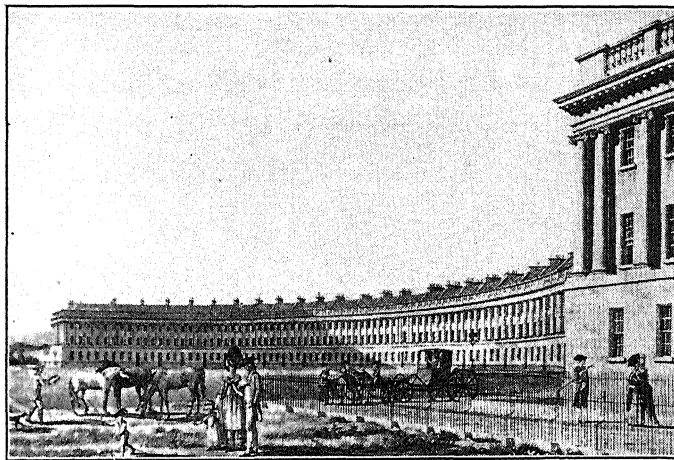
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

merely versatile but had great natural ability in several directions. As a dramatist, an orator, and a statesman, he made a lasting impression; also, he had a personality that was genial, witty and charming. It is always unfortunate when a man of such genius and charm is handicapped by characteristics that curb his abilities, and particularly unfortunate when he does not realize where his abilities end. Because Sheridan was a gifted dramatist he assumed the work of directing a theater, despite the fact that he was inefficient and procrastinating in business matters. He was so reckless and improvident with his money that he was never out of debt.

Both in natural ability and in his lack of any practical financial sense Sheridan closely resembled his father and his grandfather. His grandfather, Doctor Thomas Sheridan, was a clergyman and school-master and close friend of Dean Swift, the famous Irish writer. His careless good nature and inability to handle his money were indicated by his own son's description of him as "a perfect child as to the knowledge of the world." But this very defect which the son, Thomas, perceived in the father was his own besetting sin, all through his life. The younger Thomas Sheridan was a scholar, an actor, and manager of the Theatre Royal in Dublin; his wife, also the daughter of a clergyman, was herself an author of considerable ability. When Richard, one of their four children, was seven, the family left Ireland and went to London, there soon to be received in the best literary society. Dr. Johnson, the great English critic, and Samuel Richardson, celebrated as the first English novelist, were among the friends of the family.



RUINS OF ROMAN BATH
AS THEY APPEAR TODAY



THE ROYAL CRESCENT AT BATH

Thomas Sheridan was an able, industrious man, well paid for his acting, lecturing, and teaching; the king granted him a pension of 200 pounds a year, in 1762, to encourage him in his plan to write a pronouncing dictionary, but nevertheless, he could not keep out of debt. As the four children grew up they became accustomed to an atmosphere of easy generosity and extravagance. Much of the gifted son's later improvidence in money matters may be laid to this early environment. It is interesting to note that Charles Surface, the appealing hero of *The School for Scandal*, sends a hundred pounds to an old friend in need of money, but says of his creditors, who are in the hall waiting for their money, "Paying them is only encouraging them," and "Justice is an old, hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity, for the soul of me."

In 1762 the boy went to Harrow, a famous English preparatory school. Later, he was given private instruction in Latin, mathematics, fencing, and riding. After the death of Mrs. Sheridan, the family went to Bath, a center of fashion at that time.

Here the father was successful as a lecturer, and here the son began his literary career with translations from the Greek and satires on contemporary Bath society. In one of the latter, *Clio's Protest; or the Picture Varnished*, occurs the famous couplet:

"You write with ease to show your breeding;
But easy writing's vile hard reading."

It was while Sheridan was working to build up his literary reputation in Bath that he fell in love with Elizabeth Linley, whom, as we have seen, he married in 1773, when he was only twenty-two years old. But though "a young man married," Sheridan was far from being "a young man marred," for it was during the next five years that he established his name as that of the greatest dramatist of the eighteenth century.

Sheridan's swift rise to fame was started by *The Rivals*, produced at the Covent Garden Theater in January, 1775. This delightful comedy, brimming with humorous incident, was at once immensely popular, and has remained so ever since. It was followed in November of the same year by *The Duenna*, which was equally successful. In 1776 Sheridan became manager of Drury Lane Theater, but soon showed himself as incompetent a manager as he was distinguished a dramatist. *The School for Scandal*, produced in the Drury Lane in May, 1777, was a great triumph for both actors and dramatist. The dialogue is so brilliant and the auction scene and the screen scene so effective that it is generally regarded as Sheridan's masterpiece. During this year Sheridan was admitted to Johnson's famous Literary Club, and became the associate of such great men of the day as the statesmen and orators, Burke and Fox; Gibbon, the historian; Garrick, the actor; and Reynolds, the painter.

In 1779 Sheridan produced his last important comedy, *The Critic*, a burlesque of the weaknesses of authors, actors, patrons, and audiences. Now, at the age of twenty-eight he stood as the foremost of living dramatists.

The following year, 1780, Sheridan entered Parliament as Whig member for Stafford. Burke and Fox, Sheridan's friends, were both Whigs. Within two years Sheridan was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Fox, who became Secretary of State in the Whig administration. For a young man to hold so important a position after only two years of public life was a remarkable achievement, almost as unique as his swift rise to fame in the theater.

But a still greater triumph was in store for Sheridan, one that seems to have been nearest to his heart. His early speeches in Parliament marked him as an orator of unusual ability, for he was trained to the theater and knew how to gain and hold the attention of his hearers. But a speech that he delivered in 1787, on the question of impeaching Warren Hastings, ex-Governor General of India, was declared by all who were in the crowded House of Commons on that day to be the most brilliant oration that had ever been heard. Sir Gilbert Elliot, member of Parliament, declared that Sheridan's speech surpassed "all I ever imagined possible in eloquence and ability. This is the universal sense of all who heard it. You will conceive how admirable it was when I tell you that he surpassed, I think, Pitt, Fox, and even Burke, in his finest and most brilliant orations." Edmund Burke declared that Sheridan's oration was "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Fox acknowledged that "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapour before the sun." Said Pitt, his political

opponent, "It surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times." So passionate was the enthusiasm at the conclusion of the speech that, in Elliot's words, "every man was on the floor, and all his friends throwing themselves on his neck in raptures of joy and exultation." His second great speech, in 1788, on the same topic, was equally acclaimed, and people offered as much as 50 guineas a ticket (about \$250) for admission. As the greatest dramatist and the most renowned orator of his time, Sheridan was at the peak of his happiness and prosperity.

He was now 37 years old. Almost thirty years more lay before him, but he had already accomplished all that was to win him admiration and fame. The latter part of his life arouses only our pity and unavailing regret that in one man should be united so much of genius and charm with so little wise judgment and practical ability.

Sheridan had retained management of the Drury Lane Theater when he entered politics, but when we recall that his theater was poorly directed even when the manager gave his full attention to the work, we can readily understand that under his actual neglect it lost both money and prestige. His wife died in 1792, leaving him grief-stricken. She had done much to regulate her husband's business affairs and keep his expenditures within bounds; without her direction, he found his financial difficulties increasing during the next years.

Politically, too, the tide turned. A long friendship with the unscrupulous Prince of Wales (later George IV) harmed Sheridan politically, and the defeat of the Whig party and his

own radical position of not opposing the French Revolution prevented his getting any more important political appointment than that of Treasurer of the Navy.

In 1809 the Drury Lane Theater burned down, and involved Sheridan not only in financial but in political ruin. At the Parliamentary election in 1812 he could not raise the money that any candidate for election had to expend, and so, after more than thirty years of political life, he had to give up his seat in the House of Commons.

In 1813 he was arrested for debt and imprisoned for a time. During the next three years he and members of his immediate family were struggling ineffectually against debt and disease. He died on July 7, 1816.

After long neglect, Sheridan's contemporaries now remembered him. The most distinguished men of his time assembled to form the procession that followed his body to Westminster Abbey. There he lies buried in Poets' Corner. This seems especially appropriate to us, as we remember Sheridan today chiefly as a dramatist.

Yet it should not be forgotten that on the morning after his death an article in *The London Times* described him as one "whom it has been the fashion for many years to quote as a bold reprover of the selfish spirit of party; and throughout a period fruitful of able men and trying circumstances, as the most popular specimen in the British Senate of political consistency, intrepidity, and honour."*

* *Major Dramas of Sheridan*, edited by G. H. Nettleton (1906) xxxvii.

PHILIP BARRY

Philip Barry, born in Rochester, New York, in 1896, was graduated from Yale in 1919, and spent two terms in the Drama course at Harvard known as the 47 Workshop. "There," he says, "I wrote some, acted hard, and shifted scenery brilliantly." He left the Workshop in 1922 and quickly became a successful playwright, although as he humorously informs us, his first play ran six months, his next three months, his third two months, and the fourth, three weeks. Thereafter, however, his luck took an upward turn, and among the successes of the last decade are such popular productions as *Paris Bound*, *Holiday*, *Hotel Universe*, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*, *Animal Kingdom*.

Barry writes alert, sparkling comedy with underlying sincerity and seriousness. *Holiday*, a comedy in which wealthy people whose sole end in life is to accumulate more money are contrasted with those to whom a comfortable amount of this world's goods is regarded only as a means of freeing mankind for more worth-while occupations, is without doubt one of the most popular of Barry's plays and one which is of most interest in the present-day world. It is interesting to realize that Barry wrote *Holiday* in 1929, before the present-day discussions of how to use our leisure.

LEWIS BEACH

The Goose Hangs High is the best known work of Lewis Beach. It was produced, January 29, 1924, by the Dramatists'

Theater Inc. at the Bijou Theater, New York. The following other plays by this author have been produced in New York:

The Clod. A one-act play. Produced by the Washington Square Players.

A Square Peg. Produced by Guthrie McClintic, January 27, 1923, at the Punch and Judy Theater.

Merry Andrew. Produced by Lawrence Rivers, Inc., January 21, 1929, at the Henry Miller Theater.

Mr. Beach was born in Saginaw, Michigan, and studied at Harvard University, where he took both B. A. and M. A. degrees. While in College he wrote a play, *Let's Get Married*, which was produced by Harvard actors and published by Walter Baker and Company.

One delightful feature of the New York performance of *The Goose Hangs High* was the impersonation of Granny by Mrs. Whiffin, one of the cleverest of elderly actresses in America. The entire cast was well chosen to give the atmosphere of cultured American home-life.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
OR
THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT

By
Oliver Goldsmith

DEDICATION

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

DEAR SIR,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend

And admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CHARACTERS

SIR CHARLES MARLOW

YOUNG MARLOW (*his son*)

HARDCASTLE

HASTINGS

TONY LUMPKIN

DIGGORY

MRS. HARDCASTLE

MISS HARDCASTLE

MISS NEVILLE

MAID

PROLOGUE

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter MR. WOODWARD, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

Excuse me, sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis *not alone this mourning suit*, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plasters!
Pray would you know the reason why I'm crying? 5
The Comic muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop:
For as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head. 10
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To *her* a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in *sentimentals* will succeed!
Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents, 15
We can as soon speak *Greek* as *sentiments*!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!

6. **Comic muse**—See p. 5 of Introduction for Goldsmith's revival of "true comedy" as opposed to the sentimental.

12. **Shuter**—Ned Shuter was the actor who played Squire Hardcastle.

They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us, 20
 But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
 My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
 With a sententious look, that nothing means
 (Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes),
 Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,* 25
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble. 30
 I give it up—morals won't do for me;
 To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
 One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
 A *doctor* comes this night to show his skill.
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion, 35
 He in *five draughts* prepar'd, presents a potion:
 A kind of magic charm—for be assur'd,
 If you will *swallow* it, the maid is cur'd.
 But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces! 40
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
 No *pois'nous drugs* are mix'd in what he gives;
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
 If not, within he will receive no fee!
 The college *you*, must his pretentions back, 45
 Pronounce him *regular*, or dub him *quack*.

34. **Doctor**—See Introduction p. 36 for Goldsmith's right to this title.

She Stoops to Conquer:

OR

The Mistakes of a Night

ACT ONE

SCENE I

A Chamber in an Old-fashioned House

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and MR. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter. 5

Hardcastle. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now 10 they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

13. **Basket**—A wicker-work structure on the outside of a stage coach, to carry baggage and sometimes passengers.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long 15 year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master, and all our entertainment your old stories 20 of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle. And I love it. I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy [*taking her hand*], 25 you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you're for ever at your Dorothys and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. 30 Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hardcastle. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven!

Mrs. Hardcastle. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I 35 had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

21. **Prince Eugene**—In the War of the Spanish Succession, the English and Austrians under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy gained a famous victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, 1704.

Hardcastle. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, have taught *him* finely!

Mrs. Hardcastle. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good 40 fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hardcastle. Learning, quotha! A mere composition of tricks and mischief! 45

Mrs. Hardcastle. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hardcastle. I'd sooner allow him a horse-pond! If burning the footmen's shoes, frightening the maids, and 50 worrying the kittens, be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face!

Mrs. Hardcastle. And am I to blame? The poor boy was 55 always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hardcastle. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle! No, no, 60 the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to!

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, we must not snub the poor boy

46. **Humour**—For the popular use of this term to denote not merely drollery but some habit or fancy peculiar to oneself, see Introduction, p. 4.

now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us.
Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consump- 65
tive.

Hardcastle. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symp-
toms.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He coughs sometimes.

Hardcastle. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way. 70

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hardcastle. And truly, so am I; for he sometimes whoops
like a speaking-trumpet [*Tony hallooing behind the*
scenes] O, there he goes.—A very consumptive figure,
truly! 75

Enter TONY, crossing the stage.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony, where are you going, my
charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your
company, lovey?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hardcastle. You shan't venture out this raw eve- 80
ning, my dear. You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The "Three Pigeons" ex-
pects me down every moment. There's some fun
going forward.

Hardcastle. Ay; the ale-house, the old place. I thought so. 85

Mrs. Hardcastle. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low, neither. There's Dick Muggins the
exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, Little
Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist
that spins the pewter platter. 90

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night, at least.

Tony. As for disappointing *them*, I should not much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*!

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Detaining him*] You shan't go. 95

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I.

[*Exit hauling her out.*]

Hardcastle. [*Alone*] Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination 100 to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them. 105

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Dressed out as usual, my Kate! Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings 110 of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and

108. **Superfluous silk**—See Introduction, p. 11 for a description of ladies' voluminous dresses.

to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress, to please you. 115

Hardcastle. Well, remember, I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by-the-bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning. 120

Hardcastle. Then to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after. 125

Miss Hardcastle. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem. 130

Hardcastle. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed 135 for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hardcastle. Is he?

Hardcastle. Very generous.

Miss Hardcastle. I believe I shall like him. 140

Hardcastle. Young and brave.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle. And very handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear papa, say no more [*kissing his hand*], he's mine, I'll have him! 145

Hardcastle. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hardcastle. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always 150 makes a suspicious husband.

Hardcastle. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me. 155

Miss Hardcastle. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hardcastle. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It is 155 more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out 160 for some less difficult admirer.

Hardcastle. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom

see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [Exit. 165]

Miss Hardcastle. [Alone] Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natur'd; I like all that. But then reserved, and sheepish, that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes, and can't I— But I vow I'm disposing of the husband before I have secured the lover!

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day? 175

Miss Neville. Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the goldfishes? Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving? 180

Miss Hardcastle. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover! 185

Miss Neville. And his name—

Miss Hardcastle. Is Marlow.

176. **Whimsical—Am I in face?**—Am I looking my best?

181. **Has the last novel been too moving?**—See Introduction, p. 10 for the fashion of reading sentimental novels.

Miss Neville. Indeed!

Miss Hardcastle. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. 190
Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I
believe you must have seen him when we lived in
town.

Miss Hardcastle. Never.

Miss Neville. He's a very singular character, I assure you. 195
Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the
modestest man alive: but his acquaintance give him
a very different character among creatures of another
stamp: you understand me?

Miss Hardcastle. An odd character, indeed! I shall never 200
be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw,
think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for
success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear?
Has my mother been courting you for my brother
Tony, as usual? 205

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable
tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender
things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very
pink of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. And her partiality is such that she actu- 210
ally thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small
temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management
of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it
go out of the family.

Miss Neville. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists 215

in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon 220 another.

Miss Hardcastle. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. It is a good-natur'd creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody 225 but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk through the improvements. *Allons.* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. Would it were bed-time and all were well. [Exeunt. 230]

SCENE II

An Ale-house Room

Several shabby fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo!

First Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

229. **Would it were bed-time and all were well.**—Quoted from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, Act V, Sc. 1.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon 5
this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG

*Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning, 10
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their Quis, and their Quces, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll! 15

*When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence, 20
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

*Then come, put the jorum about, 25
And let us be merry and clever,*

10. **Genus**—For *genius*.

14. **Pigeons**—Stupid persons, or persons easily imposed on. For the latter use, see the title of Galsworthy's play, *The Pigeon*.

25. **Jorum**—Drinking bowl.

Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
 Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
 Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
 Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons: 30
 But of all the birds in the air,
 Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
 Toroddle, toroddle, toroll!

Omnes. Bravo, bravo!

First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk in him. 35

Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never
 gives us nothing that's *low*.

Third Fellow. O damn anything that's *low*, I cannot bear
 it!

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at
 any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a con-
 catenation accordingly. 40

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins.
 What, though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man
 may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my
 poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteel-
 est of tunes, *Water Parted*, or the minuet in *Ariadne*. 45

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come
 to his own. It would be well for all the publicans
 within ten miles round of him.

30. **Widgeons**—Ducks.

36. **Low**—Satire on the fashionable sentimentalism which regarded realistic humor as *low*. See Introduction, p. 4.

39. **Concatenation**—A big word meaning *suitability* used here in mock refinement.

45. **Water Parted**—*Ariadne*—Airs occurring in operas of the day.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company. 50

Second Fellow. O, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place 55 that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, 60 my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Hardcastle. 65

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen. 70

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord*] Gentlemen, as

62. *Stingo*—Nickname for a landlord.

69. *Woundily*—Extremely.

they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [Exeunt MOB. 75

Tony. [Alone] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can! 80

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore!

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way. 85

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer. 90

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in? 95

Hastings. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

76. **Father-in-law**—Step-father.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, sir, but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you 100
are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came,
the first thing I have to inform is, that—you have lost
your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the 105
place from whence you came?

Marlow. That's not necessary towards directing us where
we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair,
you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hard- 110
castle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow
with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman, but he has
the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative 115
maypole— The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable
youth, that everybody is fond of!

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter
is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awk-
ward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's 120
apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem—then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you
is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this
night, I believe.

104. **Ghost**—Another reference to Shakespeare. See *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 5.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

125

Tony. It's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's [*winking upon the Landlord*]; Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, 130
you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash Lane!

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward, until 135
you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay, but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marlow. O, sir, you're facetious!

140

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull common; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the 145
right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill——

Marlow. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What's to be done, Marlow?

150

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception, though, perhaps, the landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's taken up by three 155 lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side with—three chairs and a bolster? 160

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the 165 whole country?

Hastings. Oh, oh! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. [*Apart to Tony*] Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you? 170

Tony. Mum, you fool, you. Let *them* find that out. [*To them*] You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you. 175

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no. But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be

170. **As an inn**—See Introduction, p. 42 for the adventure that suggested this idea to Goldsmith.

thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! 180
he! He'll be for giving you his company, and, ecod,
if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother
was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of the peace!

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but 'a
keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole 185
country.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want
no further connection. We are to turn to the right,
did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and 190
show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord*]
Mum.

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—
damned mischievous son. [*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

SCENE I

An Old-fashioned House

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, *followed by three or four awkward*
SERVANTS.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home. 5

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no. 10

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your 15 hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead, you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold 20

my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hardcastle. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink 25 and not think of drinking; you must see us eat and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful 30 himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! Is not a bellyful in the kitchen as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Diggory. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry. 35

Hardcastle. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you 40 made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me! We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! 45 ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still



THE ALE-HOUSE SCENE
FROM A CURRENT STAGE PRODUCTION



THE AWKWARD SERVANTS
FROM A CURRENT STAGE PRODUCTION

remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you 50 behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please [*To Dig-gory*—Eh, why don't you move?

Diggory. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion. 55

Hardcastle. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine for sartain.

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine. 60

Hardcastle. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O, you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the 65 meantime and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. [*Exit* *HARDCASTLE.*]

Diggory. By the elevens, my pleace is gone quite out of my head!

Roger. I know that my pleace is to be everywhere! 70

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My pleace is to be nowhere at all; and so I'ze go about my business!

[*Exeunt* *SERVANTS, running about as if frightened, different ways.*]

60. *Wauns*—An eighteenth century oath.

*Enter SERVANTS with candles, showing in
MARLOW and HASTINGS.*

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hastings. After the disappointments of the day, welcome 75
once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room
and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking
house; antique but creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first
ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last 80
comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hastings. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to
pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-
board, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually
put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly. 85

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The
only difference is that in good inns you pay dearly
for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hastings. You have lived pretty much among them. In
truth, I have been often surprised that you who have 90
seen so much of the world, with your natural good
sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet
acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George,
where could I have learned that assurance you talk 95
of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an
inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation
that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that

I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—but among females of 100 another class, you know——

Hastings. Ay, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience!

Marlow. They are of *us*, you know.

Hastings. But in the company of women of reputation 105
I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marlow. Why, man, that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution 110 to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence. 115

Hastings. If you could but say half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn, or even a college bedmaker——

Marlow. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a 120 comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me a modest woman, dressed out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

121. *Bagatelle*—Trifle.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you 125
ever expect to marry!

Marlow. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my
bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like
an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to
a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But 130
to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship,
together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and
cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring ques-
tion of, "Madam, will you marry me?" No, no, that's
a strain much above me, I assure you! 135

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving
to the lady you are come down to visit at the request
of your father?

Marlow. As I behave to all other ladies. Bow very low;
answer yes, or no, to all her demands. But for the 140
rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face
till I see my father's again.

Hastings. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend
can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief in- 145
ducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding
your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you;
the family don't know you. As my friend you are
sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emo- 150
tion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a
fortune, you should be the last man in the world I

would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent and her own inclination. 155

Marlow. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar 160 above the reach of a milliner's apprentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury Lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily 165 welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow. [*Aside*] He has got our names from the servants 170 already. [*To him*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hastings*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony 175 in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, George, you're right. The first blow is

159. **Prepossessing**—Giving an unfavorable impression. The word now means just the opposite,—giving a *favorable* impression.

half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen— 180
pray be under no constraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. 185
I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison— 190

Marlow: Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hastings. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very 195
poorly.

Hardcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. The girls like finery. 200

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. "Now," says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to

191. *Ventre d'or*—Gold embroidered.

him—you must have heard of George Brooks; “I’ll 205
pawn my Dukedom,” says he, “but I take that garri-
son without spilling a drop of blood!” So—

Marlow. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass
of punch in the meantime, it would help us to carry
on the siege with vigour. 210

Hardcastle. Punch, sir! [*Aside*] This is the most un-
accountable kind of modesty I ever met with!

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch! A glass of warm punch, after
our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall,
you know. 215

Hardcastle. Here’s cup, sir.

Marlow. [*Aside*] So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall,
will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hardcastle. [*Taking the cup*] I hope you’ll find it to your
mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and 220
I believe you’ll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will
you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Mar-
low, here is our better acquaintance! [*Drinks.*]

Marlow. [*Aside*] A very impudent fellow this! but he’s
a character, and I’ll humour him a little. Sir, my 225
service to you. [*Drinks.*]

Hastings. [*Aside*] I see this fellow wants to give us his
company, and forgets that he’s an innkeeper, before
he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, 230
I suppose you have a good deal of business in this

216. *Cup*—Wine, specially flavored.

part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

Hardcastle. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of elect- 235
ing each other, there's no business "for us that sell ale."

Hastings. So, then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, 240
like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Heyder Ally, Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croker. Sir, my service to you. 245

Hastings. So that, with eating above stairs, and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. 250
Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marlow. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall. 255

236. "For us that sell ale"—Not meant literally by Hardcastle, but so interpreted by his hearers.

244. *Heyder Ally, Ally Cawn*—Haider Ali and Ali Khan, leaders in India who gave trouble to the British government there.

245. *Ally Croker*—Character in an Irish song.

254. *Westminster Hall*—Where the Law Courts were held at that time.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marlow. [*Aside*] Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So then, like an experienced general, you at- 260
tack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*]

Hardcastle. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your 265
generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your 270
philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For supper, sir! [*Aside*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marlow. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I 275
promise you.

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him*] Why, really, sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind 280
of things entirely to them.

267. **Belgrade**—Taken in 1717 by Squire Hardcastle's favorite hero, Prince Eugene.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen. 285

Marlow. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hardcastle. O, no, sir, none in the least; yet, I don't know 290 how. Our Bridget, the cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of 295 fare.

Marlow. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way, too.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, 300 puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hastings. [*Aside*] All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a 305 justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. [*Perusing*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desert. The devil, sir,

do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to 310 eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let's hear it.

Marlow. [*Reading*] For the first course at the top, a pig, and prune sauce. 315

Hastings. Damn your pig, I say!

Marlow. And damn your prune sauce, say I!

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prune sauce, is very good eating.

Marlow. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains. 320

Hastings. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Their impudence confounds me. [*To* 325 *them*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff— 330 taff—taffety cream!

Hastings. Confound your made dishes, I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner

330. **Florentine**—Meat pie.

331. **Taffety cream**—Whipped cream, tinted.

at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating. 335

Hardcastle. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to——

Marlow. Why, really, sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send 340 us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself. 345

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it. [*Aside*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with. 350

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you.

[*Aside*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt* MARLOW and *HARDCASTLE.*]

Hastings. [*Alone*] So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those 355 assiduities which are meant to please him! Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected

good fortune? to what accident am I to ascribe this
happy meeting? 360

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could
never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at
an inn.

Miss Neville. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my
guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think 365
this house an inn?

Hastings. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came
down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure
you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a
house hard by directed us hither. 370

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful
cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so
often; ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of
whom I have such just apprehensions? 375

Miss Neville. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure
you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he
despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has under-
taken to court me for him, and actually begins to
think she has made a conquest. 380

Hastings. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my
Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity
of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the
family. The horses that carried us down are now
fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be re- 385
freshed; and then if my dearest girl will trust in her

faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Neville. I have often told you that though ready to 390
obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind
with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left to me
by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists
in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my
aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near suc- 395
ceeding. The instant they are put into my possession
you shall find me ready to make them and myself
yours.

Hastings. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire.
In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let 400
into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his
temper is such that if abruptly informed of it, he
would instantly quit the house before our plan was
ripe for execution.

Miss Neville. But how shall we keep him in the decep- 405
tion? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking;
what if we still continue to deceive him?—This, this
way—

[*They confer.*]

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. The assiduities of these good people tease me
beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners 410
to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself,
but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk

of coming to sup with us, too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family.—What have we got here?— 415

Hastings. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—
The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow. Cannot guess.

Hastings. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss 420
Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses, here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't 425
it lucky? eh!

Marlow. [*Aside*] I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing 430
in the world?

Marlow. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter— But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder— What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow?— To-morrow at her own house— 435
It will be every bit as convenient— And rather more respectful— To-morrow let it be. [*Offering to go.*]

Miss Neville. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the

ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you 440
are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem!
hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist
me, you know. I shall be confoundly ridiculous. Yet,
hang it! I'll take courage. Hem! 445

Hastings. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's
over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow. And of all women, she that I dread most to
encounter!

*Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returned from walking, a
bonnet, etc.*

Hastings. [*Introducing them*] Miss Hardcastle, Mr. 450
Marlow, I'm proud of bringing two persons of such
merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each
other.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Now for meeting my modest
gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own 455
manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very
uneasy and disconcerted*] I'm glad of your safe arrival,
sir— I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes,
madam, a good many, accidents, but should be sorry 460
—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are
so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hastings. [*To him*] You never spoke better in your whole
life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have 465
seen so much of the finest company can find little
entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow. [*Gathering courage*] I have lived, indeed, in the
world, madam; but I have kept very little company.
I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while 470
others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at
last.

Hastings. [*To him*] Cicero never spoke better. Once
more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever. 475

Marlow. [*To him*] Hem! Stand by me, then, and when
I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle. An observer, like you, upon life were, I
fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had
much more to censure than to approve. 480

Marlow. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be
amused. The folly of most people is rather an object
of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings. [*To him*] Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well
in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that 485
you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good
company. I believe our being here will but embarrass
the interview.

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your
company of all things. [*To him*] Zounds! George, 490
sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so

we'll retire to the next room. [*To him*] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own. [*Exeunt.* 495]

Miss Hardcastle. [*After a pause*] But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir. The ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow. [*Relapsing into timidity*] Pardon me, madam, 500
I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hardcastle. And that some say is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex.— 505
But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle. Not at all sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself. I could hear it for ever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light airy 510 pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish for—un-a-um.

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you, sir. There must be 515
some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

510. **Sentiment**—Note the recurrent satire on fashionable sentimentality.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Who could ever suppose this 520
fellow impudent upon some occasions. [*To him*] You
were going to observe, sir—

Marlow. I was observing, madam— I protest, madam,
I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside*] I vow and so do I. [*To him*] 525
You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—
something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy, there are
few who up on strict enquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you perfectly, sir. 530

Marlow. [*Aside*] Egad! and that's more than I do myself!

Miss Hardcastle. You mean that in this hypocritical age
there are few that do not condemn in public what
they practise in private, and think they pay every debt
to virtue when they praise it. 535

Marlow. True, madam; those who have most virtue in
their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm
sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Not in the least, sir; there's something
so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life 540
and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was saying—that there are some
occasions—when a total want of courage, madam,
destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

Miss Hardcastle. I agree with you entirely, a want of 545
courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance

of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I 550 would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was— But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to 555 attend you?

Miss Hardcastle. Well then, I'll follow.

Marlow. [*Aside*] This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [Exit.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Alone*] Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever 560 such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well, too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I 565 could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [Exit.

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I 570

562. **Scarce looked in my face**—This is the fact that explains his failure to recognize her after her change of costume.

wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.
Miss Neville. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin 575
Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance,
I want no nearer relationship.

[She follows coquetting him to the back scene.]

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though 580
I was never there myself.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We 585
country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the 590
nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy

584. **Ranelagh**—A famous place of amusement near London, popular to this day.

St. James's—A park frequented by fashionable folk.

Tower Wharf—A part of London where the lower classes took airings. To Mrs. Hardcastle in her ignorance all these places sound equally grand.

589-590. **Pantheon, Grotto Gardens, the Borough**—The first, a rival to Ranelagh, the others unfashionable. It is like putting the Bowery and Fifth Avenue in one class, in the presence of New Yorkers.

London at second-hand. I take care to know every *tête-à-tête* from the *Scandalous Magazine*, and have all the fashions as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray how do you 595 like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hastings. Extremely elegant and *degagéé*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hardcastle. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print 600 in the *Ladies' Memorandum-book* for the last year.

Hastings. Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a City Ball.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I vow, since inoculation began, there is 605 no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hastings. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress! [Bowing. 610

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yet, what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hard-

593. *Tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine*—The satirical portraits of persons of the day, arranged in pairs,—an attraction in the gossiping *Town and Country Magazine* of that day.

596. *This head*—Head-dress.

597. *Dégagéé*—Unstudied, free.

598. *Friseur*—Hair-dresser.

601. *Ladies' Memorandum-book*—Fashion magazine.

605. *Inoculation*—Smallpox had commonly ruined ladies' complexions until inoculation, the fore-runner of vaccination, was introduced in the eighteenth century.

castle? All I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, 615 to plaster it over like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hastings. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hardcastle. But what do you think his answer was? 620 Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing!

Hastings. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you. 625

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hastings. Some time ago forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to ring up fifty for the ensuing winter. 630

Mrs. Hardcastle. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion!

Hastings. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of 635 samplers.

Mrs. Hardcastle. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

621. Gothic—Barbarian, crude.

Hastings. Your niece, is she? And that young gentle- 640
man, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hardcastle. My son, sir. They are contracted to each
other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out
ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already.
[*To them*] Well, Tony, child, what soft things are 645
you saying to your cousin Constance, this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very
hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place
in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in 650
another story behind your back.

Miss Neville. There's something generous in my cousin's
manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in
private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack. 655

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think
they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hast-
ings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a
size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings
may see you. Come, Tony. 660

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. [*Measuring.*

Miss Neville. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O, the monster! For shame, Tony. You
a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll 665
not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get

for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat 670 to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the *Complete Housewife* ten times 675 over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good? 680

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits! If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. That's false; I never see you when you're 685 in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the ale-house or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! Mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two. 690

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart; I see he does.

Hastings. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young

677. *Quincy*—A medical writer.

gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty. 695

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

[*Exeunt* MRS. HARDCASTLE and MISS NEVILLE.]

HASTINGS, TONY.

Tony. [*Singing*] *There was a young man riding by, and* 700
fain would have his will. Rang do didlo dee.—Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made them cry. 705

Hastings. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hastings. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer! And yet she appears to me a pretty, well- 710
tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all Christendom!

Hastings. [*Aside*] Pretty encouragement, this, for a 715
lover.

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has

as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hastings. To me she appears sensible and silent! 720

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hastings. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and 725 you're flung in a ditch.

Hastings. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—
Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you 730 might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hastings. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands? 735

Tony. Anon!

Hastings. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who 740 would take *her*?

Hastings. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

732. **Sloes**—Fruit of the black thorn, proverbially dark in color.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my 745
blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that
shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get
you a part of her fortin besides, in jewels, that you
little dream of.

Hastings. My dear 'Squire, this looks like a lad of spirit. 750

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my
spirit before you have done with me. [Singing.

We are the boys

That fears no noise 755

Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The House

Enter **HARDCASTLE**.

Hardcastle. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fireside already. 5
He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter **MISS HARDCASTLE**, *plainly dressed*.

Hardcastle. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your 10
dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hardcastle. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety. 15

Hardcastle. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hardcastle. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description! 20

Hardcastle. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hardcastle. I never saw anything like it: And a man of the world, too! 25

Hardcastle. Ay, he learned it all abroad. What a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hardcastle. It seems all natural to him. 30

Hardcastle. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure, you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner— 35

Hardcastle. Whose look? whose manner? child!

Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hardcastle. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses! 40

Miss Hardcastle. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

38. *Mauvaise honte*—Bashfulness.

43. Rally—Joke.

Hardcastle. And can you be serious! I never saw such a 45
bouncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully
Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hardcastle. Surprising! He met me with a respect-
ful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the
ground. 50

Hardcastle. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and
a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hardcastle. He treated me with diffidence and re-
spect; censured the manners of the age; admired the
prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with 55
apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with
a bow, and, "Madam, I would not for the world
detain you."

Hardcastle. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life
before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for 60
an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some
silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the
Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked
if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes,
Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of 65
punch!

Miss Hardcastle. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hardcastle. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm
determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hardcastle. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, 70
he shall never have mine.

46. **Bully Dawson**—A notorious London ruffian.

Hardcastle. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country. 75

Hardcastle. If we should find him so— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that. 80

Miss Hardcastle. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hardcastle. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue. 85

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding! 90

Hardcastle. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hardcastle. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries? 95

Hardcastle. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

Miss Hardcastle. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [Exeunt. 100

Enter TONY running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My Cousin 100
Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat
the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O! my
genus, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. My dear friend, how have you managed with
your mother? I hope you have amused her with pre- 105
tending love for your cousin, and that you are willing
to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed
in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the
way. [*Giving the casket*] Your sweetheart's jewels. 110
Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you
of one of them!

Hastings. But how have you procured them from your
mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I 115
procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a
key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could
I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man
may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain 120
with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure
them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds,

101. **Bobs**—Pendants.

it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. 125
But I know how it will be well enough. She'd as soon
part with the only sound tooth in her head!

Hastings. But I dread the effects of her resentment,
when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment. Leave *me* to 130
manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce
of a cracker. Zounds! here they are! Morrice!
Prance! [Exit HASTINGS.]

TONY, MRS. HARDCASTLE, MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such
a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough 135
for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your
beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty at forty will
certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. 140
That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments.
Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't
you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady
Killdaylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them,
carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste 145
and marcasites back?

132. **Morrice**—Dance along!

146. **Marcasites**—Non-precious mineral.

Miss Neville. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Consult your glass, my dear, and then 150
see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be. 155

Miss Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe 160
I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. [*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle*] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say 165
they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Apart to Tony*] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken 170
out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, madam, just

158. **Rose and table-cut**—Unfashionable ways of cutting jewels.

to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hardcastle. To be plain with you, my dear Con- 175
stance, if I could find them, you should have them.
They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know;
but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pre-
tence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be 180
so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the
loss——

Mrs. Hardcastle. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they
be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son
knows they are missing, and not to be found. 185

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and
not to be found, I'll take my oath on't!

Mrs. Hardcastle. You must learn resignation, my dear;
for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose
our patience. See me, how calm I am! 190

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the mis-
fortunes of others.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense
should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall
soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make 195
use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets!

Mrs. Hardcastle. The most becoming things in the world
to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen
how well they look upon me. You shall have them. 200

[*Exit.*

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking—to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery?

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. 205 I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage *her*.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. 210 Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone!

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? 215 I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

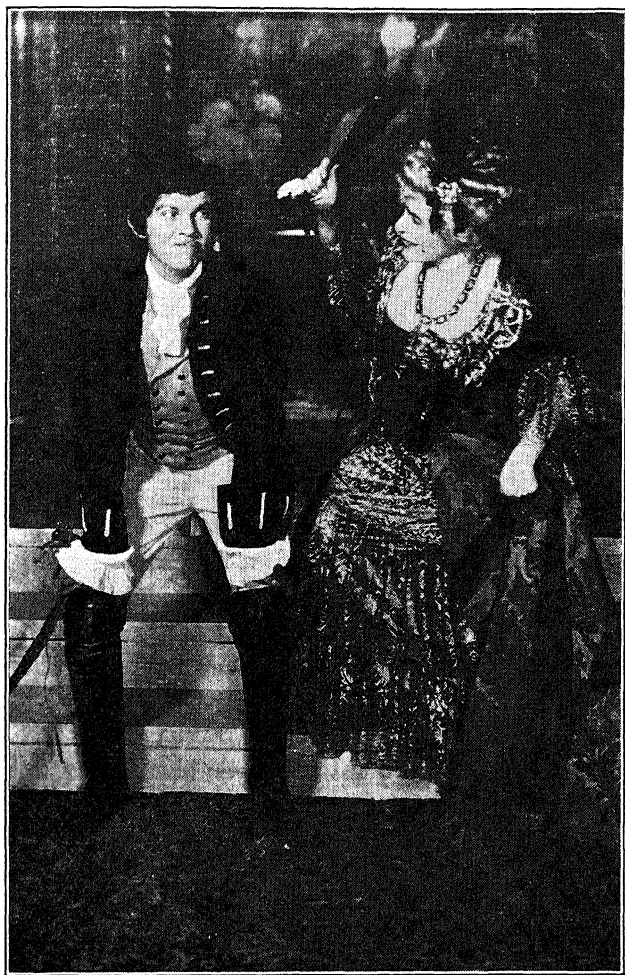
Mrs. Hardcastle. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone!

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never 220 saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Hardcastle. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! stick to that. I'll bear 225 witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

211. **Catharine wheel**—Revolving fire-work.



TONY LUMPKIN AND MRS. HARDCASTLE

Mrs. Hardcastle. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious,
the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're 230
gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh,
ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha!
ha! ha!

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a blockhead, that 235
can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell
you I'm not in jest, booby!

Tony. That's right, that's right. You must be in a bitter
passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll
bear witness that they are gone. 240

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a cross-grained
brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that
you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman
so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the
other? 245

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you,
and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor
niece, what will become of *her*? Do you laugh, you
unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress? 250

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach
you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*]

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE and MAID.

Miss Hardcastle. What an unaccountable creature is that 255
brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn,
ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman
as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if
you were the barmaid. He mistook you for the bar- 260
maid, madam!

Miss Hardcastle. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolved to
keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you
like my present dress? Don't you think I look some-
thing like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem*? 265

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the
country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hardcastle. And are you sure he does not remember
my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it! 270

Miss Hardcastle. I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke
for some time together, yet his fears were such that
he never once looked up during the interview. In-
deed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him
from seeing me. 275

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his
mistake?

Miss Hardcastle. In the first place, I shall be *seen*, and
that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her

265. **Cherry in *Beaux' Stratagem***—The charming daughter of the land-
lord, in the famous comedy by Farquhar, first acted in 1707.

face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat. 285

Maid. But you are sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hardcastle. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the 290
Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—
The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour!

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [Exit MAID.]

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. What a bawling in every part of the house! I 295
have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.* 300

Miss Hardcastle. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

Marlow. [*Musing*] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle. Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

291. **Lion—Lamb—Angel**—Names instead of numbers were used to designate the rooms of inns.

Marlow. No, child! [*Musing*] Besides, from the glimpse 305
I had of her I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. No! no! [*Musing*] I have pleased my father,
however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please
myself by returning. 310

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marlow. I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle. I should be glad to know, sir. We have
such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face*] Yes, 315
child, I think I did call. I wanted— I wanted—
I vow, child, you are vastly handsome!

Miss Hardcastle. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes,
yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your— 320
a—what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. No, sir, we have been out of that these
ten days.

Marlow. One may call in this house, I find, to very little
purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way 325
of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might
be disappointed in that, too!

Miss Hardcastle. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no
call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep
no French wines here, sir. 330

326. *Nectar*—The wine of the gods.

Marlow. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, 335 you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle. O! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be much 340 above forty. [*Approaching*] Yet nearer I don't think so much. [*Approaching*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed— [*Attempting to kiss her.*

Miss Hardcastle. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would 345 think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted? 350

Miss Hardcastle. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropolous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing 355

354. **Obstropolous**—For *obstreperous*. A part of Kate's imitation of an ignorant maid.

to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow. [*Aside*] Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. [*To her*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't 360 know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hardcastle. O! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies? 365

Marlow. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, 370 my dear, at your service. [*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hardcastle. Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say?

Marlow. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady 375 Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marlow. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old 380 women can make us.

368. **Ladies' Club**—An allusion to the Albemarle Street Club founded by Miss Rachel Lloyd, of which some prominent men were members.

Miss Hardcastle. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. [*Aside*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Miss Hardcastle. I can't but laugh to think what time 385 they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marlow. [*Aside*] All's well, she don't laugh at me. [*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that. 390

Marlow. Odsol! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle light. You shall see all in the morning. 395

[*Struggling.*

Marlow. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck. I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace three times following.

[*Exit MARLOW.*

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprise.

Hardcastle. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* 400 lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble

398. **Nicked seven, etc.**—A reference to dice-throwing,—a fortunate throw followed by a very bad one.

distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hardcastle. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still 405
the modest man I first took him for. You'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milk- 410
maid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hardcastle. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty—that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with 415
age—I hope you'll forgive him.

Hardcastle. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may 420
like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hardcastle. You shall not have half the time, for I have 425
thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hardcastle. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hardcastle. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no

trifling with your father. All fair and open; do you 430
mind me?

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I
considered your commands as my pride; for your
kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclina-
tion. [Exeunt. 435

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The House

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hastings. You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son. 5

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me, and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family. 10

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hastings. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the 'Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, 15 if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville. Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.* 20

Enter MARLOW, followed by a SERVANT.

Marlow. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have 25
you put it into her own hands?

Servant. Yes, your honour.

Marlow. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Servant. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough. She asked me how I came by it and she said she had a 30
great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest 35
of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken!

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too! 40

Marlow. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hastings. Some women, you mean. But what success

has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, 45
that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marlow. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little
thing that runs about the house with a bunch of keys
to its girdle?

Hastings. Well! and what then? 50

Marlow. She's mine, you rogue, you. Such fire, such
motion, such eyes, such lips—but egad! she would not
let me kiss them though.

Hastings. But are you sure, so very sure of her?

Marlow. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work 55
above-stairs, and I am to improve the pattern.

Hastings. But how can *you*, Charles, go about to rob a
woman of her honour?

Marlow. Pshaw! pshaw! we all know the honour of the
barmaid of an inn. I don't intend to *rob* her, take 60
my word for it; there's nothing in this house, I shan't
honestly *pay* for!

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marlow. And if she has, I should be the last man in the
world that would attempt to corrupt it. 65

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent
you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of
it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach
at an inn door a place of safety? Ah! numbskull! 70
I have taken better precautions for you than you did
for yourself.— I have—

Hastings. What!

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hastings. To the landlady! 75

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did!

Marlow. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming,
you know.

Hastings. Yes, she'll bring it forth with a witness. 80

Marlow. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I
acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hastings. [*Aside*] He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted, though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened? 85

Hastings. No, nothing. Never was I in better spirits in all
my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no
doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marlow. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the
casket, but, through her great precaution, was going 90
to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He! he! he! They're safe, however.

Marlow. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hastings. [*Aside*] So now all hopes of fortune are at an
end, and we must set off without it. [*To him*] Well, 95
Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the
pretty barmaid, and, he! he! he! may you be as suc-
cessful for yourself as you have been for me. [*Exit.*

Marlow. Thank ye, George! I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter **HARDCASTLE**.

Hardcastle. I no longer know my own house. It's turned 100
all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already.
I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his
father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your
servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low*.
Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be 105
the wonder now?

Hardcastle. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no
man alive ought to be more welcome than your
father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much 110
entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome
wherever he goes.

Hardcastle. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But
though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of
your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drink- 115
ing is setting a very bad example in this house, I
assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of
mine. If they don't drink as they ought *they* are to
blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar; I did, 120
I assure you. [*To the side scene*] Here, let one of my
servants come up. [*To him*] My positive directions
were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make
up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle. Then they had your orders for what they do! 125
I'm satisfied!

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter SERVANT, drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, 130 and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as an- 135 other man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, dammy! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon—hiccup—upon my conscience, sir.

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk 140 as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hardcastle. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I have sub- 145 mitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

150

134. **Liberty and Fleet Street**—A political slogan that had become popular in connection with John Wilkes' rebellious expressions in his newspaper, the *North Briton* (1736). Most papers of the day were published in Fleet Street.

Marlow. Leave your house!— Sure, you jest, my good friend! What, when I'm doing what I can to please you!

Hardcastle. I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house. 155

Marlow. Sure, you cannot be serious! At this time of night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me!

Hardcastle. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this 160 house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me 165 leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before!

Hardcastle. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his 170 servants to get drunk, and then to tell me "This house is mine, sir!" By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir, [*bantering*] as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and 175 there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle. There are a set of prints, too. What think 180
you of the *Rake's Progress* for your own apartment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may
see your own face in. 185

Marlow. My bill, I say.

Hardcastle. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear
no more on't. 190

Hardcastle. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.* 195

Marlow. How's this! Sure, I have not mistaken the house? Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry "coming." The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word 200
with you.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hardcastle. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry.

181. *Rake's Progress*—A series of prints by Hogarth.

[*Aside*] I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marlow. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hardcastle. A relation of the family, sir.

Marlow. What? A poor relation?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow. That is, you act as the barmaid of this inn.

Miss Hardcastle. Inn! O law!— What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn! Ha, ha, ha, old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marlow. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marlow. So then all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print-shops. The *Dullissimo Macaroni*. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be

223. **Dullissimo Macaroni**—A macaroni was a dandy who copied foreign dress and manners. Caricatures of prominent men were often exhibited as special types of "macaronies." This one would be "stupidest Macaroni." See Introduction, p. 15.

hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid!

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with 230 one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your 235 simplicity for allurements. But it's over—this house I no more show *my* face in!

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many 240 civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry [*pretending to cry*] if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marlow. [*Aside*] By heaven, she weeps. This is the first 245 mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. [*To her*] Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education make an honour- 250 able connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, or bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hardcastle. [*Aside*] Generous man! I now begin to 255

admire him. [*To him*] But I'm sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's, and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune. 260

Marlow. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hardcastle. Because, it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Marlow. [*Aside*] This simplicity bewitches me, so that 265 if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. [*To her*] Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much 270 to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit*.

Miss Hardcastle. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go; if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to* 275 *conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit*.

Enter TONY, MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mis- 280 take of the servants.

Miss Neville. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse. 285

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistlejacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes. We must court a bit or two 290 more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*]

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But 295 what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive! I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs! Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now 300 and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Neville. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of 305

288. *Whistlejacket*—A racehorse.

his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming. 310

Miss Neville. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, [*patting his cheek*] ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, 315 and her pretty, long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, 320 my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons to a fitter opportunity. 325

Enter DIGGORY.

Diggory. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

317. **Haspicholls**—For *harpsichord*. The instrument was a forerunner of the piano.

321. **Incontinently**—At once.

Diggory. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands. 330

Tony. Who does it come from?

Diggory. Your worship mun ask that of the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though.

[*Turning the letter, and gazing on it.*]

Miss Neville. [*Aside*] Undone, undone! A letter to him
from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it 335
we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little
if I can. [*To Mrs. Hardcastle*] But I have not told
you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now
to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed—you must know,
madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. 340

[*They confer.*]

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damned cramp piece of penman-
ship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-
hand very well. But here there are such handles, and
shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head
from the tail. *To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire.* It's 345
very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where
my own name is, well enough. But when I come to
open it, it's all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the
inside of the letter is always the cream of the corres-
pondence. 350

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And
so my son was too hard for the philosopher!

Miss Neville. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest,
madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us.
You'll hear how he puzzled him again. 355

Mrs. Hardcastle. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. [*Still gazing*] A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. [*Reading*] *Dear Sir.* Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and an *S*, 360 but whether the next be an *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell!

Mrs. Hardcastle. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Neville. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a 365 cramp hand better than I. [*Twitching the letter from her*] Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss Neville. Ay, so it is. [*Pretending to read*] *DEAR 'SQUIRE,* Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this 370 present. The gentlemen of the Shakebag Club has cut the gentlemen of Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um, here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up. 375

[*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*]

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world! I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea! Here, mother, do you make it out? Of no consequence! [*Giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.*]

Mrs. Hardcastle. How's this! [*Reads*] *Dear 'Squire, I'm*

371. **Shakebag**—A fighting cock. Cock-fighting was a popular amusement of the day.

*now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and 380
pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses
yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll
assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised.
Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay, the hag), your
mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, HASTINGS. 385*
Grant me patience. I shall run distracted! My rage
chokes me.

Miss Neville. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence or sinister design that belongs to another. 390

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Curtseying very low*] Fine spoken, madam. You are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. [*Changing her tone*] And you, 395
you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint 400
them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, 405
Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*]

Miss Neville. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Neville. What better could be expected from being 410
connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the
nods and signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and
not my stupidity, that did your business. You were
so nice and so busy with your Shakebags and Goose- 415
greens, that I thought you could never be making
believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have
shown my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done,
young gentleman? 420

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss there who betrayed you.
Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. So I have been finely used here among you—
rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, de-
spised, insulted, laughed at. 425

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke
loose presently.

Miss Neville. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom
we all owe every obligation.

Marlow. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, 430
whose ignorance and age are a protection.

426. **Bedlam**—A mad-house.

Hastings. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Neville. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments. 435

Hastings. An insensible cub.

Marlow. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other,—with baskets.

Marlow. As for him, he's below resentment. But your 440 conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hastings. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow. 445

Marlow. But, sir—

Miss Neville. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat 450 and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

Miss Neville. Well, well, I'll come presently.

Marlow. [*To Hastings*] Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the 455

439. **Baskets**—Basket-work handguards on the single-sticks used in fights.

scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir? 460

Miss Neville. Mr. Hastings. Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you——

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Neville. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you 465 thus, I shall die with apprehension!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Neville. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it 470 would convert your resentment into pity.

Marlow. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it. 475

Hastings. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have,

your constancy for three years will but increase the
happiness of our future connection. If—— 480

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Within*] Miss Neville. Constance, why,
Constance, I say.

Miss Neville. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember,
constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Hastings. My heart! How can I support this! To be so 485
near happiness, and such happiness!

Marlow. [*To Tony*] You see now, young gentleman, the
effects of your folly. What might be amusement to
you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. [*From a reverie*] Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. 490
Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor Sulky. My
boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the
bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony
Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you
thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, 495
and Bet Bouncer into the bargain! Come along. My
boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

The House

Enter HASTINGS and SERVANT.

Hastings. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Servant. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time. 5

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over.

Servant. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way. 10

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*]

Enter SIR CHARLES and HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands. 15

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hardcastle. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an un- 20
common innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary, and though my daughter's fortune is but small— 25

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to *me*? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do— 30

Hardcastle. If, man! I tell you they *do* like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hardcastle. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest 35
manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion. 40

Hardcastle. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marlow. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hardcastle. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; 45
if I am not deceived, you have something more than
approbation thereabouts. You take me.

Marlow. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hardcastle. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know
what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know 50
what has past between you; but mum.

Marlow. Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the
most profound respect on my side, and the most
distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my
impudence has been past upon all the rest of the 55
family.

Hardcastle. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite
impudence—though girls like to be played with, and
rumpled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no
tales, I assure you. 60

Marlow. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hardcastle. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well
enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman.
You may be open. Your father and I will like you the
better for it. 65

Marlow. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hardcastle. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm
sure you like her—

Marlow. Dear sir—I protest, sir—

Hardcastle. I see no reason why you should not be joined 70
as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marlow. But hear me, sir——

Hardcastle. Your father approves the match, I admire it,
every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Marlow. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just 75
and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest
mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint
to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview,
and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hardcastle. [*Aside*] This fellow's formal modest impu- 80
dence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made
any protestations!

Marlow. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obe-
dience to your commands. I saw the lady without 85
emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope
you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor pre-
vent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so
many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with 90
which he parted.

Hardcastle. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepid-
ity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his
truth. 95

Hardcastle. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake
my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection? 100

Miss Hardcastle. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hardcastle. [To Sir Charles] You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview? 105

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, several.

Hardcastle. [To Sir Charles] You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hardcastle. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love? 110

Miss Hardcastle. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hardcastle. Formally.

Hardcastle. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam? 115

Miss Hardcastle. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture. 120

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture. 125

Miss Hardcastle. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half-an-hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person. 130

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [Exit. 131

Miss Hardcastle. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [Exeunt. 135

SCENE II

The Back of the Garden

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance. 5

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

Hastings. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by

night, by-the-bye, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook 10
me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hastings. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-
travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is
no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked 15
for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after
a fox, than ten with such *varmint*.

Hastings. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die
with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but 20
where I found them?

Hastings. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the
house, and round the house, and never touches the
house? 25

Hastings. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By
jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles
of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hastings. Ha, ha, ha, I understand; you took them in a 30
round, while they supposed themselves going forward.
And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tnoy. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-
bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then
rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down 35
Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-
tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus,

I fairly lodged them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope.

40

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened.

She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

45

Hastings. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts.

Damn *your* way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

50

Hastings. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

55

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

42. **Thinks herself forty miles off**—The improbability of this device occasioned the only hiss at the first performance,—the hiss that so discomfited the author.

50. **Your way of fighting**—Tony prefers the use of single-sticks (See p. 146.) to the use of swords, with its fatal possibilities. Dueling was one of the customs of the age that was constantly under fire by moralists.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered 60
to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that
laid us against the quickset hedge has done my
business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You
would be for running away by night, without know- 65
ing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I wish we were at home again. I never
met so many accidents in so short a journey.
Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck
fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose 70
our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull Com-
mon, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot
in all the country. We only want a robbery to make 75
a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two
of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other
three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man
that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. 80
Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving be-
hind the thicket?

62. **Quicksset hedge**—A hedge set out with living ("quick") shrubs,—
hawthorn or box.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O death! 85

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone. 90

Tony. [*Aside*] Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. [*To her*] Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damned ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Good heaven defend us! He approaches. 95

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[MRS. HARDCASTLE *hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not 100 expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*From behind*] Ah! I find there's danger. 105

Hardcastle. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*From behind*] Sure he'll do the dear 110
boy no harm.

Hardcastle. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad
to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that
forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. 115
As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by
being out in the air. We'll go in if you please. Hem.

Hardcastle. But if you talked to yourself, you did not
answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and
am resolved [*raising his voice*] to find the other out. 120

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*From behind*] Oh! he's coming to find
me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll
lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you
all, sir. [*Detaining him.* 125

Hardcastle. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on
seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Running forward from behind*] O
lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here,
good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my 130
money, my life, but spare that young gentleman;
spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hardcastle. My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence
can she come, or what does she mean?

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Kneeling*] Take compassion on us, 135
good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our
watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will

never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hardcastle. I believe the woman's out of her senses. 140
What, Dorothy, don't you know *me*?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears
blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected
to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from
home. What has brought you to follow us? 145

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits!
So far from home, when you are within forty yards
of your own door! [*To him*] This is one of your old
tricks, you graceless rogue, you! [*To her*] Don't you
know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you 150
remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as
long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To*
Tony] And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe
all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will. 155

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled
me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*]

Hardcastle. There's morality, however in his reply.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hastings. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate 160
thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever.

Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered that I am unable 165 to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and 170 content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Neville. No, Mr. Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but 175 it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you. 180

Miss Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hastings. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

The House

Enter SIR CHARLES and MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hardcastle. I am proud of your approbation; and, to 5
show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [Exit SIR CHARLES.]

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow. Though prepared for setting out, I come once 10
more to take leave, nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hardcastle. [In her own natural manner] I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, 15
might lessen your uneasiness by showing the little value of what you think proper to regret.

Marlow. [Aside] This girl every moment improves upon me. [To her] It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins 20

to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

25

Miss Hardcastle. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

30

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

35

Hardcastle. Ay, ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marlow. By heavens, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

40

45

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hardcastle. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marlow. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation. 55

Miss Hardcastle. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours? 55

Marlow. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct. 65

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but, seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion, where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer? 70

Marlow. [*Kneeling*] Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shows me your merit only serves to increase my 75

diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation!

Hardcastle. Your cold contempt! your formal interview! 80
What have you to say now?

Marlow. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hardcastle. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, 85
and another for my daughter!

Marlow. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hardcastle. Yes, sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be?

Marlow. Oh, the devil. 90

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. [*Curtseying*] She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the Ladies' Club: ha, ha, ha! 95

Marlow. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss Hardcastle. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks 100 just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Man-

trap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning? Ha, ha, ha!

Marlow. Oh, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted 105
to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I
must be gone.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, but you shall not.
I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find
it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive 110
you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive
you. Take courage, man.

[They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.]

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE, TONY.

Mrs. Hardcastle. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go,
I care not.

Hardcastle. Who gone? 115

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dutiful niece and her gentleman,
Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with
our modest visitor, here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As
worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have 120
made a more prudent choice.

Hardcastle. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of
the connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he
has not taken her fortune. That remains in this family 125
to console us for her loss.

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, that's my affair, not yours. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his 130 cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hardcastle. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hardcastle. [*Aside*] What! returned so soon? I begin not to like it. 135

Hastings. [*To Hardcastle*] For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions 140 were first founded in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm now recovered from 145 the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pshaw, pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hardcastle. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back 150 to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hardcastle. While I thought concealing your age, boy, 155
was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age; father? 160

Hardcastle. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty. [*Taking Miss Neville's hand*] Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia 165
Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again!

Sir Charles. O brave 'Squire!

Hastings. My worthy friend! 170

Mrs. Hardcastle. My undutiful offspring!

Marlow. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour. 175

Hastings. [*To Miss Hardcastle*] Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hardcastle. [*Joining their hands*] And I say so, too. And, 180

Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper; to-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the 185 Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so boy, take her; as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

EPILOGUE

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

To be spoken by Mrs. Bulkley as KATE.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Barmaid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquered him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution, 5
That pretty Barmaids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shows the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of ev'rything afraid; 10
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.

8. "We have our exits" etc.—Another quotation from Shakespeare. *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. 7. The following passage is an adaptation of Shakespeare's famous "seven ages of man" to this occasion.

Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
 Th' unblushing Barmaid of a country inn,
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters, 15
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
 Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
 On 'Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts— 20
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
 Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
 The fourth act shows her wedded to the 'Squire,
 And Madam now begins to hold it higher;
 Pretends to taste, at Operas cries *caro*, 25
 And quits her *Nancy Dawson*, for *Che Faro*.
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheapside:
 Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill, 30
 She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
 Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history—
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.
 The Barmaid now for your protection prays, 35
 Turns female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

26. **Nancy Dawson**—A popular song, such as would be used in the English opera of the time, where old favorites were introduced.

Che Faro—Song of Orpheus in Gluck's Italian opera "Orpheo ed Euridice."

28. **Heinel**—Popular German dancer.

31. **Spadille**—Ace of spades, highest card in the popular game of ombre.

36. **Bayes**—A character in the satiric play *The Rehearsal* by Buckingham. Here a pun on the word "bays" or wreath awarded for dramatic success is intended.

EPILOGUE

By J. CRADOCK ESQ.

To be spoken in the character of TONY LUMPKIN.

Well—now all's ended—and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of *mother's nonly son*?
A hopeful blade—in town I'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation.
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her, 5
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bet Bouncer.
Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad, they've some regard for spirit. 10
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or Operas go, 15
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too, to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard: 20
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what's damned genteel, as well as they.

15. **Sadler's Wells**—A place of amusement.

16. **Roratorio**—A characteristic Lumpkin version of *oratorio*.

THE RIVALS

By

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

CHARACTERS

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE

FAULKLAND

ACRES

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

FAG

DAVID

COACHMAN

MRS. MALAPROP

LYDIA LANGUISH

JULIA

LUCY

Maid, Boy, Servants, etc.

PROLOGUE

BY THE AUTHOR

Spoken by MR. WOODWARD and MR. QUICK.

Enter SERJEANT-AT-LAWS and ATTORNEY.

Serjeant. What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I can not
see

Without my spectacles.

Attorney. [*Aside*] He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. 5

[*Gives money.*]

Serjeant. The scrawl improves. [*More*] O come, 'tis
pretty plain.

How's this? The Poet's Brief *again*! O ho!

Cast, I suppose?

Attorney. O pardon me—No—No— 10

We found the Court, o'erlooking stricter laws,

Indulgent to the *merits* of the Cause;

By *Judges* mild, unus'd to harsh denial,

A Rule was granted for *another trial*.

Serjeant. Then heark'ee, *Dibble*, did you *mend* your 15

Pleadings?

Errors, no few, we've *found* in our *Proceedings*.

8. **Brief**—A lawyer's outline of the argument for a case.

- Attorney.* Come, courage, Sir, we did *amend* our *Plea*,
 Hence your *new Brief*, and this *refreshing Fee*.
Some Sons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet. 20
- Serjeant.* And fifty Sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
- Attorney.* Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
 Of Bays adorns his legal waste of wig.
- Serjeant.* Full-bottom'd Heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
 A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl! 25
 Yet tell your Client, that, in adverse days,
 This Wig is warmer than a bush of Bays.
- Attorney.* Do you, then, Sir, my Client's place supply,
 Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye—
 Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face 30
 And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
 Rise in the Court, and flourish on the Case. [*Exit.*]
- Serjeant.* [*Addressing the audience*] For practice, then,
 suppose—this Brief will shew it,—
 Me, Serjeant *Woodward*,—Council for the Poet. 35
 Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal
 With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
 No *Tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *Law*,
 Or damn'd in *Equity*—escape by *Flaw*:
 But *Judgment* given—your *Sentence* must remain; 40

20. **Sons of Phœbus**—Poets.

21. **The Fleet**—London debtors' prison.

23. **Bays**—Garland given to successful poets.

24. **Full-bottom'd**—Adjective describing wigs worn by English judges and lawyers.

38. **No tricking**—"When really guilty, to escape on some technical legal flaw."

—No *Writ of Error* lies—to *Drury-lane*!

Yet, when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute

We gain some favour, if not *Costs of Suit*.

No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;

—I think I never fac'd a milder Jury! 45

Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,

A hiss the gallows,—and a groan, damnation!

But such the public candour, without fear

My Client waives all *right of challenge* here.

No Newsman from *our* Session is dismiss'd, 50

Nor Wit nor Critic *we* scratch off the list;

His faults can never hurt another's ease,

His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:

Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,

And by the general voice will *stand* or *fall*. 55

41. **Drury Lane**—Sheridan's theater.

PROLOGUE

BY THE AUTHOR

Spoken on the tenth night, by MRS. BULKLEY.

GRANTED our cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy serjeant need appear no more:
In pleading I a different client choose;
He served the Poet—I would serve the Muse.
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause, 5
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form—where humour, quaint and sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye;
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles; 10
While her light mask or covers satire's strokes.
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach?
Should you expect to hear this lady preach?
Is grey experience suited to her youth? 15
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet, thus adorn'd with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—

7. **This form**—Pointing to the figure of comedy.

11. **Or**—Either.

Must we displace her, and instead advance 20
 The goddess of the woful countenance—
 The sentimental Muse?—Her emblems view,
 The *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a sprig of rue!
 View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—
 Primly portray'd on emblematic wood! 25
 There, fix'd in usurpation, should she stand,
 She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand:
 And having made her votaries weep a flood,
 Good heaven! she'll end her comedies in blood—
 Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstal's crown! 30
 Imprison Quick, and knock Ned Shuter down;
 While sad Barsanti, weeping o'er the scene,
 Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. Green.

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
 Demands the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme. 35
 Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws?
 Such puny patronage but hurts the cause:
 Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask;
 And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.
 For here their favourite stands, whose brow severe 40
 And sad, claims youth's respect, and pity's tear;
 Who, when oppress'd by foes her worth creates,
 Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates.

22. **Sentimental Muse**—See note on sentimental comedy, p. 4.

30-33. These players were all in the original cast of *The Rivals*.

36-39. Another reference to sentimental comedy.

40. **Their favorite**—Pointing to Tragedy.



MRS. MALAPROP AND CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE



The Rivals

ACT ONE

SCENE I

A Street in Bath

COACHMAN *crosses the stage. Enter FAG, looking after him.*

Fag. What!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he.—What!—Thomas!
—Thomas!

Coachman. Hay!—Odd's life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your
hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas.—I'm dev'lish glad to 5
see you, my lad. Why, my prince of charioteers, you
look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing
you in Bath!

Coachman. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate,
and the postilion be all come! 10

Fag. Indeed!

Coachman. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout
was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to
gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's
warning. 15

A Street in Bath—See note on Bath, p. 587.

9. **Mrs.**—Mistress.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coachman. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

20

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coachman. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employ'd by Ensign Beverley.

Coachman. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

25

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coachman. No! Why, didn't you say you had left young Master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther:—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

30

Coachman. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *Ensign* half of my master being on guard at present—the *Captain* has nothing to do with me.

35

Coachman. So, so!—What, this is some freak, I warrant! —Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coachman. As a coach-horse.

40

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—Love,—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coachman. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your Master pass only for 45
Ensign?—Now if he had sham'd *General*, indeed—

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter.—
Hark'ee, Thomas, my Master is in love with a lady
of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better 50
as a *half-pay Ensign* than if she knew he was son and
heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet with three
thousand a-year!

Coachman. That is an odd taste indeed!—But has she got
the stuff, Mr. Fag? Is she rich, hey? 55

Fag. Rich!—Why, I believe she owns half the stocks!
—Z—ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as
easy as I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog
that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small
pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank- 60
notes!

Coachman. Bravo!—Faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a
set of thousands at least. But does she draw kindly
with the captan?

Fag. As fond as pigeons. 65

Coachman. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough
aunt in the way;—though, by the by—she has never

60. **Thread papers**—Papers for rolling up skeins of thread.

63. **Set of thousands**—A team of six horses worth thousands of pounds.

seen my Master—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire. 70

Coachman. Well—I wish they were once harness'd together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—Here's a mort o' merry-making—hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge. 75
Though at present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians. However, for my part, I have resolved to stand neuter; and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee. 80

Coachman. But what do the folks do here?

Fag. Oh! there are little amusements enough.—In the morning we go to the Pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the Parades, or play a game at billiards; 85
at night we dance. But d—n the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupefy me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—However Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties.—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much. 90

Coachman. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne—you know his Master is to marry Madam Julia.

74. **Mort**—A great deal.

77-78. **High-roomians and Low-roomians**—Upper and Lower Rooms of Bath assemblies.

83. **Pump-room**—Cf. note on Bath, p. 588.

88. **Gentleman**—Valet.

Fag. I had forgot.—But Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must.—Here now—this wig! what the devil do you do with a *wig*, Thomas?—None of the 95 London whips of any degree of Ton wear *wigs* now.

Coachman. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say.—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot 100 on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—But 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag; and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that. 105

Coachman. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, tho'ff *Jack Gauge*, the *exciseman*, has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick, the farrier, swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should 110 appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! But hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coachman. Zooks! 'tis the Captain!—Is that the lady with him? 115

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my Master's mistress's

96. **Whips**—Drivers.

101. **Box**—Coachman's box.

108. **Tho'ff**—Though.

109. **Carrots**—Reddish-yellow hair.

maid.—They lodge at that house.—But I must after him to tell the news.

Coachman. Odd! he's giving her money!—Well, Mr. Fag—

120

Fag. Good bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II

A Dressing-room in Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings

LYDIA sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand. Lucy, as just returned from a message.

Lucy. Indeed, Ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it:—I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lydia. And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy*?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

5

Lydia. Nor *The Fatal Connection*?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lydia. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

10

122. *Gyde's Porch*—A retired walk adjoining rooms in Bath kept by Mr. Gyde.

4. *The Reward of Constancy*—For all references to Lydia Languish's reading in this scene, see note p. 586.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

Lucy. Or *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes indeed, Ma'am.—I ask'd every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern 15
Lounge, who had just sent it home, had so soiled
and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

Lydia. Heigho-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the 20
convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child,
what *have* you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, ma'am. [*Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets*] This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears* 25
of Sensibility and *Humphry Clinker*. This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself*,—here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass? 30

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*—
Where I press a few blonds, Ma'am.

Lydia. Very well—give me the *Sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, Ma'am?

Lydia. My smelling bottle, you simpleton! 35

Lucy. Oh, the drops!—here, Ma'am.

Lydia. No note, Lucy?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am—but I have seen a certain person——

Lydia. What, my Beverley!—Well, Lucy? 40

Lucy. O Ma'am! he looks so desponding and melancholic!

Lydia. Hold, Lucy!—here's some one coming—quick! see who it is.—[*Exit Lucy*] Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. Lud! Ma'am, here is Miss Melville. 45

Lydia. Is it possible!——

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [*Embrace*] How unexpected was this happiness!

Julia. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater—But what has been the matter?—you were denied to me 50 at first!

Lydia. Ah! Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—But first inform me what has conjur'd you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Julia. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I 55 suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

Lydia. Then, before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your prudence may 60 condemn me!—My letters have inform'd you of my

whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discover'd our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confin'd me ever since!— Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffle's rout. 65

Julia. You jest, Lydia!

Lydia. No, upon my word.—She absolutely carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;— but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you. 70

Julia. Then surely she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lydia. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty she is become more suspicious of mine. 75 Then I must inform you of another plague!—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Julia. Come, come, Lydia, hope the best.—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop. 80

Lydia. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrell'd with my poor Beverley just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up.

Julia. What was his offence? 85

Lydia. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together we had never had a quarrel!—And somehow I was afraid he would never

67. *Rout*—Large social gathering.

give me an opportunity.—So last Thursday I wrote a letter to myself to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I sign'd it *your Friend unknown*, shew'd it to Beverley, charg'd him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more. 90

Julia. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since? 95

Lydia. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever!

Julia. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds! 100

Lydia. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determin'd to do ever since I knew the penalty.—Nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative. 105

Julia. Nay, this is caprice!

Lydia. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it. 110

Julia. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lydia. But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Julia. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea

110-111. First reference to minor plot.

of my being in Bath.—Sir Anthony's resolution was 115
so sudden I could not inform him of it.

Lydia. Well Julia, you are your own mistress (though
under the protection of Sir Anthony), yet have you
for this long year been the slave to the caprice, the
whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who 120
will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while
you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Julia. Nay, you are wrong entirely.—We were contracted
before my father's death.—*That*, and some consequent
embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my 125
Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous
to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you
wrong him there too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud,
too noble to be jealous. If he is captious, 'tis without
dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unus'd to 130
the foppery of love, he is negligent of the little duties
expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the
passion, his love is ardent and sincere; and as it en-
grosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and
emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.— 135
Yet, though his pride calls for this full return—his
humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him
which should entitle him to it; and not feeling why
he should be lov'd to the degree he wishes, he still
suspects that he is not lov'd enough.—This temper, I 140
must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I

131. **Foppery**—Frivolous conduct.

have learn'd to think myself his debtor for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his love.

Lydia. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—
But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never sav'd your 145
life, do you think you should have been attach'd to
him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that over-
set your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him!

Julia. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment
to Mr. Faulkland, but I lov'd him before he had pre- 150
serv'd me; yet surely that alone were an obligation
sufficient.

Lydia. Obligation!—Why a water-spaniel would have
done as much.—Well, I should never think of giving
my heart to a man because he could swim!

Julia. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate. 155

Lydia. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter Lucy in a hurry.

Lucy. O Ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come
home with your aunt.

Lydia. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch. [*Exit Lucy.*

Julia. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am 160
here, and if we meet he'll detain me to shew me the
town.—I'll take another opportunity of paying my
respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me as
long as she chooses with her select words so ingen-
iously *misapplied*, without being *misprounced*.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up stairs. 165

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, Coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia. I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another stair-case.

Julia. Adieu. [Embrace. Exit JULIA.]

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick!—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so—now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table. 175

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am! the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lydia. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, and SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the de- 180
liberate Simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family,
and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling!

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Malaprop. You thought, Miss!—I don't know any
business you have to think at all—thought does not 185
become a young woman. The point we would re-

176. Hair-dresser—Who used the pages for curl papers.

quest of you is that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah! Madam! our memories are independent of our wills.—It is not so easy to forget. 190

Mrs. Malaprop. But I say it is, Miss. There is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget*, if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, *Lydia*, these 195 violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anthony. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—Aye, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, Madam, have I committed to be 200 treated thus?

Mrs. Malaprop. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friends' choos- 205 ing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Malaprop. What business have you, Miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? They don't become a young 210 woman; and you ought to know, that as both always

188. **Illiterate**—For explanation of this and all following mistakes of *Mrs. Malaprop's*, consult the *Word-blunders* of *Mrs. Malaprop*, pp. 589, 590.

wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when 215 it pleas'd Heav'n to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that 220 promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Malaprop. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia. Willingly, Ma'am.—I cannot change for the worse. 225
[Exit LYDIA.]

Mrs. Malaprop. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anthony. It is not to be wondered at, Ma'am—all this is the natural consequences of teaching girls to read.—Had I a thousand daughters, by Heavens! I'd as soon have them taught the black-art as their alphabet! 230

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were 235 half-bound volumes, with marbled covers!—From that

230. **Black-art**—Witchcraft.

236. **Marbled**—Veined, like marble.

moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Malaprop. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anthony. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as 240
an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady 245
Absolute, was fond of books.

Sir Anthony. Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, Madam.—But were I to chuse another helpmate, the extent of her erudition should consist in her knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous com- 250
binations;—and the summit of her science be—her ability to count as far as twenty.—The first, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work *A. A.* upon my linen;—and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a shirt No. 1 and a stock No. 2. 255

Mrs. Malaprop. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically!

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by 260
no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or

Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflamma- 265
tory branches of learning—neither would it be neces-
sary for her to handle any of your mathematical,
astronomical, diabolical instruments;—But, Sir An-
thony, I would send her at nine years old to a board-
ing-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and 270
artifice.—Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious
knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would
have her instructed in geometry, that she might know
something of the contagious countries;—but above all,
Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that 275
she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so
shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she
might reprehend the true meaning of what she is say-
ing.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a
woman know;—and I don't think there is a super- 280
stitious article in it.

Sir Anthony. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute
the point no further with you; though I must confess
that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for
almost every third word you say is on my side of the 285
question.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more impor-
tant point in debate,—you say you have no objection
to my proposal.

Mrs. Malaprop. None, I assure you.—I am under no posi-
tive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so 290
obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have
better success.

Sir Anthony. Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. 295
He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Malaprop. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anthony. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—
No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least 300
demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was
always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas
“Jack do this”;—if he demur'd—I knock'd him down
—and if he grumbled at that—I always sent him out
of the room. 305

Mrs. Malaprop. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to relieve your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* 310
to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anthony. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—
Well, I must leave you—and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—
take my advice—keep a tight hand—if she rejects this 315
proposal—clap her under lock and key;—and if you
were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner
for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd
come about! [Exit SIR ANTHONY.]

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get 320

her from under my intuition.—She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Sure Lucy can't have betray'd me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy! [*Calls*] Had she been one of your arti- 325
ficial ones I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am, not a glimpse of him. 330

Mrs. Malaprop. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd—

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, don't let your simplicity be impos'd on. 335

Lucy. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius.—But mind Lucy— if ever you betray what you are entrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my 340
malevolence for ever:—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[*Exit MRS. MALAPROP.*]

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite. [*Altering her manner*] Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing 345

expert, and knowing in their trusts—commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account I have turn'd my *simplicity* lately. [*Looks at a paper*] For *abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an Ensign!—in money—sundry times twelve pounds twelve—gowns, five—hats, ruffles, caps, etc., etc.—numberless!—From the said Ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay!—Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black paduasoy.—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never deliver'd—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger—three crowns—two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, simplicity!—Yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe that he was corresponding, not with the Aunt, but with the Niece: for, though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.*

[Exit.

358. **Paduasoy**—Rich silk, originally made at Padua.

361. **Pocket-piece**—A coin kept in the pocket; as souvenir or talisman.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Captain Absolute's Lodgings

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE *and* FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Absolute. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectoral oaths, and asked what the devil had brought you here! 5

Absolute. Well, Sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, Sir—I forget the precise lie; but you may depend on't, he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, Sir, very curious indeed. 15

Absolute. You have said nothing to them——?

Fag. O, not a word, Sir,—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)——

Absolute. S'death!—you rascal! you have not trusted him! 20

Fag. O, no, Sir!—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, Sir—devilish sly!—My Master (said I), honest Thomas (you know, Sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors), is come to Bath to *recruit*.—Yes, Sir—I said, 25
to recruit—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, Sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Absolute. Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so—

Fag. O, Sir, recruit will do surprisingly.—Indeed, to give 30
the thing an air, I told Thomas that your Honour had already inlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

Absolute. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary. 35

Fag. I beg pardon, Sir—I beg pardon.—But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge *indorsements*, as well as the bill.

Absolute. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by 40
offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, Sir, changing his dress.

Absolute. Can you tell whether he has been informed of
Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival? 45

32. *Disbanded chairmen*—Sedan-chair bearers.

32-33. *Minority waiters*—"Officers in the employ of Custom House, paid only when employed, and at the command of the first bidder."

Fag. I fancy not, Sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—

I think, Sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down.

Absolute. Go tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir. [*Going*] I beg pardon, Sir, but should Sir 50
Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember
that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

Absolute. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your Honour 55
could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall
esteem it as an obligation;—for though I never scruple
a lie to serve my Master, yet it *hurts* one's conscience
to be found out. [*Exit.*]

Absolute. Now for my whimsical friend.—If he does not
know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little 60
before I tell him——

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are
punctual in your return.

Faulkland. Yes; I had nothing to detain me when I had
finished the business I went on. Well, what news 65
since I left you? How stand matters between you and
Lydia?

Absolute. Faith, much as they were. I have not seen her
since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled
every hour. 70

59. **Whimsical**—Addicted to whims and fancies.

Faulkland. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Absolute. What, and lose two thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago. 75

Faulkland. Nay then, you trifle too long.—If you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Absolute. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side. No, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, 85 before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulkland. Indeed, I cannot. I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Absolute. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. 90
You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!
—Do love like a man!

Faulkland. I own I am unfit for company.

Absolute. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a con- 95 founded farago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain?

Faulkland. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like

mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, 100 and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed were to be stript of all.

Absolute. But for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at 105 present? Has Julia miss'd writing this last post? or was her last too tender, or too cool; or too grave, or too gay; or——

Faulkland. Nay, nay, Jack.

Absolute. Why, her love—her honour—her prudence, 110 you cannot doubt.

Faulkland. O! upon my soul, I never have.—But what grounds for apprehension did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her 115 anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate 120 frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, 125 not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration

of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Absolute. Aye, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or no.—Well then, Faulkland, if you were 130 convinced that Julia was well and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulkland. I should be happy beyond measure—I'm anxious only for that.

Absolute. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville 135 is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath!

Faulkland. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Absolute. She is arrived here with my father within this hour. 140

Faulkland. Can you be serious?

Absolute. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulkland. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du-Peigne! my 145 hat.—My dear Jack—*now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.*

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

Absolute. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—Fag, show the gentleman up. [Exit FAG. 150

Faulkland. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Absolute. O, very intimate. I insist on your not going:

besides, his character will divert you. 155

Faulkland. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Absolute. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Capt.

Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is 160 ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed sculking rival, who—

Faulkland. Hush!—He's here.

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? Just arrived, faith, as you 165 see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack!—Odds, whips and wheels! I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Absolute. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an excentric Planet; 170 but we know your attraction hither.—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you. Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey Jack,—what,—this is 175 Mr. Faulkland, who—?

167. **Whips and wheels**—Bob Acres explains his own oaths best in this scene on Page 217.

169. **Mall**—Shaded walk—probably the Mall in Bath.

Absolute. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me:—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man. 180

Faulkland. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, Sir.—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir,—never better.—Odd's Blushes and Blooms! she has been as 185 healthy as the German Spa.

Faulkland. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you. 190

Faulkland. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Absolute. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulkland. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely 195 a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Absolute. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your 200 absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulkland. Well Sir, but you were saying that Miss Mel-

186. **German Spa**—A watering place in Belgium.

ville has been so *exceedingly* well—what, then, she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—Always in spirits— 205
hey?

Acres. Merry! Odds crickets! she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulkland. There, Jack, there!—O, by my soul! there is 210
an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Absolute. Have done. How foolish this is! Just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulkland. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of 215
the company?

Absolute. No, indeed, you have not.

Faulkland. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Absolute. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulkland. Have I been full of wit and humour? 220

Absolute. No, faith; to do you justice, you have been confounded stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Absolute. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's 225
all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulkland. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed.—Then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her Harpsichord— 230

such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month.—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's Concert!

Faulkland. There again, what say you to this? You see 235
she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Absolute. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulkland. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr.—what's
his d—d name?—Do you remember what Songs
Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I, indeed. 240

Absolute. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy,
purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing—*When absent from my soul's delight?*

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Absolute. Or—*Go, Gentle Gales?*—*Go, gentle Gales!* 245
[Sings.

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds slips! now I recollect one of them—*My heart's my own, my will is free.* [Sings.

Faulkland. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness
on such a trifle! S'death! to make herself the pipe 250
and ballad-monger of a circle! to soothe her light heart
with catches and glees!—What can you say to this,
Sir?

231-232. **Squallante, rumblante, quiverante**—Explained by the intonation of Bob Acres' voice.

Absolute. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir.* 255

Faulkner. Nay, nay, nay—I am not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and, 260 somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Absolute. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings. 265

Acres. Aye, truly, does she.—There was at our last race-ball—

Faulkland. Hell and the devil! There! there!—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing!—but her whole feelings have been in oppo- 270 sition with mine!—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance!—Oh, d—n'd, d—n'd levity! 275

Absolute. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—Does not the ceremony of society often oblige—

Faulkland. Well, well, I'll contain myself.—Perhaps, as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were 280

praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*
—hey?

Acres. Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was
going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds
swimmings! she has such an air with her!— 285

Faulkland. Now disappointment on her!—Defend this,
Absolute, why don't you defend this?—Country-
dances! jiggs, and reels! Am I to blame now? A
Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have
minded that—I say I should not have regarded a 290
Minuet—but *Country-dances*! Z—ds! had she made
one in a *Cotillon*—I believe I could have forgiven even
that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the
gauntlet thro' a string of amorous palming puppies!—
to show paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there 295
never can be but *one* man in the world whom a truly
modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a
Country-dance; and even then, the rest of the couples
should be her great uncles and aunts!

Absolute. Aye, to be sure!—grand-fathers and grand- 300
mothers!

Faulkland. If there be but one vicious mind in the Set,
'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their
pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—
their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs impregnate the 305
very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love,
and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the
chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat



CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, ACRES AND FAULKLAND

hurried—and that confounded booby has perceived it.

[*Going.*

Absolute. Aye, aye, you are in a hurry to throw yourself 310
at Julia's feet.

Faulkland. I'm not in a humour to be trifled with.—I
shall see her only to upbraid her. [*Going.*

Absolute. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres
for his good news. 315

Faulkland. D—n his news! [*Exit FAULKLAND.*

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Faulkland! Five minutes
since—"nothing on earth could give him a moment's
uneasiness"!

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his 320
mistress, was he?

Absolute. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me?—that's
a good joke.

Absolute. There's nothing strange in that, Bob: let me 325
tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner
of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha!—mischief—ha! ha! But
you know I am not my own property; my dear Lydia
has forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the 330
country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds
frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here—

331. **Frogs and tambours**—Frogs were ornamental braided loops to
secure the coat; tambours were tambour-frames or the silk fabrics
embroidered on them.

now ancient Madam has no voice in it.—I'll make my old clothes know who's master.—I shall straitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather 335 breeches incapable.—My hair has been in training some time.

Absolute. Indeed!

Acres. Aye—and tho'ff the side-curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes to it very kindly. 340

Absolute. O, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so.—Then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Absolute. Spoke like a man.—But, pray, Bob, I observe 345 you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it?—'Tis genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself, though; but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure 350 you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or 355 by Pallas! according to the sentiment;—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the “oath should be an echo to the sense”; and this we call the

333. **Ancient Madam**—His mother.

335. **Cashier**—Discard.

oath referential, or sentimental swearing—ha! ha! ha!

'Tis genteel, isn't it? 360

Absolute. Very genteel, and very new, indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete.

—D—ns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you.— 365

Shall I show him into the parlour?

Absolute. Aye—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone—

Absolute. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, Sir. 370

Absolute. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? [*Exit FAG.*

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings.—I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.— 375
Adieu, Jack! We must meet at night.—Odds bottles and glasses! you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Absolute. That I will, with all my heart. [*Exit ACRES.*

Absolute. Now for a parental lecture.—I hope he has 380
heard nothing of the business that has brought me here.—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Absolute. Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—Your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health. 385

Sir Anthony. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Absolute. Yes, Sir, I am on duty. 390

Sir Anthony. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long. 395

Absolute. Pardon me, Sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anthony. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering 400 that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad 405 of your spirit.

Absolute. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anthony. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my Boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble in- 410 dependence.

Absolute. Sir, your kindness overpowers me.—Such gen-

erosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anthony. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks. 415

Absolute. Let my future life, Sir, speak my gratitude: I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, Sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army? 420

Sir Anthony. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Absolute. My wife, Sir!

Sir Anthony. Aye, aye,—settle that between you—settle that between you. 425

Absolute. A wife, Sir, did you say?

Sir Anthony. Aye, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Absolute. Not a word of it, Sir.

Sir Anthony. Odd so!—I mus'n't forget *her*, tho'.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife.—But I suppose that makes no difference. 430

Absolute. Sir! Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anthony. Why, what the d——l's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty. 435

Absolute. I was, Sir.—You talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anthony. Why—what difference does that make?

Odds life, Sir! if you have the estate, you must take 440
it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Absolute. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg
leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, Sir, who is the
lady?

Sir Anthony. What's that to you, Sir?—Come, give me 445
your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Absolute. Sure, Sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon
my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anthony. I am sure, Sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you
to *object* to a lady you know nothing of. 450

Absolute. Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly that my incli-
nations are fix'd on another.

Sir Anthony. They are, are they? 'Well, that's lucky—
because you will have more merit in your obedience
to me. 455

Absolute. Sir, my heart is engaged to an Angel.

Sir Anthony. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is
very sorry—but *business* prevents its waiting on her.

Absolute. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anthony. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; 460
they are not worth redeeming: besides, you have the
Angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be
no loss there.

Absolute. You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for
all, that in this point I cannot obey you. 465

Sir Anthony. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some
time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but

take care—you know I am compliance itself—when
I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when

I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy. 470

Absolute. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anthony. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again
while I live!

Absolute. Nay, Sir, but hear me. 475

Sir Anthony. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not
one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and
I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you Dog—if you
don't, by—

Absolute. What, Sir, promise to link myself to some mass 480
of ugliness! to—

Sir Anthony. Z—ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly
as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder;
she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye
shall roll like the Bull's in Coxe's museum—she shall 485
have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—
she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle
her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on
her beauty.

Absolute. This is reason and moderation indeed! 490

Sir Anthony. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning,
jackanapes!

Absolute. Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for
mirth in my life.

485. **Coxe's Museum**—The collection of 56 mechanical curiosities exhibited
by Mr. Coxe, a London jeweller, in 1773-74. "The Curious Bull" was
one of these.

Sir Anthony. 'Tis false, Sir! I know you are laughing in 495
your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone,
sirrah!

Absolute. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anthony. None of your passion, Sir! none of your
violence; if you please.—It won't do with me, I prom- 500
ise you.

Absolute. Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anthony. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in
a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypo-
critical young dog! But it won't do. 505

Absolute. Nay, Sir, upon my word.

Sir Anthony. So you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like
me? What the devil good can *Passion* do!—*Passion*
is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing
Reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke 510
me!—But you rely upon the mildness of my temper—
you do, you Dog! you play upon the weakness of
my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a
saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give
you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you 515
then agree, without any condition, to do every thing
on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in
time forgive you— If not, z—ds! don't enter the
same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the
same air, or use the same light with me; but get an 520
atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of
your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in

the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.
 —I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you!
 and—d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again! 535

[Exit SIR ANTHONY.]

Absolute. [Alone] Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss
 your hands.—What a tender method of giving his
 opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not
 trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy
 Hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—Yet he 530
 married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold
 intriguer, and a gay companion!

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, Sir, our Father is wrath to a degree.
 He comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—
 muttering, growling, and thumping the banisters all 535
 the way: I, and the Cook's dog, stand bowing at the
 door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his
 cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking
 the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all for a
 puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, Sir, were I in 540
 your place, and found my father such very bad com-
 pany, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Absolute. Cease your impertinence, Sir, at present.—Did
 you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the
 way! [Pushes him aside, and exit. 545

539. **Turnspit**—The cook's dog, sometimes used to work a treadmill that
 turned the spit.

Fag. [*Alone*] Soh! Sir Anthony trims my Master. He is afraid to reply to his Father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another who happens to come in the way—is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shows the 550 worst temper—the basest—

Enter ERRAND-BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag; your Master calls you.

Fag. Well, you little, dirty puppy, you need not bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the—

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag! 555

Fag. *Quick, quick*, you impudent Jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

[*Exit, kicking and beating him.*]

SCENE II

The North Parade

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So—I shall have another Rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute.—However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office in letting him know that 5

Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual when he expects to hear from his *dear Dalia*, as he calls her:—I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; tho' I should not be paid so well, if my hero 10 knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.—I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen!

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. Hah! my little embassadress—upon my con- 15 science, I have been looking for you. I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. [*Speaking simply*] O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir Lucius. Faith!—may be that was the reason we did not 20 meet; and it is very comical, too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a six-pence I went by 25 while you were asleep.

Sir Lucius. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

13. *Nice*—Fastidious.

17. *South Parade*—Another street in Bath.

Lucy. Yes, but I have:—I've got a letter for you in my 30
pocket.

Sir Lucius. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-
handed.—Well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. [Gives him a letter.

Sir Lucius. [Reads] *Sir—there is often a sudden incentive 35*
impulse in love, that has a greater induction than
years of domestic combination: such was the com-
motion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir
Lucius O'Trigger.—Very pretty, upon my word.—As
my motive is interested, you may be assured my love 40
shall never be miscellaneous. Very well. Female
punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add,
that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius
worthy the last criterion of my affections.—Yours,
while meretricious.—DELIA. Upon my conscience! 45
Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language.—
Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for
the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—tho'
one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, sir, a lady of her experience— 50

Sir Lucius. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, Sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how
she will read off-hand!

Sir Lucius. Faith, she must be very deep read to write
this way—tho' she is rather an arbitrary writer too— 55
for here are a great many poor words pressed into the

service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.—However, when affection guides the pen, Lucy, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style. 60

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Lucius. O tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do everything fairly. 65

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Lucius. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*Gives her money*] here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss before-hand to put you in mind. 75

[*Kisses her.*]

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Lucius. Faith she will, Lucy— That same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if 80

57. **Habeus corpus**—A writ to safeguard personal liberty.

your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her *fifty*—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Lucius. Ah, then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth 85
presently. [Kisses her.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir Lucius. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[Sees FAG. Exit, humming a tune.

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, Ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so. 90

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one bye—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, Madam.—I saw you give the Baronet a letter.—My Master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will. 95

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. What tastes some people have!—Why, I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But 100 what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr. Fag!—A worse Rival than Acres!—Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute? 105

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha!—very good, faith.—Good-bye Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well,—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you.

[*Going*] But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be 110
cast down by this.

Fag. O he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with
young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

115

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The North Parade

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My Father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connection with her yet a-while. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters—and Lydia shall not yet lose her hopes of an elopement. However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.* 10

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anthony. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a 15

marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, beside his pay ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never—never—never!

Absolute. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anthony. Fellow, get out of my way.

Absolute. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anthony. I see an impudent scoundrel before me. 25

Absolute. A sincere penitent.—I am come, Sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anthony. What's that?

Absolute. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me. 30

Sir Anthony. Well, Sir?

Absolute. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority. 35

Sir Anthony. Well, Puppy?

Absolute. Why then, Sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction. 40

Sir Anthony. Why now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you, you shall be *Jack* again!

Absolute. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anthony. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will 45

now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture!—prepare!—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

50

Absolute. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anthony. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her Niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

55

Absolute. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* She squints, don't she?—A little, red-haired girl?

60

Sir Anthony. Squints?—A red-haired girl!—Z—ds, no!

Absolute. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anthony. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

65

Absolute. As to that, Sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anthony. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack,

70

her lips!—O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion;
and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting, more lovely
in sullenness!

75

Absolute. [*Aside*] That's she, indeed.—Well done, old
gentleman!

Sir Anthony. Then, Jack, her neck!—O Jack! Jack!

Absolute. And which is to be mine, Sir, the Niece or the
Aunt?

80

Sir Anthony. Why, you unfeeling, insensible Puppy, I
despise you! When I was of your age, such a descrip-
tion would have made me fly like a rocket! The
Aunt, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your
mother, I would not have touched any thing old or 85
ugly to gain an empire.

Absolute. Not to please your father, Sir?

Sir Anthony. To please my father!—Z—s! not to please—
O, my father! Oddso! yes—yes! if my father, indeed,
had desired—that's quite another matter.—Tho' he 90
wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Absolute. I dare say not, Sir.

Sir Anthony. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your
mistress is so beautiful?

Absolute. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis 95
all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for
being handsome; but, Sir, if you please to recollect,
you before hinted something about a hump or two,
one eye, and a few more graces of that kind.—Now,
without being very nice, I own I should rather choose 100

a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and tho' *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favor of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

105

Sir Anthony. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock.—You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

110

Absolute. I am entirely at your disposal, Sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *Aunt*; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *Niece*.

115

Sir Anthony. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—d—n your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been lying, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't:—so now, own, my dear Jack, you have been playing the hypocrite, hey?—I'll never forgive you if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

120

Absolute. I'm sorry, Sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anthony. Hang your respect and duty! But come

along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop,
and you shall visit the lady directly.

Absolute. Where does she lodge, Sir? 130

Sir Anthony. What a dull question!—Only on the Grove
here.

Absolute. O! then I can call on her in my way to the
coffee-house.

Sir Anthony. In your way to the coffee-house! You'll 135
set your heart down in your way to the coffee-house,
hey? Ah! you leaden-nerv'd, wooden-hearted dolt!
But come along, you shall see her directly; her eyes
shall be the Promethian torch to you—come along.
I'll never forgive you if you don't come back stark 140
mad with rapture and impatience.—If you don't, egad,
I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Julia's Dressing-room

Faulkland. [*Alone*] They told me Julia would return
directly; wonder she is not yet come!—How mean
does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear

131. **Grove**—The Orange Grove not far from the North Parade in Bath, a fashionable resort named after the Prince of Orange.

134. **Coffee-house**—See note on p. 588.

139. **Promethian**—Prometheus according to mythology brought down fire to earth.

to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one subject, 5
and to this one object, whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate was the warmth of her 10
expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations;—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She 15
is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. I had not hop'd to see you again so soon.

Faulkland. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first 20
welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Julia. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered more coolness in your first salutation than my long-hoarded 25
joy could have presaged.

Faulkland. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health.—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Julia. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill.— 30
You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulkland. Well then—shall I own to you?—but you will
despise me, Julia—nay, I despise myself for it.—Yet
I *will* own, that my joy at hearing of your health and
arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was something 35
damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you
had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your
singing—dancing, and I know not what!—For such
is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirth-
ful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy. 40
—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of part-
ing lovers is a compact that no smile shall live there
till they meet again.

Julia. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this
teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly 45
boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulkland. They have no weight with me, Julia: no, no—
I am happy if you have been so—yet only say that you
did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of
Faulkland in the dance. 50

Julia. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a
countenance of content, it is to shew that my mind
holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I
seem'd sad—it were to make malice triumph, and say
that I had fixed my heart on one who left me to la- 55
ment his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me,
Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you when I say that

I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulkland. You were ever all goodness to me.—O, I am a brute when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy! 60

Julia. If ever, without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity and base ingratitude. 65

Faulkland. Ah! Julia, that *last* word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude*! Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for Love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart! 70

Julia. For what quality must I love you?

Faulkland. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection. 75

Julia. Where Nature has bestowed a shew of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men who in *this* vain article perhaps might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not. 80

Faulkland. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia.—I despise person in a man.—Yet if you lov'd me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

Julia. I see you are determined to be unkind.—The *con-* 85

tract which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulkland. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love? 95

Julia. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—*my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulkland. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold, even tho' I wish'd it! 100

Julia. O, you torture me to the heart!—I cannot bear it.

Faulkland. I do not mean to distress you.—If I lov'd you less I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this— 105 Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections:—the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say that I have neither age, person, or character to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia! when *Love* receives such counte- 110

nance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its *birth*.

115

Julia. I know not whither your insinuations would tend:—as they seem pressing to insult me—I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this! *[Exit in tears.*

Faulkland. In Tears! Stay, *Julia*: stay but for a mo- 120
ment.—The door is fastened!—*Julia*!—my soul—
but for one moment.—I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath!
what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay!—Aye—
she is coming now.—How little resolution there is in
woman!—How a few soft words can turn them!— 125
No, faith!—she is *not* coming either!—Why, *Julia*—
my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to
tell me that.—Now, this is being *too* resentful.—Stay!
she *is* coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness*
in any thing! her going away must have been a 130
mere trick then.—She sha'n't see that I was hurt by
it.—I'll affect indifference. *[Hums a tune: then
listens]* No—Z—ds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't
intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*, but ob- 135
stinacy! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an
absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas bar-
barous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see
her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—
and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for 140
ever! and be linked instead to some antique virago,

whose gnawing passions, and long-hoarded spleen
shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the
night! [Exit.]

SCENE III

Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings

MRS. MALAPROP and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Malaprop. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation;—but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Absolute. Permit me to say, Madam, that as I never yet
have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my
principal inducement in this affair at present is the
honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose
intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and
unaffected learning, no tongue is silent. 5 10

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, Captain, you'll be seated. [Sit] Ah! few gentlemen now a days know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman!—few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now
but for the worthless flower, beauty! 15

Absolute. It is but too true, indeed, Ma'am.—Yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our

admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom shew fruits till time has robb'd them of the more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the Orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir—you overpower me with good breeding.—He is the very Pine-apple of politeness!—You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping Ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Absolute. O, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on *that* account.

Mrs. Malaprop. You are very good, and very considerate, Captain.—I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair! Long ago I laid my positive conjunction on her never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her;—but, I'm sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Absolute. It must be very distressing, indeed, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. It gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but behold this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow! I believe I have it in my pocket.

Absolute. O the devil! my last note.

Mrs. Malaprop. Aye, here it is.

45
[*Aside.*

Absolute. Aye, my note, indeed! O the little traitress

Lucy. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Malaprop. There, perhaps you may know the writ- 50
ing. [*Gives him the letter.*]

Absolute. I think I have seen the hand before.—Yes, I
certainly must have seen this hand before:—

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Absolute. [*Reads*] *My soul's idol, my ador'd Lydia.*—Very 55
tender, indeed!

Mrs. Malaprop. Tender! aye, and prophane, too, o' my
conscience!

Absolute. *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you*
send me, the more so as my new rival— 60

Mrs. Malaprop. That's you, Sir.

Absolute.—*has universally the character of being an accom-*
plished gentleman, and a man of honour.—Well,
that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Malaprop. O, the fellow had some design in writing 65
so.

Absolute. That he had, I'll answer for him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. But go on, Sir—you'll see presently.

Absolute. *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who*
*guards you—*Who can he mean by that? 70

Mrs. Malaprop. *Me!* Sir—*me!*—he means *me!* There—
what do you think now?—But go on a little further.

Absolute. *Impudent scoundrel!—it shall go hard but I*
will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same
ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse 75

*features, and deck her dull chat with hard words
which she don't understand—*

Miss Malaprop. There, Sir! an attack upon my language!
What do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my
parts of speech! Was ever such a brute! Sure if I 80
reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of
my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epi-
taphs!

Absolute. He deserves to be hang'd and quartered! Let
me see—*same ridiculous vanity—* 85

Mrs. Malaprop. You need not read it again, Sir.

Absolute. I beg pardon, Ma'am—*does also lay her open
to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended
admiration—an impudent coxcomb!—so that I have
a scheme to see you shortly with the old Harridan's* 90
*consent, and even to make her a go-between in our
interviews.—Was ever such assurance!*

Mrs. Malaprop. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—
He'll elude my vigilance, will he?—Yes, yes! ha! ha!
He's very likely to enter these doors!—We'll try who 95
can plot best!

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! A conceited puppy, ha! ha!
ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so
infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink
at her corresponding with him for a little time—let 100
her even plot an elopement with him—then do you
connive at her escape—while I, just in the nick, will

have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am delighted with the scheme; never 105
was any thing better perpetrated!

Absolute. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not 110
prepared for a first visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Absolute. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir!—

115

Absolute. [*Aside*] Gently, good tongue.

Mrs. Malaprop. What did you say of Beverley?

Absolute. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! 120
ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves.—Besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [*Calling*] He'll 125
make me a *go-between in their interviews!*—ha! ha! ha!—Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha!—his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Absolute. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, Ma'am, 130
ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Malaprop. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is.—She shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman. 135

Absolute. As you please, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. For the present, Captain, your servant.—

Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!*—yes, ha! ha! ha! [Exit.

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now I might 140 throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go thro'! Surely noth- 145 ing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there 150 stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O, how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—Truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—Quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first. [Aloud] Mr. Absolute. 155

Absolute. Madam.

[Turns round.

Lydia. O heav'ns! Beverley!

Absolute. Hush!—hush, my life!—Softly! Be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so over-joy'd—For Heav'n's sake! how came you here? 160

Absolute. Briefly—I have deceived your Aunt.—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for Captain Absolute. 165

Lydia. O, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Absolute. O, she's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached! 170

Absolute. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward. 175

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Absolute. O, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness. —Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you,—Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay. 180

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him! 185



CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE AND LYDIA LANGUISH

Absolute. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live!
Love shall be our idol and support! We will worship
him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly
toys, to centre every thought and action there.—Proud
of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while 190
the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the
flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By
Heav'ns! I would fling all goods of fortune from me
with a prodigal hand to enjoy the scene where I
might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the 195
world affords no smile to me—but here. [*Embracing
her*] If she holds out now the devil is in it! [*Aside.*
Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but
my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. Malaprop. I'm impatient to know how the little 200
huzzy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Absolute. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth
abated?

Mrs. Malaprop. *Warmth abated!*—So!—she has been in
a passion, I suppose. [*Aside.* 205

Lydia. No—nor never can while I have life.

Mrs. Malaprop. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be *in*
a passion all her life—will she? [*Aside.*

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt
can ever have any weight with me. 210

Mrs. Malaprop. Very dutiful, upon my word! [*Aside.*

Lydia. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Malaprop. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this to his face! [Aside. 215]

Absolute. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [Kneeling.

Mrs. Malaprop. [Aside] Aye—poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer. [Aloud] Why, huzzy! huzzy!—I have overheard you. 220

Absolute. O confound her vigilance! [Aside.

Mrs. Malaprop. Captain Absolute—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Absolute. So—all's safe, I find. [Aside
I have hopes, Madam, that time will bring the young 225
lady—

Mrs. Malaprop. O there's nothing to be hoped for from her! She's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, Madam, what do you charge me with now? 230

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, Madam—I did not.

Mrs. Malaprop. Good Heav'ns! what assurance!—*Lydia,* 235
Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Ma'am, and none but Beverley— 240
Mrs. Malaprop. Hold—hold, Assurance!—you shall not
be so rude.

Absolute. Nay, pray Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young
lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it
does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you. 245

Mrs. Malaprop. You are *too* good, Captain—*too* amiably
patient—but come with me, Miss.—Let us see you
again soon, Captain.—Remember what we have fixed.

Absolute. I shall, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Come, take a graceful leave of the gen- 250
man.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my lov'd
Bev—

Mrs. Malaprop. Huzzy! I'll choke the word in your
throat!—come along—come along. 255

[*Exeunt severally, BEVERLEY kissing his hand to LYDIA—*
MRS. MALAPROP stopping her from speaking.

SCENE IV

Acres's Lodgings

ACRES as just dressed, and DAVID.

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

David. You are quite another creature, believe me, Master,
by the Mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the

Devon monkeyroney in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acres. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

5

David. 'Tis all in all, I think.—Difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you, Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your Honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there a'n't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether *Phillis* would wag a hair of her tail!

15

Acres. Aye, David, there's nothing like *polishing*.

David. So I says of your Honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De-la-Grace been here? I must rub up my balancing and chasing, and boring.

20

David. I'll call again, Sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

David. I will.—By the Mass, I can't help looking at your head!—If I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself!

[Exit.

ACRES comes forward practising a dancing step.

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee!—Confound the first inventors

4. **Devon monkeyroney**—David's rendering of "macaroni," the 18th century word for "dandy."

of cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen.—I can walk a Minuet easy enough when I'm forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a Country-dance.—Odds jigs and tabors!—I never valued your cross-over two couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—But these outlandish heathen Allemandes and Cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure.—Mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *Pas* this, and *Pas* that, and *Pas* t'other!—D—n me! my feet don't like to be called Paws! No, 'tis certain I have most Antigallican Toes!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, Sir.

Acres. Shew him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands. 45

Sir Lucius. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-Lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius.—I don't choose to men- 50

34-35. **Allemandes and Cotillons**—German dances and cotillions.

40. **Antigallican**—Anti-French.

tion names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius. Pray, what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival, and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used. 55

Sir Lucius. Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it? 60

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius. A rival in the case, is there?—And you think he has supplanted you unfairly? 65

Acres. *Unfairly!*—to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Lucius. We wear no swords here, but you understand me. 70

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir Lucius. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love 75

with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship!

Acres. Breach of *friendship*! Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life. 80

Sir Lucius. That's no argument at all.—He has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true.—I grow full of anger, Sir. Lucius! 85
—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Lucius. What the d—l signifies *right* when your 90
honour is concerned? Do you think *Achilles*, or my little *Alexander the Great* ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it. 95

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising, as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say.—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly. 100

Sir Lucius. Ah, my little friend! if we had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here—I could shew you a range of ancestry in the O'Trigger line that would furnish the new room, every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through 105

my fingers, I thank God our honour, and the family-pictures, are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm brac'd for it—my 110 nerves are become catgut! my sinews wire! and my heart Pinchbeck! The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!—Z—ds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds!" 115

Sir Lucius. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case.—These things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius.—I must be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you 120 love me.—Come, here's pen and paper.

[Sits down to write.

I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say, indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good *bold hand*, however.

Sir Lucius. Pray compose yourself. 125

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! do the thing *decently* and like a Christian. Begin now.—*Sir*—

Acres. That's too civil by half. 130

112. **Pinchbeck**—An alloy named after the inventor who used it in cheap jewelry.

Sir Lucius. To prevent the confusion that might arise—

Acres. [Writing] Well—

Sir Lucius. From our both addressing the same lady—

Acres. Aye—there's the reason [Writing] same lady—

Well—

135

Sir Lucius. I shall expect the honour of your company—

Acres. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well, then [Writing] honour of your company—

140

Sir Lucius.—to settle our pretensions—

Acres. [Writing] Well—

Sir Lucius. Let me see—aye, King's Mead-fields will do—
in King's Mead-fields.

Acres. So that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my
own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal. 145

Sir Lucius. You see now, this little explanation will put
a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding
that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding. 150

Sir Lucius. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—

Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if
you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off
your mind tomorrow.

Acres. Very true.

155

Sir Lucius. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it
be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the
honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret,

I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

Acres's Lodgings

ACRES and DAVID.

David. Then, by the Mass, Sir! I would do no such thing
—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should
make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons!
what will the old lady say when she hears o't!

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds 5
sparks and flames! he would have rous'd your valour.

David. Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirsty cor-
morants. Look'ee, Master, if you'd wanted a bout at
boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be
the man to bid you cry off: but for your curst sharps 10
and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my *honour*, David, my *honour*! I must be
very careful of my honour.

David. Aye, by the Mass! and I would be very careful
of it; and I think in return my *honour* couldn't do 15
less than to be very careful of *me*.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk
the loss of his honour!

David. I say then, it would be but civil in *honour* never
to risk the loss of the *gentleman*.—Look'ee, Master, 20

this *honour* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend; aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck). Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my *honour*.—But put the case that he kills me!—by the Mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy!

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z—ds, David, you're a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, Master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the Mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—
Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I war- 50
rant, with his d—n'd double-barrell'd swords, and
cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me
tremble to think o't.—Those be such desperate bloody-
minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—
from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose 55
there a'n't so merciless a beast in the world as your
loaded pistol!

Acres. Z—ds! I *won't* be afraid!—Odds fire and fury!
you shan't make me afraid!—Here is the challenge,
and I have sent for my friend Jack Absolute to carry 60
it for me.

David. Aye, i' the name of mischief, let *him* be the mes-
senger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for
the best horse in your stable. By the Mass! it don't
look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a design- 65
ing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant
smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch!—Oons!
I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a
grasshopper. 70

David. Well, I say no more.—'Twill be sad news, to be
sure, at Clod-Hall!—but I ha' done.—How Phillis will
howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little
thinks what shooting her Master's going after!—And
I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, 75
field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he
was born.
[*Whimpering.*

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you Coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, Sir. 80

Acres. O! shew him up. [*Exit SERVANT.*]

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, Master. [*Whimpering.* 85

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit DAVID.*]

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

Absolute. But what did you want with me, Bob? 90

Acres. O!—There— [*Gives him a challenge.*]

Absolute. To Ensign Beverley. So—what's going on now? [*Aside*] Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Absolute. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him, will you, 95
Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted. 100

Absolute. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow,
I want you to find him out for me, and give him this
mortal *defiance*.

Absolute. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it. 105

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it
is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Absolute. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.
—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!— 110
You couldn't be my second—could you, Jack?

Absolute. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not
be quite so proper.

Acres. Well then, I must fix on my friend Sir Lucius. I
shall have your good wishes, however, Jack. 115

Absolute. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the
Captain.

Absolute. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, suc-
cess attend you. [Going. 120

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what
kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am
a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Absolute. To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined
dog—hey, Bob? 125

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, per-

haps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week—will you, Jack?

Absolute. I will, I will; I'll say you are call'd in the country "Fighting Bob"! 130

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Absolute. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack? 135

Absolute. No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*]

Acres. True, true.—But stay—stay, Jack—you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage! 140

Absolute. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Absolute. Aye, aye, "Fighting Bob"! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II

Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings

MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising! [*Aside.*] 5
—So is Beverley, Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. No caparisons, Miss, if you please!—
Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Cap-
tain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lydia. Aye, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen. [*Aside.*] 10

Mrs. Malaprop. Then he's *so* well bred;—*so* full of
alacrity, and adulation!—and has *so much* to say for
himself:—in such good language, too!—His physi-
ognomy so grammatical!—Then his presence is so
noble!—I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what 15
Hamlet says in the play:—"Hesperian curls!—the
front of *Job* himself!—An eye, like *March*, to threaten
at command!—A Station, like Harry Mercury, new—"—
something about kissing—on a hill—however, the
similitude struck me directly. 20

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently when she dis-
covers her mistake! [*Aside.*]

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below,
Ma'am.

Mrs. Malaprop. Shew them up here. [*Exit SERVANT.*] 25
Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a
young woman.—Shew your good breeding at least,
though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution;—I shall

not only give him no encouragement, but I won't 30
even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY *and* ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anthony. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop, come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty—and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I hadn't held him by force, 35
he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Malaprop. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!—Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you pay your respects! [*Aside to her.*]

Sir Anthony. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has 40
reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her Aunt's choice, and my alliance.—
Now, Jack, speak to her! [*Aside to him.*]

Absolute. What the d—l shall I do! [*Aside*] You see, Sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here.— 45
I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so.—Let me entreat you, Sir, to leave us together!

[ABSOLUTE *seems to expostulate with his Father.*]

Lydia. [*Aside*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my Aunt exclaim yet! Sure she can't have look'd at him!—Perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind. 50

Sir Anthony. I say, Sir, I won't stir a foot yet!

Mrs. Malaprop. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my

affluence over my Niece is very small.—Turn round,
Lydia, I blush for you! [Aside to her.

Sir Anthony. May I not flatter myself that Miss Languish 55
will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my
son!—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy
—speak! [Aside to him.

Mrs. Malaprop. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have
any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why 60
don't you answer? [Aside to her.

Sir Anthony. Then, Madam, I trust that a childish and
hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.
—Z—ds! sirrah! why don't you speak? [Aside to him.

Lydia. [Aside] I think my lover seems as little inclined 65
to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my
Aunt is!

Absolute. Hem! hem!—Madam!—hem! [ABSOLUTE at-
tempts to speak, then returns to SIR ANTHONY] Faith!
Sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so—confused!—I 70
told you I should be so, Sir,—I knew it.—The—the—
tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence
of mind.

Sir Anthony. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does
it?—Go up, and speak to her directly! 75

ABSOLUTE makes signs to MRS. MALAPROP to leave them
together.

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them to-
gether?—Ah! you stubborn little vixen! [Aside to her.

Sir Anthony. Not yet, Ma'am, not yet! What the d—l are you at? Unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—— [*Aside to him.*

ABSOLUTE draws near LYDIA.

Absolute. [*Aside*] Now Heav'n send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.— 80

[*Speaks in a low hoarse tone.*

—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not——

Sir Anthony. What the d—l ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a 85
quinsey!

Absolute. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty quite choak me!

Sir Anthony. Ah! your *modesty* again!—I'll tell you what, Jack, if you don't speak out directly, and glibly, too, 90
I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front! [*Mrs. MALAPROP seems to chide LYDIA.*

Absolute. [*Aside*] So!—all will out I see!

[*Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly.*

Be not surprised, my Lydia; suppress all surprise at 95
present.

Lydia. [*Aside*] Heav'n's! 'tis Beverley's voice!—Sure he can't have impos'd on Sir Anthony, too!—

[*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*

Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—
my Beverley?

Absolute. Ah! 'tis all over. [Aside.]

Sir Anthony. Beverley!—the devil!—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute!

Mrs. Malaprop. For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow that you have him always in 105 your eyes!—Beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my lov'd Beverley!

Sir Anthony. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turn'd by reading!

Mrs. Malaprop. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do 110 you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lydia. With all my soul, Ma'am.—When I refuse my Beverley— 115

Sir Anthony. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—Or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah!—who the d—l are you?

Absolute. Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect. 120

Sir Anthony. Are you my son, or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Malaprop. Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Absolute. Ye Powers of Impudence, befriend me! [Aside] 125

116. **Bedlam**—The Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem (corrupted to Bedlam) in London became a hospital for lunatics early in the 15th century.

Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *yours* also, I hope my duty has always shewn.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer—and shall be proud to add *affectionate nephew*.—I need not tell my Lydia, 130 that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assum'd that name, and a station which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character. 135

Lydia. [Sullenly] So!—there will be no elopement after all!

Sir Anthony. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance! 140

Absolute. O you flatter me, Sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, Sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anthony. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm 145 glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am.—So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience*!—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You never heard their names before, not you!—What, *Languishes of Worcestershire*, hey?—if you could please 150 me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What [Pointing to Lydia] she squints, don't she?—a little red-hair'd girl!—hey?—

Why, you hypocritical young rascal!—I wonder you
a'n't ashamed to hold up your head! 155

Absolute. 'Tis with difficulty, Sir.—I *am* confus'd—very
much confus'd, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Malaprop. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks
in upon me!—Hey! how! what! Captain, did *you*
write the letters then?—What!—I am to thank *you* for 160
the elegant compilation of *an old weather-beaten she-
dragon*—hey?—O mercy!—was it *you* that reflected
on my parts of speech?

Absolute. Dear Sir! my modesty will be overpower'd at
last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be 165
able to stand it!

Sir Anthony. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget
and forgive.—Odds life! matters have taken so clever
a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart
to be so good-humour'd! and so gallant!—hey! Mrs. 170
Malaprop!

Mrs. Malaprop. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we
will not anticipate the past;—so mind, young people
—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

Sir Anthony. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. 175
Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I
warrant! [*Aside*] Jack—isn't the cheek as I said,
hey?—and the eye, you dog!—and the lip—hey?
Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tender-
ness—theirs is the time of life for happiness!—*Youth's* 180
the season made for joy [*Sings*] hey!—Odds life!

I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I couldn't do!
—Permit me, Ma'am [*Gives his hand to Mrs. Malaprop. Sings*] Tol-de-rol!—'gad, I should like a little
fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol! 185

Exit singing, and handing MRS. MALAPROP. *LYDIA sits sullenly
in her chair.*

Absolute. So much thought bodes me no good. [*Aside*]
So grave, Lydia!

Lydia. Sir!

Absolute. So!—egad! I thought as much!—That d—n'd
monosyllable has froze me! [*Aside*] What, Lydia, 190
now that we are as happy in our *friends' consent*, as in
our *mutual vows*—

Lydia. *Friends' consent*, indeed! [*Peevishly.*]

Absolute. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our
romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endur'd 195
after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make
such settlements as—

Lydia. *Lawyers!*—I *hate* lawyers!

Absolute. Nay then, we will not wait for their lingering
forms, but instantly procure the licence, and— 200

Lydia. The *licence!*—I *hate* licence!

Absolute. Oh my Love! *be* not so unkind!—Thus let me
intreat— [*Kneeling.*]

Lydia. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling when you know
I *must* have you? 205

Absolute. [*Rising*] Nay, Madam, there shall be no con-

straint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your *heart*,—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. [Aside.]

Lydia. [Rising] Then, Sir, let me tell you, the interest 210 you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating *me* like a *child*!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success! 215

Absolute. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me.—Only hear——

Lydia. So, while *I* fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flatter'd myself that I should outwit and incense them *all*—behold! my hopes are to be 220 crush'd at once, by my Aunt's consent and approbation!—and *I* am *myself* the only dupe at last!

[Walking about in heat.]

Absolute. Nay, but hear me——

Lydia. No, Sir, you could not think that such paltry artifices could please me, when the mask was thrown 225 off!—But I suppose since your tricks have made you secure of my *fortune*, you are little solicitous about my *affections*.—But here, Sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [taking a miniature from her bosom] which I have worn, night and day in spite of threats 230 and entreaties!—There, Sir [Flings it to him] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily!

Absolute. Nay, nay, Ma'am, we will not differ as to that. —Here [taking out a picture], here, is Miss Lydia

Languish.—What a difference!—Aye, *there* is the 235
heav'nly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit
to my hopes!—those are the lips which seal'd a vow,
as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and *there*, the
half resentful blush that *would* have check'd the
ardour of my thanks.—Well, all that's past!—all over 240
indeed! There, Madam—in *beauty*, that copy is not
equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the orig-
inal, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot
find in my heart to *part with* it. [Puts it up again.]

Lydia. [Softening] 'Tis *your own* doing, Sir.—I—I—I 245
suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Absolute. O, most certainly.—Sure now this is much
better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—There's some
spirit in *this*!—What signifies breaking some scores of
solemn promises, half an hundred vows, under one's 250
hand, with the marks of a dozen or two angels to wit-
ness!—all that's of no consequence, you know.—To be
sure people will say, that Miss didn't know her own
mind—but never mind that:—or perhaps they may
be ill-natured enough to hint that the gentleman grew 255
tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that
fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing his insolence. [Bursts into tears.]

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Malaprop. [Entering] Come, we must interrupt
your billing and cooing a while. 260

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! [Sobbing.]

Sir Anthony. What the devil's the matter now!—Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard!—But what the deuce is the meaning of 265 it?—I'm quite astonished!

Absolute. Ask the lady, Sir.

Mrs. Malaprop. O mercy!—I'm quite analys'd, for my part!—Why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, Ma'am. 270

Sir Anthony. Z—ds! I shall be in a frenzy!—Why Jack, you scoundrel, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Malaprop. Aye, Sir, there's no more *trick*, is there? —You are not like Cerberus, *three* Gentlemen at once, 275 are you?

Absolute. You'll not let me speak.—I say the *lady* can account for *this* much better than I can.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—*there* is the man—I now obey you: 280 —for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever.

[Exit LYDIA.]

Mrs. Malaprop. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is!—Why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my Niece?

Sir Anthony. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it— 285 ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Absolute. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anthony. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

Mrs. Malaprop. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain! 290

Absolute. Upon my soul, Ma'am—

Sir Anthony. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—Why, you've frighten'd her, you Dog, 295 you have.

Absolute. By all that's good, Sir—

Sir Anthony. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you.—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop;—you must tell her 'tis Jack's 300 way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come, get on, Jack—ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain! [Pushing him out.

Mrs. Malaprop. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III

The North Parade

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself.—Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's way in love-affairs.—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had

not been for a little rogue of a Major, who ran away 5
with her before she could get a sight of me!—And
I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to
be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old
serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be
caught like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.—Hah! isn't 10
this the Captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a
probability of succeeding about that fellow that is
mighty provoking!—Who the devil is he talking to?

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! A
noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!— 15
A little gypsy!—I did not think her romance could
have made her so d—n'd absurd either.—S'dearth, I
never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut
my own throat, or any other person's, with the great-
est pleasure in the world! 20

Sir Lucius. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it—I never could
have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose
—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! Now to enter
into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly.
[*Sir Lucius goes up to Absolute*] With regard to that 25
matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion
with you.

Absolute. Upon my word then, you must be a very subtle
disputant:—because, Sir, I happen'd just then to be
giving no opinion at all. 30

Sir Lucius. That's no reason.—For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as *speak* one.

Absolute. Very true, Sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts I should think they *might* stand a *chance* of escaping controversy. 35

Sir Lucius. Then, Sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Absolute. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you 40 can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Lucius. I humbly thank you, Sir, for the quickness of your apprehension. [*Bowing*] You have nam'd the very thing I would be at. 45

Absolute. Very well, Sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Lucius. Pray, Sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it by trying 50 to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you pass'd on me within this week.—So no more, but name your time and place.

Absolute. Well, Sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner 55 the better;—let it be this evening—here, by the Spring-Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Lucius. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this

nature shews very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this 60 kind gets wind, people make such a pother that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness if you'd let us meet in King's Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me 65 there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Absolute. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Lucius. If you please, Sir, there will be very pretty 70 small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease!

[Exit SIR LUCIUS.]

Enter FAULKLAND, meeting ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the Dæmons of spite and disappointment have conspired against me! I'm so vex'd that if 75 I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o' the head by and by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulkland. What can you mean?—Has Lydia chang'd her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclina- 80 tion would now have pointed to the same object.

Absolute. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her *love-eye* was fix'd on *me*—t'other—her

eye of *duty*, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point *that* the same way—off t’other turn’d on a 85
swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulkland. But what’s the resource you—

Absolute. O, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has [*Mimicking Sir Lucius*] beg’d leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean 90
to indulge him—that’s all.

Faulkland. Prithee, be serious.

Absolute. ’Tis fact, upon my soul.—Sir Lucius O’Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him 95
this evening at six o’clock.—’Tis on that account I wish’d to see you—you must go with me.

Faulkland. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated.—But this evening, did you 100
say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Absolute. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) “be very pretty small-sword light, tho’ it won’t do for a long shot.”—Confound his long shots! 105

Faulkland. But I am myself a good deal ruffled by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Absolute. By Heav’n’s, Faulkland, you don’t deserve her. 110

Enter SERVANT; gives FAULKLAND a letter.

Faulkland. O Jack! this is from Julia.—I dread to open it.

I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore—O! how I suffer for my folly!

Absolute. Here—let me see. [*Takes the letter and opens it* 115] Aye, a final sentence indeed!—’tis all over with you, faith!

Faulkland. Nay, Jack—don’t keep me in suspense.

Absolute. Hear then.—*As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland’s own reflections have already upbraided* 120 *him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with you as soon as possible.—Yours ever and truly, JULIA.—*There’s stubbornness and resentment for you! [*Gives him the letter*] Why, man, you don’t seem one whit happier 125 at this.

Faulkland. O, yes, I am—but—but——

Absolute. Confound your *buts*.—You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*. 130

Faulkland. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don’t you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive?—Women should never sue for reconciliation:—*that* should *always* come from us.—*They* should retain 135 their coldness till *woo’d* to kindness—and their *pardon*, like their *love*, should “not unsought be won.”

Absolute. I have not patience to listen to you:—thou’rt

incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject.—I must go to settle a few matters.—Let me see you before 140 six—remember—at my lodgings.—A poor industrious devil like me, who have toil'd, and drudg'd, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in 145 love,—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of *his own* creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion! [Exit ABSOLUTE.

Faulkland. I feel his reproaches!—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with 150 which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in this duel has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue.—I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness.—If her love prove pure and sterling ore—my name will rest 155 on it with honour!—and once I've stamp'd it there I lay aside my doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride predominate—'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious Fool to sigh for. [Exit FAULKLAND. 160

158. Alloy—Alloy.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

Julia's Dressing-room

JULIA, *alone.*

Julia. How this message has alarmed me! What dreadful accident can he mean! why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you cost me!

Enter FAULKLAND, muffled up in a riding-coat.

Julia. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland? 5

Faulkland. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Julia. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulkland. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful 10 and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banish- 15 ment!—But no more of that—your heart and promise were given to one happy in friends, character and

station! they are not bound to wait upon a solitary, guilty exile.

Julia. My soul is oppres'd with sorrow at the *nature* of 20
your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances
arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong
comfort in the thought that I could *now* chase from
your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my
love.—My heart has long known no other guardian.— 25
I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly
together.—When safe from pursuit, my Father's will
may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the
partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter.
Then on the bosom of your wedded *Julia*, you may 30
lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous
love, with a Cherub's hand, shall smoothe the brow of
upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from com-
punction.

Faulkland. O *Julia*! I am bankrupt in gratitude! But the 35
time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolu-
tion—would you not wish some hours to weigh the
advantages you forego, and what little compensation
poor *Faulkland* can make you beside his solitary love?

Julia. I ask not a moment.—No, *Faulkland*, I have lov'd 40
you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize
the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us
to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard
aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to

an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this 45
delay——

Faulkland. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again
till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless
distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this 50
happy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that
alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have
will be sufficient to *support* us; and *exile* never should
be splendid.

Faulkland. Aye, but in such an abject state of life my 55
wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fret-
fulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose
companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps
the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify,
may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I 60
shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break
from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Julia. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent,
you will the more want some mild and affectionate
spirit to watch over and console you:—one who, by 65
bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resig-
nation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your
fortune.

Faulkland. O Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and
with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. 70
How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy
effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Julia. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulkland. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—That you are free from a crime which I before fear'd to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express!

Faulkland. By Heav'n's! Julia—

Julia. Yet hear me.—My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—*joyfully* pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer without a pause my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.—

Faulkland. I confess it all! yet hear—

Julia. After such a year of trial—I might have flattered

myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! A trick of such a nature as to shew me plainly that when I thought you lov'd me best, you even then 105 regarded me as a mean dissembler; an artful, prudent hypocrite.

Faulkland. Never! never!

Julia. I now see it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will 110 be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention and unrepenting kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive 115 an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

Faulkland. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this—

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been 120 given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you will be to charm you from that unhappy temper which alone has prevented the performance of our 125 solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret that it lost you the

love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary 130
through the world! [Exit.

Faulkland. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful
resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my
place.—O Fool!—Dolt!—Barbarian!—Curst as I am
with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, 135
kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid,
and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—
I must now haste to my appointment.—Well, my
mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to
become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed 140
folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—Tor-
mentor!—Fiend!—whose influence, like the Moon's,
acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but
meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges
sensibility to madness! [Exit. 145

Enter MAID and LYDIA.

Maid. My Mistress, Ma'am, I know, was here just now—
perhaps she is only in the next room. [Exit MAID.

Lydia. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow
runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from
my grave Cousin will make me recall him. 150

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite
for consolation.—Lud! Child, what's the matter with

140. *Reverse*—In other words, be killed in a duel.

you?—You have been crying!—I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Julia. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness.—Something *has* flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at. [*Aside*] I would not accuse Faulkland to a Sister! 155

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be? 160

Julia. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before inform'd me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject without a serious endeavor to counteract your caprice. 165

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—But I don't care—I'll never have him.

Julia. Nay, Lydia— 170

Lydia. ~~Why, is it not provoking; when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last!~~—There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of Ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the News-papers!—O, I shall die with disappointment! 175

173. **Smithfield**—Smithfield market.

Julia. I don't wonder at it! 180

Lydia. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation, with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the Altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a coun- 185 try-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, *Spinster!* O, that I should live to hear myself called *Spinster!*

Julia. Melancholy, indeed! 190

Lydia. How mortifying to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!—There 195 would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! And while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, 200 *Julia*, that was something like being in love!

Julia. If I were in spirits, *Lydia*, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you: but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, 205 suffer that unhappiness from your *caprice*, which I know too well *caprice* can inflict.

Lydia. O Lud! what has brought my Aunt here!

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, FAG, and DAVID.

Mrs. Malaprop. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and salivation going on in the fields! 210 and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Julia. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Malaprop. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he 215 enveloped the affair to me.

Lydia. [*To Fag*] Do, Sir, will you, inform us.

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding if I delay'd a moment to give all the information in my power to 220 a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lydia. But quick! quick, Sir!

Fag. True, Ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the sub- 225 ject two or three lives may be lost!

Lydia. O patience!—Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter!

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—But he can tell you 230 the perpendiculars.

Lydia. Then, prythee, Sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, Ma'am—as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the jury finds it. 235

Lydia. But who, Sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, Ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry anything was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms. 240

Lydia. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My Master, Ma'am—My Master—I speak of my Master.

Lydia. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Malaprop. O, to be sure, you are frightened now! 245

Julia. But who are with him, Sir?

Fag. As to the rest, Ma'am, his gentleman can inform you better than I.

Julia. [To David] Do speak, friend.

David. Look'ee, my Lady—by the Mass! there's mischief 250 going on.—Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire-locks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers besides!—This, my Lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Julia. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend? 255

David. My poor Master—under favour, for mentioning him first.—You know me, my Lady—I am David—and my Master, of course, is, or *was*, Squire Acres.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Julia. Do, Ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent 260 mischief.

Mrs. Malaprop. O fie—it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

David. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives.—They are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is 265 that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire Putrefactions! 270

Lydia. What are we to do, Madam?

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief.—Here, friend—you can shew us the place?

Fag. If you please, Ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, 275 do you look for Sir Anthony. [Exit DAVID.

Mrs. Malaprop. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, Sir, you're our envoy—lead the way and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world! 280

Mrs. Malaprop. You're sure you know the spot?

Fag. I think I can find it, Ma'am; and one good thing is we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them: never fear, Ma'am, never fear. [Exeunt, he talking. 285

SCENE II

The South-Parade

Enter ABSOLUTE, putting his sword under his great-coat.

Absolute. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog. How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—How shall I escape him? 5
[*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anthony. How one may be deceived at a little distance! Only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey—'Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack, you Dog!—what are you afraid of?—hey!—sure I'm right.—Why, Jack!—Jack Absolute! 10
[*Goes up to him.*]

Absolute. Really, Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

Sir Anthony. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why, z—ds! it is—Stay [*Looks up to his face*] So, so— 15
your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Absolute. O, a joke, Sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, Sir.

Sir Anthony. You did! Well, I am glad you were so 20 lucky.—But what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

Absolute. 'Tis cool, Sir; isn't it?—rather chilly, somehow?—But I shall be late—I have a particular engagement. 25

Sir Anthony. Stay.—Why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Absolute. Going, Sir!

Sir Anthony. Aye—where are you going?

Absolute. Where am I going? 30

Sir Anthony. You unmannerly puppy!

Absolute. I was going, Sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—Sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and I was looking for you, Sir, to—to—

Sir Anthony. To go with you, I suppose.—Well, come 35 along.

Absolute. O! z—ds! no, Sir, not for the world!—I wish'd to meet with you, Sir,—to—to—to—You find it cool, I'm sure, Sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anthony. Cool!—not at all.—Well, Jack—and what 40 will you say to Lydia?

Absolute. O, Sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow:—but I detain you, Sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anthony. O, not at all—not at all!—I'm in no hurry. 45

—Ah! Jack, you youngsters, when once you are wounded here [*Putting his hand to Absolute's breast*]

Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Absolute. Nothing, Sir—nothing.

Sir Anthony. What's this?—Here's something d—d hard! 50

Absolute. O, trinkets, Sir! trinkets—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anthony. Nay, let me see your taste. [*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—z—ds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you? 55

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, Sir: tho' I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anthony. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly!

Absolute. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, Sir, Lydia 60 is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course.—Now, Sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword—and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anthony. Fall upon fiddle-stick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her.—Get along, you Fool.— 65

Absolute. Well, Sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—“O Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steel”—says I. 70

Sir Anthony. “O, Booby! stab away and welcome”—says she.—Get along!—and d—n your trinkets!

[*Exit ABSOLUTE.*]

Enter DAVID, running.

David. Stop him! Stop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—
Stop fire! Stop fire!—O! Sir Anthony—Call! Call!
Bid 'em stop! Murder! Fire! 75

Sir Anthony. Fire! Murder! Where?

David. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath for
my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him?
why didn't you stop him?

Sir Anthony. Z—ds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? 80
Stop Jack?

David. Aye, the Captain, Sir!—There's murder and
slaughter—

Sir Anthony. Murder!

David. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of 85
murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields:
there's fighting going on, Sir—bloody sword-and-gun
fighting!

Sir Anthony. Who are going to fight, Duncie?

David. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony:—every 90
body is going to fight; my poor Master, Sir Lucius
O'Trigger, your son, the Captain—

Sir Anthony. O, the Dog!—I see his tricks.—Do you
know the place?

David. King's Mead-Fields. 95

Sir Anthony. You know the way?

David. Not an inch;—but I'll call the Mayor—Aldermen
—Constables—Church-wardens—and Beadles.—We
can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anthony. Come along.—Give me your shoulder! 100
We'll get assistance as we go.—The lying villain!—
Well, I shall be in such a frenzy!—So—this was the
history of his d—d trinkets! I'll bauble him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

King's Mead-Fields

SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a
good distance.—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a
good distance.

Sir Lucius. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? Upon
my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things 5
to me.—Stay now—I'll show you. [*Measures paces
along the stage*] There now, that is a very pretty dis-
tance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z—ds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box!—
I'll tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off the cooler 10
I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him
best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty, or eight
and thirty yards— 15

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! nonsense! Three or four feet be-
tween the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—By my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near.—Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir 20
Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you? 25

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a *Quietus* with it—I say it will be no time then 30
to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A *Quietus*!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? 35
—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before? 40

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that.—There, Sir 45

Lucius—there [*Puts himself in an attitude*] a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—
I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir Lucius. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so
when I take my aim—— [*Levelling at him.* 50

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its
own head!

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in the 55
body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses
a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if
it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part! O, my poor vitals!

Sir Lucius. But, there—fix yourself so. [*Placing him*] 60
Let him see the broad side of your full front.—There.
—Now a ball or two may pass clean thro' your body,
and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean thro' me!—a ball or two clean thro' me! 65

Sir Lucius. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest
attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in
an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my
valour! I will stand edge-ways. 70

Sir Lucius. [*Looking at his watch*] Sure they don't mean
to disappoint us—hah?—No, faith—I think I see them
coming.

Acres. Hey!—What!—Coming!—

Sir Lucius. Aye.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile? 75

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius? we—we—we—we—won't run.—

Sir Lucius. Run! 80

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I—I—I don't feel quite so bold somehow—as I did. 85

Sir Lucius. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour.—Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Lucius. Well, here they're coming. [Looking.

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid.—If my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go. 90

Sir Lucius. Then, pray, keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going.—Yes—my valour is certainly going!—It is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands! 95

Sir Lucius. Your honour—your honour.—Here they are.

Acres. O mercy; now—that I were safe at *Clod-Hall*! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah!—what 100

—Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend! 105

Absolute. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley [*To Faulkland*] if you'll chuse your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground. 110

Faulkland. My weapons, Sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland. These are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius. What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres? 115

Faulkland. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Lucius. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out. 120

Absolute. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter—

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same 125 to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and

you came here to fight him.—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, 130 why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Z—ds, Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!— 135

Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right.—There is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please. 140

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky!—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute? —Not if he were fifty Beverleys! Z—ds! Sir, Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural. 145

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *Quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get 150 you a *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *Coward*; Coward 155 was the word, by my valour!

Sir Lucius. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word Coward.—*Coward* may be said in joke.—But if you had call'd me a *Poltroon*, Odds Daggers and 160 Balls!—

Sir Lucius. Well, sir?

Acres. —I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice. 165

Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres.—He is a most *determined* dog—call'd in the country "*Fighting Bob*".—He generally *kills a man a week*; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home! 170

Sir Lucius. Well then, Captain, 'tis we must begin.—So come out, my little counsellor, [*Draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him.

Absolute. Come on then, Sir; [*Draws*] since you won't 175 let it be an amicable suit, here's *my reply*.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID, and the WOMEN.

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my Master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anthony. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a 180 frenzy.—How came you in a duel, Sir?

Absolute. Faith, Sir, that gentleman can tell you better

than I; 'twas he call'd on me, and you know, Sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going 185 to cut a man's throat, and he tell me he serves his Majesty!—Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute. Sir, I tell you! That gentleman call'd me out, without explaining his reasons. 190

Sir Anthony. Gad! Sir, how came you to call my son out without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius. Your son, Sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anthony. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop. Come, come, let's have no Honour before 195 ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here.—How could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute. For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, Ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, no delusions to the past.—Lydia is 200 convinc'd.—Speak child.

Sir Lucius. With your leave, Ma'am, I must put in a word here.—I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence.—Now mark——

Lydia. What is it you mean, Sir? 205

Sir Lucius. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections. 210

Absolute. O! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here.—With regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you—I can only say that it could not have been intentional.—And as you must be convinced that I 215 should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency.—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honour'd with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever. 220

Sir Anthony. Well said, Jack! and I'll stand by you, my Boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to anything in the world—and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my Valour! I'll live 225 a bachelor.

Sir Lucius. Captain, give me your hand.—An affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation.—And as for the Lady—if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing here—— [Taking out letters. 230

Mrs. Malaprop. O, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps, I can illuminate——

Sir Lucius. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where

you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my 235
Delia, or not?

Lydia. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[*LYDIA and ABSOLUTE walk aside.*]

Mrs. Malaprop. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you
are—I own the soft impeachment.—Pardon my
blushes, I am Delia. 240

Sir Lucius. You Delia!—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke!—those
letters are mine.—When you are more sensible of my
benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage
your addresses. 245

Sir Lucius. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of
your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have
put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you.
And to shew you I'm not ungrateful—Captain Abso-
lute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll 250
give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but
here's our friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make
your fortune? 255

Acres. Odds Wrinkles! No.—But give us your hand,
Sir Lucius; forget and forgive. But if ever I give you
a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a
Dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down— 260
you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians—
[*All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.*

Julia. [*Aside*] He seems dejected and unhappy—not sul-
len.—There was some foundation, however, for the 265
tale he told me.—O woman! how true should be your
judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulkland. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little
deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child
of Penitence. 270

Julia. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in
your unkind treatment of me than I am now in
wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart hon-
estly bids me place my weakness to the account of
love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same 275
plea for yours.

Faulkland. Now I shall be blest indeed!

[*SIR ANTHONY comes forward.*

Sir Anthony. What's going on here?—So you have been
quarreling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never
interfered before; but let me have a hand in the 280
matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my
friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he
calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you.
—There, marry him directly, Julia. You'll find he'll
mend surprisingly! [*The rest come forward.* 285

Sir Lucius. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied
person but what is content; for as I have been dis-
appointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not

the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better—

290

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy.—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to show you I'm neither vex'd nor angry, Odds Tabors and Pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms—and I insist on you all meeting me there. 295

Sir Anthony. Gad! Sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulkland. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope 300 to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed Imagination, which might have betray'd an innocent heart; and mine, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one who by it made 305 wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have ador'd.

Absolute. Well, Faulkland, we have both tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets, of Love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for 310 yourself, while *I*—

Lydia. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey, Mr. Modesty?—But come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unalloy'd as general. 315

Julia. Then let us study to preserve it so; and while Hope

295. **New Rooms**—New Assembly rooms in Bath.

pictures to us a flattering scene of future Bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When Hearts deserving Happiness 320 would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier Rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt! 325

EPILOGUE

BY THE AUTHOR

Spoken by MRS. BULKLEY.

Ladies, for *You*—I heard our Poet say—
He'd try to coax some *Moral* from his Play:
One moral's plain—cried I—without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on Us—
Thro' all the Drama—whether d—n'd or not— 5
Love gilds the *Scene*, and *Women* guide the *plot*.
From ev'ry rank—obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true.

The Cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad;—but first—he'll ask his *wife*: 10
John Trot, his friend—for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell my dame*.—

The *surly 'Squire*—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—zounds! Madam is a fool!

Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd Victor says, 15
Ah! Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*—

The *jolly Toper* chides each tardy blade,—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each Toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling Brim! 20

Nay, I have heard that Statesmen—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a Lady's eyes;
The servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtseys a pension here—there nods a place. 25

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The poorest Peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of Poverty, and heir to Toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light, 30
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night:
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wand'ring *Tar*—who not for *years* has press'd
The widow'd Partner of his *day* of rest— 35
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The Boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil, 40
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle should he list' her cries,

The Lover trembles—and the Hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear! 45

But Ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—Ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd—our triumphs incomplete,
'Till polish'd Wit more lasting charms disclose, 50
And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws!

—In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
The Lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the Scholars of our eyes,
Our Beaux from *Gallantry* would soon be wise; 55
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The Lamp of Knowledge at the Torch of Love!

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

By Lewis Beach

CHARACTERS

BERNARD INGALS
EUNICE INGALS
NOEL DERBY
LEO DAY
RHODA
JULIA MURDOCH
MRS. BRADLEY
HUGH INGALS
RONALD MURDOCH
LOIS INGALS
BRADLEY INGALS
DAGMAR CARROLL
ELLIOTT KIMBERLEY



The Goose Hangs High

ACT ONE

December twenty-third

SCENE: *The scene is a charming, restful, Colonial living room, obviously long lived in by people of breeding and taste.*

In the back wall, at almost the extreme right, is an arch—with closed portières—leading to the hall. The entrance to the house from the street—across a veranda—is in the left wall of the hall. Right of the arch there is just room enough for a desk; to the left of the arch, low, stationary bookcases, filled to overflowing with volumes of all sizes and colors. Fairly large, framed photographs of LOIS and BRADLEY as children hang over the bookcases; they are inoffensive. Left of the bookcase, a square piano. The left wall is divided into three equal parts by two windows. A mirror hangs between them. A long, narrow table, on which is a lamp, is placed near the windows. A chair below the table and one to the right of it. In the right wall, at the back, the entrance to the dining room; below the door, a fireplace in which a wood fire burns; and below the fireplace, against the wall, a chair. Near the fireplace, but facing the fourth wall, is a large sofa. Back of it, and to the right, a small table, holding a lamp. Left

of the sofa, a table and a chair. In front of the bookcases a large chair and floor lamp.

When the curtain rises it is five o'clock in the afternoon. The lamps are lighted. There is no one in the living room, but in the dining room EUNICE is singing softly. Presently BERNARD—accent on first syllable—enters the hall from the street.

Bernard. [Calling cheerfully] Hello! Upstairs or down?

Eunice. Down, dear. Coming.

BERNARD takes off his hat as he comes into the living room.

EUNICE enters from the dining room. They are glad to see each other, and their love is immediately apparent. They have charm and distinction, and they will always be respected. One feels—on seeing them—that he would like to know them personally. EUNICE is tall and slender; a beautiful woman in her late forties. BERNARD is fifty-one, thin, and fairly tall. He has never lost his youthful enthusiasm and his manner is often very boyish.

Bernard. How are you this afternoon?

[Touches her affectionately on the shoulder.

Eunice. Fine! [Kisses him] Rhoda and I just finished the last of the Christmas cakes.

5

Bernard. Ha! Lots of those stuffed with almonds and citron—the kind Bradley begs for?

Eunice. And his father devours.

She slips the cake which she has held hidden in her hand between his lips.

Bernard. Oh! Great!

Eunice. [*Goes to the large table and picks up the evening frock which she is embroidering*] Through for the day? [*Sits; embroiders.*] 10

Bernard. [*Between bites*] I have to get the Mayor's signature. He's home—sick with a cold. Just ran in to see if you wanted anything downtown. 15

Eunice. I don't think of a thing, dear. Unless you want to bring up the holly and the wreaths. Shall we hang them to-night?

Bernard. Fine! Did you get a letter from any one of the children to-day? 20

Eunice. No.

Bernard. They ought to write you more often.

Eunice. Bradley and Lois (*pronounced to rhyme with Joyce*) must be very busy this week.

Bernard. And Hugh? 25

Eunice. [*Caught; smiles*] Oh, well. Bradley's trunk came this afternoon.

Bernard. What?

Eunice. By express—collect.

Bernard. Why didn't he check it on his ticket? 30

Eunice. We'll find out when he gets home.

Bernard. [*With a smile*] Maybe we will—and maybe we won't.

Eunice. I wish his present would come.

Bernard. I'll stop at the postoffice. If it's not there I'll send a wire on to New York. 35

Eunice. The expense— [Stops.

Bernard. What's the good of a Christmas present several days late? *Eunice*, what do you want for Christmas?

Eunice. Nothing, dear. 40

Bernard. I never know what to get you. I wish you'd make out a list as the children do.

Eunice. There isn't a thing I need.

Bernard. I don't want to get you something you need but something you'd like to have. 45

Eunice. Then just a little check—if you can spare it.

Bernard. For you to spend on Lois.

Eunice. Oh, shame!

Bernard. You've worked that trick before. Better tell me what you'd like or I may buy you a monkey. 50

Eunice. Let's be sensible, *Bernard*. They'll be home. That's all the present I want. And you know their wardrobes will need replenishing—the January term-bills—

Bernard. You'll get the monkey. 55

Eunice. If you dare—

Bernard. It'll serve you right. Sure there isn't something I can do for you downtown?

Eunice. I think everything's been attended to.

Bernard. All right. [Goes toward the hall. 60

Eunice. *Bernard*, I noticed *Dedricks* are having a sale of men's suits. Don't you think you might get one?

Bernard. What's the matter with my suit?

Eunice. Your "suit." That's about right.

Bernard. Well, I can't wear more than one at a time. 65

Eunice. Run in and see if there isn't something you like.

Bernard. All right.

Eunice. Promise?

Bernard. Maybe.

Eunice. If you don't [*laughs*] *Bernard*, if I had to buy 70
you one.

Bernard. Good Lord! That's the reason I've always rather
liked you: you've never even bought me a shirt.

Eunice. I'll select a loud, brown check, with a waist line at
the arm-pits, [*with a gesture*] one button—— 75

Bernard. Stop it! Stop it!

Eunice. Then buy a suit yourself.

Bernard. Oh, come on, dear. This is all right to wear at
the City Hall. Just wait a year or two and I'll be Beau
Brummel. [*Goes to her and kisses her*] I'll be back 80
soon. And do I get some of those almond and citron
cakes to-night?

Eunice. I'll think it over. But not "some." Maybe two.

Bernard. [*Turns toward hall again*] That son of mine!
[*Stops*] *Eunice*, they'll be here to-morrow at this time. 85

Eunice. I'm watching the clock.

Bernard. Oh, I'm not so anxious.

Eunice. You'll be at the station an hour before train time.

Bernard. What bee's in your bonnet! [*Looks at her*]
Why, dear, you're crying! 90

[*Goes to her quickly; drops his hat on the table.*]

Eunice. [*Pressing his hand*] I'm just a silly old thing.

Bernard. Indeed you're not! What is it?

Eunice. It's the first Christmas Hugh hasn't been home.

Bernard. I wish he hadn't decided not to come.

Eunice. I offered to pay his traveling expenses if he would. 95

Bernard. [*Laughs slightly*] So'd I.

Eunice. There must be some reason we—— [*Breaks off; rises.*]

Bernard. I'll hurry along.

Eunice. Pay my respects to the Mayor.

Bernard. Surely. [*Leaving*] Mustn't forget to take the 100
machine to the garage in the morning. [*Stops near
hall entrance; laughs*] Wouldn't Bradley bawl me
out if he could see the condition the spark-plugs are
in!

*The doorbell rings, the street door is opened, and NOEL DERBY
enters the house.*

Noel. [*Calling*] Hello? Any one home? 105

Bernard. Who's here? [*Turns; looks into hall*] Why, hi,
there, Noel! [*Goes into hall.*]

Noel. What are you doing home this time of day?

Bernard. Ha! Caught, aren't you? [*Closes door*] Call-
ing on my wife when you don't expect to find me here. 110

*BERNARD puts his arm in NOEL DERBY'S and brings him into
the living room. The latter carries a potted plant tied up
in paper. He is Bernard's age.*

Eunice. Good afternoon, Noel.

Noel. Hello, Eunice. [*It is apparent immediately that
Noel is an intimate friend of the Ingals. NOEL sets*

the plant on the large table] Had to make Bern
jealous and bring you over one of my cinerarias. 115

Bernard. What? They're in bloom?

Eunice. Oh, thank you. [*Removes paper from the plant.*]

Bernard. I didn't think you could get them to blossom by
Christmas.

Noel. I took your advice and forced them with nitrate of 120
soda.

Bernard. There's nothing like it, is there?

Eunice. What lovely color! It was nice of you to remem-
ber me [*smiles*] even if it was to make Bernard
jealous. 125

BERNARD puts the wrapping paper in the waste-paper basket.

Noel. I'll have to admit they're nothing like the ones he
used to raise in his knock-down greenhouse.

Bernard. Go long!

Eunice. [*Sits*] Sit down, Noel.

[*NOEL sits. BERNARD inspects the plant.*]

Noel. Bern, you remember Chaysle's—the market-gar- 130
dener's—place?

Bernard. Surely.

Noel. It can be bought dirt cheap. He wants to go west.

Bernard. [*Interested*] Is that so?

Noel. I'm tempted to take an option on it. 135

Bernard. Great! It's a fine spot for a nursery. He's a
pretty good start at a real greenhouse too, hasn't he?

Noel. Two thirty-by-seventeen houses. What do you say?
Come in with me and we'll buy it.

Bernard. Not yet, old man. 140

Noel. That's what you've been saying for the last eighteen years. And this is as far as we've got. Eunice, can't you do anything with him? [*Turning toward BERNARD*] Are you going to wait till we're too old to hold a spade? 145

Bernard. [*Laughs*] We'd not make much of a success of it then, would we?

Noel. Well, why can't we buy Chaysle's place now and get started?

Bernard. Can't do it, Noel. 150

Noel. Why not?

Bernard. I've other fish to fry.

Noel. What do you mean?

Bernard. [*Good-naturedly*] Oh, you benighted old bachelor! Do you realize I've a son and daughter in college? But why don't you go ahead? 155

Noel. You must be in it too. I like raising things but I haven't your "growing hand." You're like my grandmother—why, she could push a stick in the ground and it'd sprout. 160

Bernard. I'll give you all the help I can. Gee, it'll be great to go out Saturday afternoons and Sundays and putter about!

Noel. I need you there all the time—to look after the planting. Oh, come on, Bern! Don't put it off again. 165

Bernard. [*Shakes his head*] It's an adventure—and I can't do any adventuring just now.

Noel. You're afraid we won't make a go of it?

Bernard. Oh, no!

Noel. Well, then? 170

Bernard. [*After a moment; quietly*] Money doesn't grow
on trees, Noel. Oh, you get started and some day—

Noel. You promise?

Bernard. I want to.

Noel. [*Rises*] Then I'll wait a little longer. 175

Bernard. [*Jestingly*] You're a coward.

Noel. I? [*The doorbell rings.*]

Eunice. [*Starts to rise*] Let me go.

Bernard. I will.

Noel. I must run along. 180

Bernard. [*Going into hall*] Oh, stay and chat with
Eunice.

Eunice. Do.

Bernard. [*Opens door*] Oh, how do you do?

Eunice. Have you much in bloom, Noel? 185

Noel. [*Sits*] No. I haven't had to run a race with Bern
this year. There's been nothing to spur me on.

Day. [*At the door*] I'm glad I caught you. Missed you
at the City Hall.

Bernard. Come in. 190

Day. Didn't you leave early?

Bernard. No. Come this way.

BERNARD *enters with* LEO DAY. *The latter is a handsome man
in his early thirties, but he is quite without poise or breed-
ing. He wears a fine raccoon coat, cutaway, spats, a derby*

tilted a trifle too much on one side, and he carries a stick. He has an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He does not take off his hat until he sees EUNICE.

Bernard. Eunice, may I present Mr. Day? Mrs. Ingals.

Eunice. [*Graciously*] How do you do, Mr. Day?

[*Holds out her hand.*

Day. [*Too pleased; hurries to her*] Well, this is a great 195
pleasure! [*Starts to take her hand*] Oh, pardon my
glove. [*Pulls off his glove, then shakes her hand*] I
was hoping I might meet you when I came.

Bernard. And do you know Mr. Derby?

Day. [*Turns; sees NOEL; nods curtly*] How are you? 200

[*Turns immediately to EUNICE again.*

Noel. Good afternoon.

Day. [*To EUNICE*] I've always wanted to be introduced
to you.

Eunice. [*Surprised*] Thank you.

Day. Yes, sir! Roger Bradley's daughter! 205

Eunice. Won't you sit down?

Day. Thanks. I guess I'll take off my coat. [*Puts cigar,
stick, and hat on table*] It's fine out of doors but it
makes you perspire like a trooper in the house.
[*BERNARD helps DAY with his coat; then takes off his* 210
own] It's a great pleasure to be in this house. I guess
pretty near every one who was important in the old
days used to come here. Must be pretty close to
seventy-five years old, isn't it?

Eunice. My grandfather built it in '42. He copied his mother's house in Massachusetts. 215

Day. Well, what do you know about that! [*Moves about; looks into room at left*] Ha! The dining room! Swell!

Noel. [*Rises*] Good-bye, Eunice. 220

Eunice. Oh, don't go, Noel.

Noel. I've some other plants to deliver.

Eunice. We're expecting you for dinner on Christmas.

Noel. Oh, thanks, Eunice.

Bernard. We'll see you again before then? 225

Noel. Surely. So long. Good afternoon, Mr. Day.

Eunice. Good-by.

Day. 'Afternoon.

BERNARD goes into the hall with NOEL. They chat a moment, then NOEL leaves the house.

Bernard. Brought your hyacinths into the heat yet?

Noel. Do you think it time? 230

Bernard. Yes. But don't give them too much water at first.

Noel. About every three days?

Bernard. Once a week's enough.

Day. Does he come here every Christmas? 235

Eunice. Generally.

Day. Pretty nice for him.

Eunice. We're all very fond of him.

Day. It's an honor to be invited to a meal in that dining room. 240

Eunice. [*Laughs*] Oh, I—

Day. [*Cutting in*] Yes, it is. The people who have eaten there. Don't you suppose I know? The Bradleys were one of the starters of the Four Hundred.

Eunice. Oh, you don't think—

245

[BERNARD returns to the living room.]

Day. [*Cutting in again*] Of course, there's a Four Hundred here! A hundred thousand people—but there is in any city just as much as in New York. I know all about it.

Eunice. [*Rises*] Now I know you came in to see Mr. Ingals. 250

Day. [*Breaking in*] Oh, don't go.

Eunice. You'll excuse me, I'm sure. Good afternoon.

Day. [*Puts out his hand*] Good afternoon. Can I come again? 255

Eunice. Yes, indeed.

Gives DAY her hand; then turns and goes into the hall and upstairs.

DAY sits; sighs with pleasure as he leans back in the chair.

Bernard. [*Wondering why DAY has come*] That report was all right?

Day. Oh, yes—yes. [*Slight pause. BERNARD waits for DAY to speak. The latter reaches for his cigar; puts it in his mouth. BERNARD strikes a light and holds it to DAY's cigar. DAY laughs, delighted.*] Leo Day waited on by the husband of a Bradley. Oh—have a cigar? 260

Bernard. No, thanks.

Day. I wish a photographer was taking a picture of me 265
now. I'd like one to send up the hill—to Mother
Superior in the Orphan Asylum. As a kid I used to
tell her where I intended to get to. She never believed
me. [*Slight pause; then he becomes very business-*
like] Ingals, I want to talk to you. I suppose you've 270
heard—maybe you wondered yourself why I wanted
to be elected a councilman. People knew it wasn't
because I wanted the salary—why any one of my
gasoline stations brings me in more than that—and
I've got thirty throughout the State. 275

Bernard. Really?

Day. Yes. And I'll have half a dozen more by spring,
Did *you* know I was raised in the Orphans' Home?

Bernard. I believe your party did mention it during the
campaign. 280

Day. The first thing I set out to do when I left the Home
was to get money. God knows I worked—since I was
thirteen. Well, I've got the money now—I'm thirty-
three. But I haven't been getting the next thing I was
after. I want to get in with the right people—socially. 285
I want them for my friends—I want a wife. That's
why I ran for councilman. I was elected, but it hasn't
done a damn bit of good. Is anything wrong with
me?

Bernard. Why, no!

290

Day. Then what's the trouble?

Bernard. I don't think there is any.

Day. Then why aren't people taking me up? They certainly know about me. I've been in office a month but— 295

Bernard. I don't believe politics are much of a stepping stone to social advancement. But, Day, there's nothing in that.

Day. I want it. I'm going to fight for it. And I want your help. 300

Bernard. Oh, but I—I'm not in the social crowd.

Day. You could be if you wanted to—and your children are. Well, what about it? Will you help me?

Bernard. If I can do anything.

Day. You can and you're going to. 305

Bernard. What do you mean?

Day. I've been snubbed—I'm not going to be again. I can do a lot for you at the City Hall, Ingals, if you return the compliment. If you don't—

[*Shrugs his shoulders.*]

Bernard. [*Surprised*] What? 310

Day. I'm up for membership at the Country Club. You can help me.

Bernard. I'm not a member.

Day. But friends of yours are.

Bernard. What do you mean, Day? 315

Day. There's no use beating about the bush: I've got to have your help and I'm going to have it.

Bernard. [*Angered*] You mean part of my job as City Assessor is to help you socially?

Day. Yes. 320

Bernard. Good God! We've had unpleasantness at the City Hall—things have been particularly trying with some of the new councilmen, but—*Day*, I can't.

Day. Why not? You mean they won't take me up?

Bernard. No. But think, man, it's not square. 325

Day. You want to keep your position?

Bernard. Yes, of course. Why, I— [Stops.

Day. Councilmen always have friends they want jobs for.

And the friends can be damn insistent. But I'm for you if— 330

Bernard. [*Breaking in*] You mean the council wants to get rid of me?

Day. I don't say there's a plan actually on foot, but it's well for you to have me pulling for you. And I can make it worth your while, financially, if— 335

Bernard. No!

Day. A check—or slip you some cash—

Bernard. No!

Day. Well, that's up to you. [*Laughs; rises*] I sha'n't insist on that. But I want you to speak to your friends 340 at the Country Club—they vote next week. And what's the matter with inviting me here to dinner some night soon?

Bernard. *Day!*

Day. Why not? Would you be ashamed? 345

Bernard. Oh, don't you understand? It isn't that. It's like taking a bribe.

Day. Bah! To invite me to dinner, to tell your friends it'd be a good thing to have me in the Club? Why it won't hurt your conscience a damn bit. [*Pause*] 350 Well? It's just a part of your job, Ingals. And you want to keep your job.

Bernard. [*Does not look at DAY*] I'll do what I can.

Day. Great! [*Slaps BERNARD on the back; goes and picks up his coat*] That's the stuff! [*Puts on his coat*] Any 355 night you say I'll be able to come. [*Pulls a couple of cigars from his pocket*] Here.

Bernard. [*Looks at him*] No, thanks. [*Turns away.*]

Day. [*Puts on his hat; picks up his stick*] You had your coat on. I've my Mercer. Can I drop you any place? 360

Bernard. No. I've some things to bring home.

Day. [*Going toward hall*] See you in the morning. [*Stops; turns*] Oh, remember me to your daughter when she gets home. [*BERNARD goes into the hall with him*] So long. 365

Bernard. Good-by.

DAY goes out. BERNARD closes the door and returns to living room. He stands still for a moment, thinking. He is angry, but he is caught: he can't do anything else. Goes to the table and picks up his hat. EUNICE enters; carries some heavy green paper and cord.

Eunice. Oh, I thought you'd gone on with Mr. Day.

Bernard. I wanted to take my machine so I could bring up the wreaths.

Eunice. [*Goes to table and starts to wrap the paper round 370 the flower pot*] Don't bother if—

[*Stands with her back to BERNARD.*

Bernard. [*Breaking in*] Oh, no. [*Pause*] *Eunice*, do you suppose—could we invite Day to dinner some night next week?

Eunice. [*Is surprised; but she turns to him immediately, smiling*] Of course, dear, if you'd like to.

Bernard. I—

Eunice. How about Tuesday? I'll write him a note.

[*BERNARD goes to her, kisses her, and goes into the hall.*

Bernard. I'll be back soon.

Eunice. All right, dear. 380

BERNARD leaves the house. EUNICE thinks for a moment, but she does not understand. And if BERNARD has asked her to invite DAY to dinner that is enough. She turns to the plant again. RHODA, the middle-aged servant, enters.

Rhoda. I'm sure the ham's boiled enough, Mrs. Ingals.

Now shall I bake it while it's still hot?

Eunice. Oh, no! We're going to have it for dinner tomorrow. The cold roast to-night.

Rhoda. All right. 385

Eunice. It's nice to have you back, Rhoda.

Rhoda. I'm glad to be here. I wish you'd let me stay all the time.

Eunice. I hope to have you back for keeps some day.

Rhoda, if you don't mind, I'd rather you didn't tell 390 the children you haven't been here the last couple of months.

Rhoda. All right. [*The doorbell rings.*

Eunice. I'll answer. [*EUNICE goes into hall, opens*

door to JULIA MURDOCH and MRS. BRADLEY. RHODA 395
goes into the dining room] Oh, Julia, I'm glad to see
you.

Julia. Hello, Eunice.

Granny. I met Julia at the corner and persuaded her to
come in for a minute. 400

*They come come into the living room. JULIA is a rather large,
dark-complexioned woman of middle age. She is dressed
as though she's just left a Fifth Avenue shop. GRANNY is
in her early seventies; she's rather small, physically, but
is an aristocrat through and through.*

Eunice. I'm glad. It's an age since I've seen you, Julia.
How are you?

Julia. I'm a tired woman. But I've bought my last Christ-
mas present so I'm a happy one.

Eunice. [Laughs] Sit down. 405
[Helps GRANNY with her wraps.]

Julia. I want to use your 'phone first. [Picks up telephone
which is on desk] If I sit down I won't want to get
up.

Eunice. Tired, Mother?

Granny. No. 410

Julia. Hello. Ridge 6532. . . . Yes. [Turning to EUNICE]
I thought I was through shopping yesterday. Then
Sara Tuttle told me last night she'd seen Mary
Wright buying a bag for me. Hello, I'd like to speak
to Ronald Murdoch, please. [GRANNY sits downstage 415
left] I intended to cut Mary off my list this year.

What does she want to give me a bag for? I've a dresser drawer full. Hello. Ronald? I'm at your Aunt Eu's. Please stop for me on your way home. There's 420 a dear boy. [*Hangs up receiver*] Had a brilliant idea this year, Eu. [*Sits at left of sofa*] Hadn't bought a single present till Monday. Then like a flash it came to me to buy every one—my husband and the cook included—a Wallace Nutting. 425

Granny. What's a Wallace Nutting?

[*EUNICE sits at the large table.*]

Julia. Don't you know those nice, framed, hand-colored photographs of fireplaces and bedrooms with braided rugs and girls sitting there looking moony?

Eunice. You remember, Mother. 430

Julia. There's a lovely one of a pineapple bedstead that would look fine over your mantel.

Eunice. Bradley threatened to spank me if all the pictures weren't in the attic when he got home.

Granny. I'd be ashamed to repeat it. 435

Julia. There 're only four. I'd like to have Ronald tell me how to decorate my living room. What do men know about such things? Well, I don't care where you hang it—put it in the attic if you want to—but you're getting a Wallace Nutting from me for Christ- 440 mas. It's all done up with the card and ribbon.

Eunice. Oh, thank you. I know I'll enjoy it.

Julia. No, you won't. No more than I'll welcome the bag

Mary's bought me. But that's Christmas. What's
Bernard giving you? 445

Eunice. I asked him not to give me anything.

Julia. Then you're a fool. [*Opens her coat.*]

Eunice. [*Laughs*] Why?

Julia. He's my own cousin. But all husbands are alike and
wives should get everything from them they can. I'll 450
tell you what I did. I've been wanting a Kelvinator
for the house, and I was afraid Cal might give it to
me for Christmas. So I met him downtown for lunch
one day last week, took him into Ribaud's, selected
and saw that he paid a deposit on a dinner ring. Now 455
he won't have to do any worrying and my mind's
easy. What's that green thing you're embroidering?
I've been wondering ever since I came in.

Eunice. [*Holding up the dress*] A frock for Lois.

Julia. [*Goes to EUNICE*] Isn't it smart! 460

Granny. [*Voicing her disapproval*] Lois had it made in
Springfield. Sent it home for Eunice to embroider.

Julia. Eunice Bradley, I'm ashamed of you.

Eunice. Why?

Julia. The idea of your wasting your eyesight that way. 465

Eunice. Oh, no! It's her Christmas present. The only new
party frock she's had this year. The others have been
made over things.

Julia. If Lois wanted it embroidered why didn't she do it
herself? 470

Eunice. But she's busy. I wanted to do it.

Granny. She'd find time if she knew you wouldn't.

Julia. How long have you had that dress you're wearing?

[*Sits at table.*]

Eunice. I don't remember.

Julia. Not that it doesn't look so well it makes me jealous. 475

But it's the principle I'm thinking of: everything for the children. But you never were normal about Lois and Bradley.

Eunice. [*Smiles*] Maybe that's because they were twins.

Granny. Fiddlesticks! You've been just as bad about 480
Hugh.

Julia. How is he?

Eunice. Fine.

Julia. Coming home for Christmas?

Eunice. Not this year. 485

Julia. Well, if you wanted him to live here you shouldn't have sent him to college. That's why I didn't urge Ronald to go.

Eunice. You didn't encourage very much either, Julia.

Julia. At the time Cal and I didn't feel we could afford 490 to send him. I don't think so much of this college business anyhow. It just gets it into their heads they're ladies and gentlemen.

Eunice. Is that a bad thing?

Julia. Oh, you know what I mean. They seem to think 495 their parents are made of money and all they have to do is have a good time. And where are they when they graduate? They don't learn anything about

making money but every way to spend it. And as
for religion, college makes them all atheists. 500

[EUNICE *laughs whole-heartedly.*

Granny. Julia, you've more sense than I thought you had.

Julia. How do you feel about Hugh and Dagmar?

Eunice. What do you mean?

Julia. Aren't they engaged?

Eunice. No! 505

Julia. I've heard they are.

Granny. What?

Eunice. Why, Julia!

Julia. You know that Dagmar got home from New York
last night? 510

Eunice. No.

Julia. She wasn't coming home either but her father sent
for her: Mrs. Carroll is giving a big dinner-dance.

Eunice. But what did you mean about the engagement?

Julia. I heard it in Doyle's Bookstore this afternoon when 515
I was buying the Wallace Nutting. Supposed, of
course, you knew. Mrs. Carroll told some one or other
to-day.

Granny. And he's never said a word to us.

Eunice. Hugh would have written me if— 520

Julia. [Cutting in] You can't tell anything about what
young people are going to do nowadays. When do
the twins get home?

Eunice. To-morrow at five.

Julia. Does Lois still intend to go into advertising? 525

Eunice. Yes.

Julia. And Bradley is going to paint scenery for a living?

[*EUNICE nods her head.*]

Granny. Isn't it dreadful, Julia?

Julia. Oh, I think it'd be rather fun to have a son connected with the theater—their morals go to pot any- 530
way nowadays. But I can't see the sense in your
spending money sending him to college. How's a
college education going to help him paint scenery?

Eunice. It will make him a finer man, I hope. That's all.

[*BERNARD enters the hall.*]

Bernard. [*Calling*] Eunice, it's come! 535

[*Closes street door.*]

Eunice. [*Whispering*] Don't say anything about the engagement, Mother.

BERNARD enters. He carries a package, wreaths, and strands of pine.

Bernard. Oh, hello, Julia. Afternoon, Mother Bradley.

Julia. For heaven sakes! You look like a peddler.

Bernard. [*Laughs*] Don't I? Where'll we put them, 540
Eunice?

Eunice. Why—on the piano.

Granny. Bernard, don't you know it's possible to have things delivered?

Bernard. Not when you buy them at a Cash and Carry. 545
[*Throws off his coat and hat.*]

Granny. I can't see why neither you nor Eunice has any pride.

Bernard. [*Pointing a finger at GRANNY*] In Eunice's case
maybe it's retribution. Well, Eunice, I found it at
the postoffice. 550

Eunice. Bradley's gift?

Bernard. [*He's like a child with a new toy*] Yes.
[*Starts to unwrap the package.*]

Julia. What are you giving him?

Bernard. It's a very rare, old, French text on the history
of costuming. 555

Granny. May I see it?

Bernard. Certainly. [*Hands her the book.*]

Granny. It doesn't look like much.

Bernard. But he told us the one place we could buy it so
it must be what he wants. 560

Granny. [*Opens book and sees price mark on front page*]
Thirty dollars? For that?

[*Hands the book to EUNICE.*]

Eunice. He needs it in his work.

[*Turns the pages of the book.*]

Julia. Bernard, how many times a day do you make your-
self think you're a millionaire? 565

Bernard. Never wanted to be one, Julia.

Eunice. Oh, these engravings are delightful. Just see,
Bernard.

Bernard. Isn't that slick?

Eunice. I don't blame Bradley for wanting it. 570

Granny. "Wanting" and "getting" mean the same thing
in this house. Oh, their goose hangs high!



"THIRTY DOLLARS FOR THAT?"

FROM THE RECENT STAGE PRODUCTION WITH MRS. WIFFIN AS GRANNY

Bernard. [*To change the conversation; pulling some letters from his pocket*] Oh, here's a Christmas card that came to the office to-day [*Looking through the letters—there's a telegram among them*] from the Prescotts—they're in San Diego. 575

Eunice. [*Alarmed*] Bernard, what's that telegram?

Bernard. [*Sorry she's seen it*] Oh, nothing important, dear. Here's the card. [*Hands her an envelope.*] 580

Eunice. [*Rising*] It's from one of the children.

Bernard. The Prescotts have bought a house out there, Julia.

Eunice. Bernard, please tell me. Is one of them ill?

Bernard. No! It really isn't anything, Eunice. 585

Eunice. Bernard, I must know. [*BERNARD gives her the telegram. EUNICE opens it quickly and reads aloud*] "Terribly sorry but I can't leave till you wire fifty dollars with loads of love Lois."

Bernard. You see. 590

Granny. [*Disgusted*] Oh!

Eunice. Oh, she won't get home to-morrow.

Bernard. Yes, she will! The wire came three days ago.

Eunice. Poor Lois, she always runs short at the last moment. 595

Bernard. [*Laughs*] Can't you see her, forgetting all about having to buy a railroad ticket? Next time I think I'll buy the ticket myself.

Eunice. Do you suppose Bradley has enough money?

Bernard. [*Laughs*] Oh, we'd have heard from him if he 600
hadn't.

[*EUNICE puts the book in one of the desk drawers.*]

Granny. Oh, you two make me tired! Julia, can't you
bring them to their senses?

Bernard. Well, Eunice, listen to that!

Granny. You let the children think you're made of money. 605
They get anything they want.

Bernard. [*Smiles; shakes his head; emphatically*] Oh, no
they don't!

Granny. There's Eunice in a dress that's been made over
and made over. You've even given up your green- 610
house because it costs a few dollars to heat. And
Eunice has gone without a maid all fall so you could
send more money to them. And do you think they
appreciate it?

Eunice. Oh, Mother, they do! 615

Granny. If Lois didn't realize she had to save enough
money to get home with, she should have been made
to stay in school for the holidays. Oh, you can't blame
them for trampling on you when you lie right down
at their feet. 620

Eunice. Mother, this isn't very pleasant for Julia.

Julia. Oh, it's none of my business, I know. But I think
your mother's right. We've taught Ronald to do
things for himself. He knows the value of a nickel.
How can any one appreciate filet mignon if he doesn't 625
know what round steak's like?

HUGH *appears at entrance to hall. The others do not see nor hear him. HUGH is tall and slender; he's well-mannered and groomed and is twenty-nine years old. He stops and bows.*

Hugh. Good afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Ingals.

[All turn toward him.]

Eunice. *[Rushes to him]* Hugh!

Bernard. By George! *[Hurries to HUGH. HUGH laughs, delighted at the joke he has played. Takes his mother 630 in his arms]* Where in blazes did you come from? Hurry up! Hurry up!

HUGH *lets go of EUNICE. BERNARD's arm is outstretched.*

Hugh. Dad, you old brick! Are you ashamed because Aunt Julia's here? I'm not. *[Puts his arm around his father and kisses him on the cheek; then releases him 635 quickly with a laugh and goes to JULIA]* How are you, Aunt Julia? I'm glad to see you.

[Gives her his hand.]

Julia. Fine, thank you.

Hugh. And Granny *[Lifts her up and kisses her]* Why you look like a flapper! 640

Granny. *[Horried]* Oh!

Eunice. But Hugh, you weren't coming.

Hugh. *[Laughs]* I changed my mind.

Bernard. Why didn't you wire?

Hugh. *[Taking off his coat]* There wasn't time—I 645 changed it so quickly. The ladies should understand the way I changed it.

Bernard. [*Goes to HUGH and takes his coat and hat*] But I would have met you. And here your mother wept this afternoon because you weren't coming. 650

Hugh. Oh, she didn't!

Julia. I bet I know why you changed your mind: Dagmar was called home.

Hugh. The picture of my fond parents and the twins weeping over my empty chair at the Christmas feast 655 got too much for me. And if Granny ate my share she'd have indigestion.

Granny. [*Shaking her head*] He's begun already.

Hugh. [*Drops into the big chair beside the large table*] Come here, Mother. 660

Eunice. What is it, Hugh? [*Goes to him.*]

Hugh. Well, wouldn't you like to sit beside your son?

He pulls her down to the arm of his chair. EUNICE leans against him.

Bernard. Well! Well! Julia, isn't it great? [*The tears are coming to his eyes. He turns quickly, carries Hugh's coat and hat into the hall*] Brrr! Left the 665 hall door open too! [*Closes street door.*]

Eunice. Oh, Hugh, your Christmas presents have gone to New York?

Hugh. What? Nothing for me on Christmas?

Eunice. They were sent the first of the week.

Hugh. [*Laughs*] Well, I see where somebody goes shop- 670 ping to-morrow.

Granny. Don't you dare, Eunice!

Hugh. Want to make a bet with me, Granny, that she does?

Bernard. [*Reëntering*] Hugh, where are your bags? Did 675
you leave them at the station?

Hugh. They're at Dagmar's. Took a taxi there and walked the rest of the way.

Bernard. [*As though offended*] Well, isn't that a nice note: going to the Carrolls' first. 680

Hugh. It's a rotten shame: her father scared Dagmar stiff. She thought her mother was really ill. But a big dinner-dance is her ailment. Dagmar couldn't even get an upper so she sat up all night in a chair-car.

Bernard. You usen't to be so almighty concerned about 685
Dagmar's sleep.

Eunice. [*Rising quickly; to change the conversation*]

Bernard, please tell Rhoda that Hugh is here.

Bernard. You bet!

BERNARD goes into the dining room. The door bell rings and the street door is opened.

Julia. [*Rises*] That must be Ronald. 690

Eunice. Oh, don't go, Julia.

RONALD enters. He's a couple of years younger than HUGH. He lacks the latter's poise and assurance and he does not seem particularly happy.

Hugh. [*Rising*] Hello, there, Ron.

Ronald. [*Face lights up*] Why, Hugh! I thought you weren't coming home.

Hugh. [*Shaking Ronald's hand*] So'd I. 695

[*BERNARD returns.*]

Bernard. Glad to see you, Ron.

Eunice. Good afternoon, Ronald.

Granny. How do you do?

Ronald. Hello.

Hugh. How's everything with you, Ron? 700

Ronald. All right. You look fit.

Hugh. Tiptop.

Ronald. Let me congratulate you.

[*JULIA sits on the sofa.*]

Hugh. Thanks. But what for?

Ronald. Why, your engagement, of course! 705

Hugh. Engagement? What do you mean?

[*EUNICE turns away; sits at left of the sofa.*]

Bernard. What's all this?

Ronald. Well, aren't you engaged to Dagmar Carroll?

Hugh. What ever gave you that idea?

Ronald. That's what I was told this afternoon. 710

Hugh. I've been missing out on things. I'll have to do
some investigating.

Eunice. Won't you sit down Ronald?

[*RONALD sits at the large table; BERNARD, on the sofa.*]

Hugh. Still at the First National, Ron?

Ronald. Yes. 715

Hugh. Like it?

Ronald. Well enough.

Hugh. But you ought to see something different. Aren't you fed up with this—?

Eunice. [*Breaking in*] Hugh!

720

Hugh. I'm sorry.

Ronald. Yes, I'm crazy to get away.

Julia. Why, Ronald!

Hugh. Course it's an all right place for the middle-aged.

But there's no future. You ought to make a break. 725

Ronald. I've never known anything else.

Hugh. Come on to New York.

Ronald. What'd I do?

Hugh. That isn't what's important. Anything that lets you live. Why, I'm tickled pink to get back and see 730 Mother and Dad and you people. But the place frightens me as soon as I get off the train. It seems to be holding out its hand to seize me, to hold me fast. I'd rechristen it Complacency.

Julia. You ought to be ashamed.

735

Hugh. Rather than be back here, I'd live in a hall bedroom in New York, eat all my meals at a lunch wagon—

Granny. [*Breaking in*] You've never had to do that, have you?

740

Hugh. [*Laughs*] No, Granny, I'll have to admit you've got me there.

Ronald. Do you think you could get me something to do in New York?

Hugh. I'll try to find something for you.

745

Julia. [Rises; going toward HUGH] Hugh, you've no right to talk this way.

Hugh. But what's the use of anything if you can't talk frankly?

Ronald. [Rising] Hugh's right. I hate it here! 750

There is a racket on the veranda: a man singing "Hail, Hail, the gang's all here," the tramp of feet, a girl's voice too.

Granny. What's that?

Hugh. [Hurrying to hall entrance] They're here.

Before any one can move, the street door is opened and LOIS and BRADLEY tear into the living room. LOIS comes first; she has a hat box, an ukulele, and three flower boxes. BRADLEY holds three suitcases on his extended arms, a bag hangs from his elbow, and golf clubs are strapped across his back. Immediately they take possession of the house and seem to charge the atmosphere with electricity. They are in their early twenties. At times they seem younger—thoughtless, vapid creatures. Then they surprise by abruptly revealing keen, informed minds. They're a fine-looking, healthy pair who live every moment of the day. There's great commotion throughout the following scene, which is played with great speed. Every one seems to be talking at once.

Enter, the twins.

Lois. [Throwing everything in a heap and rushing to EUNICE] Mother!

Eunice. My dear!

755

Julia. I thought they were to come—

Bradley. [Entering; sees HUGH first] Why, Hugh, you poor boob! Here!

[Slides the suitcases off his arms into HUGH's.

Bernard. Oh, by George!

Granny. How did they get here to-day? 760

Lois. Dad!

Hurries to him, puts her arms round him, and kisses him.

HUGH drops the suitcases at hall entrance.

Bradley. Hello, Aunt Julia. [Smacks her on the cheek]

Hi', Ron. [Slaps him on the shoulder and goes to

EUNICE] How are you, Mother? [Kisses her.

Lois. Hugh, you big bear! Want to kiss me? 765

Hugh. Not particularly.

Lois. But I do. [Kisses him.

Bernard. Oh, isn't this great?

BERNARD and EUNICE are laughing, they're delighted but much moved.

Bradley. How are you, Dad? [Holds out his hand.

Bernard. Fine, Brad, fine! [Punches him playfully. 770

Lois. [Rushing to her] Granny, your color's wonderful.

[Kisses her] Not makeup?

Granny. Lois Ingals!

Bradley. Sis, how can you? [Goes to GRANNY; kisses her]

Why, Granny's the most genuine person I know. 775

Bernard. Eunice, isn't it wonderful?

Lois. Greetings, Aunt Julia. [Kisses her; goes immediately to RONALD] Ron, you want to kiss me. Quick!

Oh, it's just like a petting party!

Bernard. But where have you come from? How did you
get here? 780

Bradley. Where's Dazzler?

Eunice. Upstairs.

Bradley. [*Throws off coat and hat, hurries upstairs, calling*] Dazzler! Dazzler!

Lois. [*Bending over the hat box*] Mother, I can't wait to 785
show you. [*Opens box*] It's the best looking—
[*Takes a hat from the box; goes to EUNICE*] Look,
isn't it a love?

Eunice. Oh, sweet! [*LOIS hurries to JULIA with the hat.*
JULIA and GRANNY inspect it] But it's you, Lois, I 790
want to see.

Lois. [*Pulling another hat from the box*] And you
haven't seen this one either. [*Holds it up*] I made it
myself. Didn't I do well? [*Goes to JULIA*] Went into
a shop. Sent the clerk to the back of the store. 795
Sketched the hat. And there it is!

BRADLEY comes downstairs and into the living room, carrying
DAZZLER in his arms. He drops the delighted dog on
the floor. LOIS and HUGH rush to DAZZLER, play with
him. The three children make more fuss over the dog
than they have over their family. The din is terrible.

Granny. [*Screaming*] Oh! Take that dog out of here!
The children tear across the room with the dog, go into the
hall. HUGH and LOIS go outdoors, BRADLEY is following,
but BERNARD stops him.

Bernard. Here, Brad! Stop! How did you get here this time of day?

Bradley. Ha! That's the question! [*Puts a cigarette in his mouth*] Some one give me a light.

Bernard. Never mind the light! How did you get here?

Bradley. [*Taking BERNARD by the arm and hurrying him to one of the windows*] Come here, Dad. Look,

Mother, you too. What do you see? 805

EUNICE goes to the other window. RONALD follows her. JULIA and GRANNY rise; look toward windows.

Bernard. Nothing.

Bradley. What? Are you blind? Mother, is your eyesight failing too? Can't you see?

Eunice. Nothing but an old Ford.

Bradley. Ha! First prize to Eunice Ingals. 810

Eunice. What?

Bernard. You came in that?

Bradley. You're picking up, Dad.

Ronald. Really?

Julia. You drove——? 815

Eunice. In a machine——?

Bernard. Oh, you're joking!

Julia. I never heard of——

Ronald. Oh, great!

Eunice. Why, did you——? 820

Bernard. Great guns!

Bradley. Silence, Ladies and Gentlemen, and I'll tell you.

Six of us bought it for a hundred and fifty.

Bernard. You started out with——?

Bradley. Sure! Jack and Barron escaped with eight-fifty 825
apiece—they were dumped at Albany. Ted, fifteen;
he lives in Syracuse; Jerry and Alan crawled out at
Toledo—they antied twenty-five dollars each. Frank
vamoused at Detroit—his share was thirty-one; and
I picked Sis up at Fordville and made her pay five 830
dollars of my thirty-seven.

BERNARD, EUNICE, *and* RONALD *are delighted*; JULIA *and*
GRANNY, *disgusted*.

Julia. I never heard of such a ridiculous thing in all my
life.

Bradley. That's why we did it, Aunt Julia! Hasn't some
one got a light? 835

BERNARD *strikes a match and lights Bradley's cigarette.*

Granny. To start out at this time of year——

Bradley. Oh, Granny, we read every almanac we could get
hands on and not one forecasted snow. Of course,
the darn tires held up till we got to Detroit. [*Lois*
and HUGH reënter] We've been on the rims for the 840
last four hours. What do you think I can sell it for,
Hugh?

Hugh. Junk!

Lois. Oh, Mother, where's my dress? [*EUNICE holds it*
up. Lois hurries to it] Oh, delirium! Oh, you were 845
a lamb! Is the gray one back from the dyer's?

Eunice. Yes.

Lois. Where is it?

Eunice. In your closet.

Lois. [*Hurries to the stairs*] Oh, I must see. 850

Bradley. The tin box only runs on one cylinder. But
some one ought to fall for it.

Hugh. Park it downtown and have an auction sale.

Bradley. Say, you're there! To-morrow—day before
Christmas—lots of rubes in town. Ron, how are you? 855
You look down in the mouth.

Ronald. I was just thinking what fun it must be, getting
home like this.

Eunice. Bradley, why didn't you let us know you were
driving? I'd have been so worried. 860

Bradley. That's why I didn't tell you. You never get a
headache over what you don't know. Oh, did a box
come for me?

Eunice. Yes. It's in the hall.

Bradley. Have you a chisel and a hammer, Dad? 865

[*Goes to hall.* BERNARD starts toward dining room.]

Eunice. Bernard, please tell Rhoda they're all here—to
have the dinner we planned for to-morrow tonight.

Bernard. I should say so! [*Goes into dining room.*]

Ronald. Mother, isn't this wonderful?

Julia. It's just like a vaudeville. 870

[BRADLEY brings in a wooden crate.]

Bradley. Here we are!

Granny. Your trunk came by express.

Bradley. Believe me, there was no room in the Rolls
Royce for it. [BERNARD returns with hammer and chisel.]

Granny. It came collect.

875

Bradley. [*Dropping the crate on the floor*] Of course, it did!

Hugh. What've you there?

Bradley. Come on! Let's open it.

BERNARD, RONALD, and HUGH *give their attention to the crate.*

BRADLEY *stands watching them, making no attempt to help.*

Granny. Not in here!

[Lois reënters. 880

Lois. Mother, it's beautiful. I'll wear it to-morrow night and the green one, Monday. The old taffeta will do for the dinner on Tuesday if I get some new tulle.

[*Sits at piano; plays jazz.*

Julia. Eunice, they'll ruin the carpet!

Hugh. They nailed this up for doomsday.

885

Ronald. Give me the chisel.

Bernard. Watch out, Hugh! That's my finger.

Bradley. Put some pep into it.

Granny. Excelsior all over the floor!

Julia. The vacuum-cleaner never picks it up.

890

Hugh. Pull it, Ron.

Ronald. Right.

Bernard. There!

Bradley. Now let *me* take them out. [*Pulls two framed pictures from crate; hands one to BERNARD*] Hold it, 895
Dad!

[*Takes paper from other picture; throws paper in the crate.*

Granny. Bradley, do you realize you're not in the cellar?

Lois. [*Rising*] Piano needs tuning, Mother.

BRADLEY gives RONALD second picture; then takes his photograph from wall. The wall paper is faded.

Eunice. Oh, Bradley! [*But she really doesn't mind.*

Bradley. I told you I'd do it, Mother. Give me a hand, 900
Hugh.

Hands HUGH the photograph. Stands on a chair and takes Lois' photograph from the wall.

Granny. [*Rises; goes to center of room*] He's standing on
that hundred-year-old chair!

Julia. The upholstery'll be ruined.

Bradley. Here, Sis, maybe you want to take it back to 905
college with you. [*Gives BERNARD Lois' photograph*]

Give me the picture. [*BERNARD starts to give BRADLEY
the new picture he holds. LOIS takes her ukulele from
the case; tunes it*] No! No! The other one.

*RONALD gives BRADLEY the picture. BRADLEY puts it on the
wall.*

Bradley. Now did I remember the size right. 910

Lois. Mother, I'm wild to show you the Christmas present
I brought you.

Bernard. [*Laughing*] He even had the wire put on them!

Bradley. Great! Doesn't show the paper's faded.

[*Jumps down; takes picture from BERNARD.*

Granny. Eunice, are you going to allow him—? 915

Bernard. Granny, it does look well.

Granny. That ugly old woman?

Hugh. She's a Holbein, Granny.

Granny. I don't care who she is. She's a sight.

[Returns to her chair.]

Bradley. [To HUGH] How do you know it's a Holbein? 920

Hugh. Happen to have heard of Hans some place.

Lois. Whom are you making love to now, Ron?

Ronald. No one.

Lois. Oh, that's downright wicked of you.

Granny. Lois Ingals!

925

Bradley. [Goes to EUNICE and puts his arm round her waist] Now isn't that a good wall? I'll hang Lois and me in your bedroom where you'll see us the first thing in the morning.

Hugh. Don't you let him! Those pictures would keep 930
you awake all night.

Julia. Your mother should have her house as she wants it.

Bradley. Oh, not if it's bad, Aunt Julia, not if it's bad!

What do you think? I'm going to Maine this summer. Roland Styles—he knows more about 935
scenery than any one else in this country—is going to conduct a school there. I've been invited to live with the Babcocks so the only expense will be my tuition.

Hugh. How'd you know Styles'll admit you?

Bradley. Admit me? He's crazy to have me.

940

Lois. How do you know?

Bradley. He's seen some of my sketches—the ones I designed for *Tristan*.

Hugh. You had the nerve to design sets for *Tristan* after the wonderful ones Urban did?

945

Bradley. Urban? Pooh! Who's he?

Hugh. He's at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Bradley. What's that? Ancient history!

Lois. Didn't you know, Hugh? Brad belongs to the school of "scene-wrights" that want eventually to do 950 away with actors entirely.

Bradley. That's Gordon Craig. I don't go as far as he does. But symbolism's everything.

Hugh. Symbolism and the scene-painter.

Lois. His gang's only interest *is* in giving more promi- 955 nence to the scene-dauber.

Bradley. How can the theater advance when we have to deal with people like you?

Julia. What are they talking about?

Lois. The only thing that'll be on the stage in Brad's 960 *Othello* will be a green-eyed monster.

Bradley. Jealousy brooding over——

Hugh. [*Breaking in*] For *Romeo and Juliet* a gold cupid—no balcony, no tomb—only a fat cupid.

Bradley. [*Heatedly*] You're such blatant realists that if 965 the scene of a play is a tenement you want the odor of garlic to come over the footlights.

Granny. Bernard, how can you let them go on this way?

Bernard. I like it. Go to it, Brad!

[*Telephone rings.* Lois hurries to answer it.

Bradley. What's the use? They're so hopelessly dumb. 970

Lois. Hello.

Bradley. Say, Hugh——

Lois. Oh, Dick, you dear!

Bradley. I've some books on scenery in my trunk I'd like you to read—

975

Lois. What? I can't hear.

Bradley. [*Hurrying to his suitcase*] Wait! There's one in my suitcase—

Hugh. Not to-day, old dear.

Lois. Please be quiet! [*BRADLEY rummages in the suitcase*] Perfectly splendid. I'm mad to see you. . . . What? . . . At Freda's? . . . Sure! . . . Ten minutes. . . . Right. [*Hangs up receiver*] Brad, they're dancing at the Chapmans'. [*Grabs her suitcase*] Are you on to go?

985

Bradley. [*Drops the book he's taken from the suitcase on the piano*] Now?

Lois. Yes. [*Hurrying to the hall*] Excuse me, Aunt Julia and Ron. See you later.

Bradley. [*Picks up a bag*] Maybe I'd better go. I haven't invited a girl to a single dance. Now's my chance to find who's looking for a man. [*Hurries upstairs.*

Granny. They're mad, stark, raving mad, both of them.

Bernard. [*Laughing*] They're wonderful!

Julia. Gracious! [*Rises*] It's after six. Come, Ron.

995

Granny. [*Rises*] Julia, will you do me a great favor?

Will you invite me to dinner and take me out of this?

Julia. Delighted!

Bernard. Oh, Granny!

Eunice. Not tonight! Their first night!

1000

Granny. Oh, I'll see enough of them before they get away.

Ronald. Good-by, Aunt Eu. It's been great.

[*He helps GRANNY with her coat.*]

Eunice. Come over often, won't you?

Ronald. I'd like to.

1005

Granny. Will you come after me, Bernard?

Bernard. Surely.

Julia. Oh, Ron will bring her home. Good-by, Bernard.

Heavens, but you've your hands full!

Bernard. [*Delighted*] And just think, Julia, they're here 1010
a whole day before we expected them.

BERNARD and EUNICE go to the hall with JULIA and RONALD.

Hugh. Good-by. Glad to have seen you.

Julia. Good-by.

Ronald. So long.

Hugh. [*Stops GRANNY as she is going into the hall; takes 1015
her arms*] See you again some time, Granny?

Granny. In my coffin before the Holidays are over, I'm afraid.

HUGH laughs. GRANNY pulls her arms away and follows the others. Farewells are said in the hall. HUGH lights his pipe. JULIA, GRANNY, and RONALD leave the house. BERNARD and EUNICE return to the living room.

Hugh. Granny is getting old. What sense of humor she ever had seems to have gone.

1020

Eunice. Don't tease too much.

Hugh. Oh, don't you think she really likes it?

Bernard. It's fine to have you home, Hugh.

Hugh. Thanks, Dad. Sit down, won't you? [*EUNICE sits. Then BERNARD and HUGH*] You know, Dagmar 1025 and I are engaged. [*Slight pause*] Hang it all, we weren't going to tell any one just now. But Mrs. Carroll had suspicions; she got all worked up last night and Dagmar had to tell her. She swore her to secrecy but Mrs. Carroll blabbed it the first thing. 1030

Bernard. But why did you want to keep it secret?

Hugh. Oh, I don't know; we just did. Course we intended to tell you and the Carrolls but the others weren't to know till we were married.

Eunice. It's to be soon then? 1035

Hugh. Next month, we hope.

Eunice. Hugh!

Hugh. It's the hardest thing to find the kind of apartment we want. We've been looking for a month.

Bernard. Hugh—how about finances? 1040

Hugh. I've enough saved to buy the furniture for a little apartment. Dagmar's going on with her work.

Bernard. What?

Hugh. She wouldn't give it up for any one. As long as she feels that way I don't want her to. Neither of us 1045 has to pay much of an income tax; but we love each other so why shouldn't we get married?

Eunice. I never dreamed you were in love, Hugh.

Hugh. You've known Dagmar. Didn't you see I was

bound to fall in love with her? She's the finest girl 1050
in the world—she's wonderful!

Bernard. [*Jesting*] In a month—better get my evening
clothes out of mothballs, Eunice.

Hugh. The wedding isn't going to be here.

Bernard. Then we'll have to go to New York. 1055

Hugh. Oh, of course, it'd be great to have you there. But
I think you'd have more fun if you'd wait and come
on a little later. You see, we're just going to drop in
on a minister some Saturday afternoon and then run
over to Atlantic City for the weekend. [*Pause.* 1060

Eunice. It's such a surprise—I can't understand why
you've never said anything to me.

Hugh. You never asked. [*Laughs*] You must have real-
ized I'd get married some day.

Eunice. Of course, but— [*Breaks off; rises; goes to him*] 1065
I hope you'll be very happy, Hugh. [*Kisses him.*

Hugh. Thanks, Mother.

Bernard. [*Goes to HUGH*] I guess Hugh knows what we
hope. [*Gives him his hand. Pause.*

Hugh. But I don't see why there has to be such gloom 1070
about it.

Eunice. [*Quickly; almost beseechingly*] Oh, there isn't,
Hugh, there isn't! We're happy for you.

Lois. [*On the stairs; calling*] Hurry, Bud!

Hugh. [*Rises*] Don't tell them now. 1075

Bernard. Why?

Hugh. They'll kid.

LOIS *enters*. *She has changed to an afternoon frock; holds a parcel in one hand behind her.*

Lois. How's that for speed? Mother, I can't wait: I must show you your Christmas present now.

[*Gives EUNICE the package.*

Eunice. Thank you, dear. But sha'n't I wait——? 1080

Lois. Oh, please! See it now.

[EUNICE *unwraps the gift. It's a large ostrich feather fan.*

Eunice. Oh, how beautiful!

Lois. Isn't it a patootie?

Bernard. Fine!

Hugh. Dad, did you ever hear about the woman who 1085 gave her husband lace curtains for Christmas?

Lois. Hugh, you beast!

Eunice. [*Kisses Lois*] It's lovely, dear. But you shouldn't have been so extravagant.

LOIS. [*Going toward BERNARD*] I wasn't really. Got it at 1090 a bargain. We did want Mother to have something nice for Christmas, didn't we, Dad?

Bernard. I should say so.

Lois. It was dear of you to wire me the money so quickly. You are a lamb. [*Runs her hand up the 1095 back of Bernard's head*] Need a hair cut though.

[BERNARD *laughs*. LOIS *goes to HUGH*] When in the world are you going to get married, Handsome?

Hugh. What's the rush?

[EUNICE *puts the fan in one of the desk drawers.*

Lois. Simply to keep you a normal, human being. You'll 1100
have all sorts of complexes if you don't hurry up.

Hugh. Aha! So you've become a Freudian!

Lois. You don't have to be a Freudian to know a man
should be married before he's your age.

[*Goes toward the hall.*]

Hugh. For Pete's sake, Sis, don't get hipped on the sex 1105
question.

Lois. [*Calling*] Hurry, Bud, your make-up's all right.

Bradley. [*Upstairs*] Coming.

Lois. Why don't you come along, Hugh? It'll be a good
chance for you to see every one. 1110

Hugh. I'll have dinner with Mother and Dad to-night.

Lois. But they won't mind. Oh, you don't, do you?

Bernard. Of course not! Go and have a good time.

Lois. We'll be home early. [*Picks up one of her hats.*]

Hugh. I'll have to call at the Chapmans' some time. 1115
It's all right?

Eunice. Surely.

Hugh. I'll brush up. [*Goes upstairs.*]

Lois. He is a handsome brute, isn't he?

EUNICE starts to make an attempt to straighten up the room.

Lois stands at the mirror, putting on her hat.

Bernard. Oh, wait, Eunice, till they've gone and I'll do it. 1120
Come Lois, sit down and tell us all about it.

Lois. What, Dad?

Bernard. Everything—what you've been doing. Your

letters are like telegrams—as though you counted the words. 1125

Lois. [*Laughs*] Sometimes I almost do. [*Sits*] Oh, courses aren't much of a grind this semester—except the one in criminology—but I'm working like a fiend on the paper.

Eunice. Do you write all those advertisements? [*Sits.* 1130

Lois. Most of them. That's a pipe. It's getting the shops to advertise that's tough. Dad, I cajole, I flirt—anything to get an ad. I even threatened boycott with one merchant till he came across. How are things at the City Hall? You've a new council, haven't you? 1135

Bernard. Yes. And they're raising Cain.

Lois. How so?

Bernard. Upsetting everything. They act as though this was the first council the city ever had.

Lois. Who are they? 1140

Bernard. Frank Monroe, John Teed, Elliott Kimberley—

Lois. [*Breaking in; interested*] Not that terrible Kimberley who used to run a livery?

Bernard. The same. 1145

Lois. But he's a crook! Good Lord, a hundred thousand people here and a man like Kimberley can get elected. Aren't people like you ever going to wake up?

Bernard. [*Smiling*] What do you mean? 1150

Lois. It makes me so damn mad!

Eunice. Lois!

Lois. [*Rises*] Mother, you ought to swear about it too! Decent people absolutely dodge their responsibility. [*BRADLEY enters.*] Look what you did about prohibition—let a lot of half-baked W. J. Bryans and W. C. T. U.'s turn us into law-breakers. The same busy-bodies that——

Bradley. [*Cutting in*] Who wound her up?

Lois. It makes me furious! But if you go on sleeping the first thing you know there'll be a revolution. Then you'll wake up.

Bradley. [*Bending over a suitcase; cutting in*] Oh, get off the soapbox, Sis!

Lois. Yes, that's the whole thing—*laissez faire*. 1165

Eunice. Oh, Lois, come here.

Lois. What is it? [*Goes to EUNICE*] Too much powder?

Eunice. Just let me put my arms around you. I want to be sure——

Lois. What is the matter, old sweetheart? 1170

Bradley. Speaking of the affairs of government— [*Holds up a bottle of gin which he has taken from the suitcase*] There, Dad, with my compliments.

Bernard. By George, where'd you get it?

Bradley. From one of the rising millionaires. 1175

Eunice. Bradley, you might have been arrested.

Bradley. I'd like to see any one go through my bag without a search warrant.

Eunice. But in Cambridge——

Bradley. When he delivered it the bootlegger had a policeman on the front seat of his car. 1180

Bernard. You're sure it's O.K.?

Bradley. One of the fellows analyzed it. If Prohibition continues, chemistry will be a required course in every high school. 1185

[*HUGH enters. LOIS puts on her coat. EUNICE helps her.*]

Hugh. All ready. Ho! Fire-water!

Bradley. [*Picking up his coat and hat*] I'll show you how to make the peppiest cocktail, Dad.

Hugh. I bet I can beat you. [*Goes to hall; gets coat and hat.*]

Bradley. Let me have the key to the car, will you, Dad? 1190

Bernard. [*Gives him key*] If you'd come home when you said you were coming it would have been washed.

Bradley. I'd hoped you might surprise us with a new one. If you don't get rid of the old bus soon you'll never be able to. 1195

Lois. Come along. Oh, Mother, do you mind putting my flowers in water? Ready, Hugh?

[*HUGH and LOIS go into the hall.*]

Bradley. [*Following them*] We'll be back soon. Hugh, have you tried loganberry and gin? 1200

Hugh. Grenadine and lemon juice are better.

They leave the house, laughing. The street door bangs. Pause.

EUNICE sits. BERNARD goes to one of the windows and looks out. RHODA comes from the dining room.

Rhoda. Dinner is served.

Eunice. All right, Rhoda. But there'll only be two after all.

Rhoda. Have they gone again? 1205

Bernard. Yes.

Rhoda. They didn't even say hello to me.

Eunice. They didn't think, Rhoda. They didn't mean anything by it. [*RHODA goes out. BERNARD goes to EUNICE.*]

Bernard. You're not upset because they went off the first 1210 minute?

Eunice. I'm glad they could go and have a good time.

Bernard. So'm I, so'm I. [*Moves away.*]

Eunice. They're all right. They're *all right*.

Bernard. They're great. 1215

Eunice. [*Rises; goes to BERNARD*] Come, dear, dinner'll get cold.

BERNARD puts his arm in EUNICE's. They go toward the dining room.

Bernard. George, I wish I'd had the car washed to-day.
It looks pretty punk.

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

December twenty-ninth

SCENE: *There are flowering plants in the room, the Christmas garlands have been hung, and a wood fire is burning.*

A moment after the curtain rises, DAGMAR and HUGH enter the house from the street.

Dagmar. We mustn't stay more than a moment, dear.

Hugh. I just want to get my pipe. [*They come into the living room. DAGMAR is a tall, slight, dark-haired girl of HUGH's age. She has a great deal of distinction*]

They're still at dinner.

5

Dagmar. I'd like to explain to your mother.

Hugh. I know she did n't mind, Dagmar. And Day's there. Let's not go in.

HUGH *takes her in his arms. DAGMAR holds him to her for a moment; then she breaks away.*

Dagmar. Dinner's waiting. We must hurry, dear.

Hugh. Where did I put that pipe? [*Goes to the large table, sees a magazine, picks it up*] Oh, I wanted to show you this. [*Opens the magazine, takes it to her*] See—the table?

Dagmar. It is just like the one we bought. [*Sits. HUGH sits on the arm of her chair. They're looking at the photograph in the magazine.*]

Hugh. Architecturally, the room's like that one in the apartment on Twelfth Street. We could arrange the furniture in the same way.

Dagmar. Oh, Hugh!

20

Hugh. Don't you like it?

Dagmar. It's just like every other room.

Hugh. "Every other room"?

Dagmar. [*Laughs*] I'd feel as though I were living on a page of "Good Interiors".

25

Hugh. Dagmar!

Dagmar. The table in back of the sofa, two candlesticks on the mantel, a mirror above the console table—I suppose we could never have more than a single rose in the vase too. [*HUGH rises; he's offended. DAGMAR does not realize; she's reading*] I knew it! [*Reads aloud*] "The painting which hangs over the fireplace provided the color scheme for the room."

30

Hugh. Not such a bad idea.

Dagmar. Brad and I were saying the other day we'd rather people went back to the atrocious period than have them do their rooms as some guidebook directs.

35

Hugh. I guess a man has to be an artist before he knows anything about furnishing a house.

Dagmar. [*Looking up*] What'd you say, dear?

40

Hugh. Nothing. [*Goes to table near the fireplace*] Wonder where I left my pipe. [*Sees it; puts it in his pocket.*]

Dagmar. [*Rises*] Hugh, you're offended. [*Takes a step toward him*] I'm sorry.

45

Hugh. Why not consult Brad? He'll know just how our apartment should be done.

Dagmar. That's not very kind of you.

Hugh. Well, you laughed at my slightest suggestion.

Dagmar. I don't want to live in a room that can't be told 50
from my neighbor's.

Hugh. The important thing is to have a room comfortable. And that *is* a good room or it'd not be reproduced.

Dagmar. I made a sketch this afternoon of the way I 55
thought the room might be furnished. Of course, I see now it wouldn't interest you.

Hugh. That picture wasn't the only idea I had. I made a drawing to-day too.

Pause. Each is trying to be hard. Then they speak suddenly, together.

Dagmar. Please show it to me. 60

Hugh. Oh, Dagmar, let me see yours.

They hurry to each other, HUGH pulling his drawing from his coat pocket, DAGMAR, hers from a pocket in her skirt. They exchange sketches. DAGMAR sits to inspect HUGH's, he stands.

Hugh. [*Delighted*] You've put the smoking-stand by the Windsor chair.

Dagmar. [*Pleased*] You didn't back the sofa with a table.

Hugh. You can reach the magazines when you're 65
stretched out on the sofa!

Dagmar. There's a box of flowers at the windows! But where's that floor lamp of yours?

Hugh. You haven't left a space for that writing-table you like. You must have it, Dagmar. 70

Dagmar. No.

Hugh. I insist.

Dagmar. My old desk will do.

Hugh. But I want you to have a new one.

Dagmar. We'll save the money for something else. 75

Hugh. But you wanted it.

Dagmar. We can't have everything. And, Hugh, we must have a portable table we can pull up to the fire for Sunday-night supper. We've always planned that.

Hugh. [*Hurries to her, drops on his knees, puts his arms round her*] Just you and I—no guests ever for Sunday supper? [*Dagmar shakes her head. They kiss*] I'm sorry I was a brute. 80

Dagmar. I wasn't laughing at you.

Hugh. It's because you're so wonderful that I'm always 85 afraid I'm not half good enough.

Dagmar. [*Touching his hair*] Oh, my dear!

Hugh. Brad does know more about such things than I.

Dagmar. I don't care how the apartment's furnished if you're there with me. 90

Hugh. My sweet! Oh, Dagmar, in a month—together in a month.

Dagmar. It's the loveliest dream one could dream coming true.

Hugh. It is coming true. And nothing can spoil it. 95

Dagmar. Nothing!

BRADLEY *comes from the dining room. He wears a dinner coat.*

Bradley. Well! Excuse me! I just want to get a cigarette.
With one arm around DAGMAR, HUGH sticks his hand in his coat pocket and holds out a package of cigarettes. But DAGMAR rises.

Dagmar. Hello, Brad.

Bradley. Oh, don't mind me. I'm used to suffering.

Hugh. [*Rises; whispering*] Let's get away before Day 100 comes in.

Bradley. [*Is pocketing the package of cigarettes*] He's not here.

Hugh. [*Holding out his hand for the package*] Come along! 105

BRADLEY *takes another cigarette; then gives HUGH the package.*

Dagmar. Oh, Brad, we were so lucky. I heard this afternoon of a woman out Washington Road who'd a lot of old furniture she didn't appreciate.

Bradley. Sure they're not fakes? 110

Hugh. Of course not! Dagmar knows.

Dagmar. We got two chairs, a tip-table, and a pair of andirons.

Bradley. Ha! No wonder Hugh's tight with his cigarettes. 115

Dagmar. She's more stuff in the barn but it was too dark to see.

Hugh. We're going out again the first thing in the morning. I'll want the car.

Bradley. Better take me with you. 120

Hugh. And have you tell the woman she's not charging
us enough? No, thanks!

Bradley. [To DAGMAR] Don't you ever get fed up hearing
only his voice?

DAGMAR *smiles and shakes her head.* HUGH *puts his arm
round her.*

Hugh. [To BRADLEY; *smiles*] Satisfied? 125

Dagmar. I would invite you to come and have dinner
with us but I know you've had it.

Bradley. I wonder if I could eat two dinners.

Hugh. Hurry, dear! We just came in to get my pipe.

Bradley. I'm beginning to suspect that Hugh has an inferiority
complex. 130

Dagmar. What do you mean?

Bradley. He's afraid to let even his family have a moment
with you, Dagmar. Mother was saying at dinner that
she hasn't had a word with you alone. 135

Hugh. Come on, dear!

Dagmar. [To BRADLEY] Oh, do tell your mother how
sorry I am I kept Hugh this afternoon.

Hugh. Oh, she didn't mind.

Dagmar. But I want to explain. 140

Hugh. You can later.

Dagmar. See who's going to be boss? Good-by, Brad.

Bradley. A year after you're married you'll both be darn
glad to have me at the dinner table.

[HUGH and DAGMAR go to the hall.]

Hugh. Don't you really think it's better to wait and have 145
the furniture done over in New York?

Dagmar. But it's so much more expensive, Hugh.

[*They leave the house. HUGH bangs the door.*]

Bradley. And the next thing will be baby-cribs and roller
skates.

*EUNICE enters; goes to one of the windows and looks out
anxiously.*

Eunice. You're sure Lois didn't tell you where she was 150
going? [GRANNY enters.]

Bradley. She didn't, Mother. Probably something excit-
ing turned up.

*BERNARD enters. He is tired and worried. BRADLEY sits on the
sofa. Glances at the newspaper.*

Eunice. I asked her and Hugh to be prompt.

Granny. You ought to know by this time that the only 155
way to get them to do a thing is not to ask them to
do it. [EUNICE sneezes twice.]

Bernard. [*Anxiously*] Why, Eunice, how did you ever
catch such a cold?

Eunice. I'll be all right. [BERNARD goes into the hall. 160]

Granny. Why don't you tell him how you caught it?

Bradley. [*Does not look up from the newspaper*] Hugh
and Dagmar were just in.

Eunice. Here?

Bradley. Came after his pipe. They'd been out in the 165
country buying furniture. Hugh said you'd under-
stand.

BERNARD reënters with a Paisley shawl which he puts around
EUNICE's shoulders.

Eunice. Thank you, dear. [Turns to the window again.]

LOIS comes downstairs and enters the living room. She is
wearing an evening frock made simply and of not too ex-
pensive material.

Lois. Hello, every one. [Drops her evening wrap and
carriage boots on the sofa] Mother, I'm wearing your 170
amethyst ring. Do you mind?

Bradley. [Looking her over] Pretty good, Sis.

Eunice. Why, Lois, have you been here all the time?

Lois. [Sits; picks up ukelele and strums on it] I came in
late—while you were at dinner. Didn't want to dis- 175
turb the party so I went right upstairs. Where's Mr.
Day?

Granny. Your mother asked you to be here for dinner.

Lois. I couldn't make it.

Eunice. Where've you been, Lois? 180

Lois. I went into Wingate's—needed some lingerie rib-
bon. Met Mr. Wingate. You know it really is a de-
centish department store. But his advertising is simply
the limit. I told him so.

[BRADLEY whistles. BERNARD and EUNICE start.]

Granny. The very idea! Eunice, how can you permit her 185
to be so rude?

Lois. Rude? I was philanthropic! I told him his adver-
tising antedated Barnum. You should have seen him
open his mouth. [Laughs] He was pussy up a gum-

tree. But I got myself in for it. He made me go into 190
the tea-room and have tea with him. Wouldn't let
me escape until I'd told him just the sort of copy
should be sent to the press. I didn't get home till
twenty minutes ago.

Granny. How'd you get here? 195

Lois. In a cab. Had to have the fare charged, Dad. It
was raining like blazes. [EUNICE sneezes again.]

Granny. Your mother walked.

Bernard. [*Angered*] What? Eunice, why did you?

Lois. Where's Hugh? 200

Bradley. Dagmar's, of course.

Granny. He was to pick your mother up at—

Eunice. [*Cutting in*] Oh, Mother!

Bernard. [*Angered*] He didn't meet you as he said he
would? 205

Bradley. [*Laughs*] Ha! Listen to this [*reads from news-
paper*] "Mr. Leo Day is dining with Mr. and Mrs.
Bernard Ingals and family this evening."

Granny. Who put that in the paper?

Bradley. He must have. I say, Dad, is he really a 210
climber?

Bernard. [*Worried*] I'm afraid so.

Lois. But where is he?

Bradley. My fault. But I'm not sorry now.

Eunice. Bradley! 215

Bradley. If he was just trying to use us.

Lois. What happened?

Bradley. The gas wouldn't burn.

Lois. "Wouldn't burn"?

Bradley. Oh, that's right, you weren't here for lunch. 220
There was water in the pipes then. Mother tried to
complain but the line was always busy. I agreed to
stop at the office but forgot to. When I came in at
five-thirty Rhoda met me—looked like Niobe. [*Lois*
and BRADLEY laugh] There was no gas at all. And 225
the office was closed.

Bernard. You telephoned Day not to come?

Bradley. No, he called to know what time dinner was.

Inasmuch as there wasn't any gas, I told him I didn't
see how there *could* be any dinner here to-night. 230

Granny. That's the one intelligent thing you've done since
you've been home.

Bradley. Oh, Granny, thanks.

Bernard. Why didn't you tell your mother he wasn't
coming? 235

Bradley. She wasn't home. I had to go downtown on an
errand. When I got back she was——

Bernard. [*Breaking in*] Cooking it on a chafing dish, a
flat-iron——

Eunice. It doesn't matter, Bernard. I should have at- 240
tended to it myself.

Lois. [*Laughs*] Oh, won't Mr. Day be furious!

Bernard. I'm afraid he will.

Bradley. [*Rises*] But he's at least got it newsed about.
That's what he was after. 245

[*Telephone rings. BERNARD answers it.*]

Bernard. Hello . . . Yes, Kimberley . . . Certainly . . .

I'll be here . . . Any time. [*Hangs up receiver.*]

Eunice. Anything wrong, Bernard?

Bernard. Kimberley wants to see me. He's coming here.

Granny. Kimberley? Here? I'm going out! 250

Lois. [*To Bradley*] How in the world do you happen to be dressed so early?

Bradley. Did it so you wouldn't be hollering at me to get out of the bathroom. Dad, we really do need another bathroom. 255

Eunice. [*Rises*] Lois, you haven't had any dinner.

Lois. Don't feel hungry. [*Puts on her wrap.*]

Eunice. But you must have something. I'll have Rhoda—

Lois. But I really don't care for anything. And Clem will be here any minute. Did he send me flowers? 260

Bradley. Men don't any more. Girls rather fellows had something on their hips. [*Gives Lois a telegram which he's had in his pocket*] Oh, I forgot. Here's a wire that came for you. 265

Lois. Oh! [*Takes it; sits on sofa*] Put on my boots, will you, Brad? [*While BRADLEY is putting on her carriage boots, LOIS opens the telegram and reads*] Oh, marvelous! It's all fixed. Elise and I are to be at 30 Green next year. 270

Bradley. That's great, Sis.

Eunice. You're moving?

Lois. Yes. It's the best house at 'Hamp. Don't tie them,
Brad.

Bradley. [*Rises*] Up goes her allowance. 275

Lois. [*Rises*] No, sir. It is more expensive but the food's
so good we won't have to go out for meals all the
time.

Bradley. You ought to see Elise, Dad. She's there!

Eunice. I never dreamed you planned a change. Tell me 280
about it. [*Doorbell rings.*]

Lois. [*Rises; throws on her wrap*] That's Clem. Let him
in, Bud. [*BRADLEY goes to the hall*] I've some pic-
tures I'll show you in the morning. Our whole
crowd'll be there. [*Goes toward hall.* 285

Bradley. [*At door*] Hello, Clem.

Clem. Hi, Brad. Lois ready?

Lois. [*Going into hall*] Wasting time waiting.

Clem. By George, Lois, you do look kissable!

Lois. Why don't you tell me some news? Coming with 290
us, Bud?

Bradley. Sid's picking me up later.

Clem. So long then.

Bradley. Save me a dance, Sis. [*Closes door.*]

Granny. When I was a girl I at least said good-night to 295
my mother and father. Is that out of fashion too?

[*Rises; angered*] Oh! I'm going in next door—to see

Mrs. Holding. [*BRADLEY reënters.*]

Bradley. Shall I walk over with you? 300

Granny. [*Looks him up and down*] No, thanks.

[*Goes into hall and leaves house presently.*]

Pause. BRADLEY *lights a cigarette.* EUNICE *is sitting motionless, her eyes in her lap.* BERNARD *moves back and forth; he is worried.*

Bradley. What's the matter, Dad? Indigestion?

Bernard. No.

Bradley. You seem off your pegs to-night, too.

Bernard. Had rather a hard day. 305

[*Eunice looks up, sharply.*]

Bradley. Are they riding you at the City Hall?

Bernard. Kimberley took my stenographer away a week ago—insisted on giving the job to a friend of his. I've had to do all her work over.

Bradley. Why in the world do you stand for it? [BERN- 310
ARD *does not reply.* *Pause.* BRADLEY *goes to the sofa*]
Hang, I'm not keen for this dance to-night. Not much fun in being a stag.

Eunice. Why didn't you invite some girl?

Bradley. Didn't get around to it in time. It's hardly fair 315
to invite them in September for parties in December.
And you have to if you want a girl. [*Stretches out on the sofa*]
Besides, how do I know I'll want to take her when the time comes? This whole woman business is pretty much of a nuisance, Mother. 320

Eunice. Have you become a misogynist too?

Bradley. Hardly! I thrill to them too much. That's the nuisance. Ever read any D. H. Lawrence, Dad?

Bernard. No.

Bradley. He sizes women up as deadly. They destroy— 325
or want to. He would do away with the family—but
that wouldn't be so bad.

Bernard. [*Surprised*] What? You're against the family
as an institution?

Bradley. Naturally! Every one'd be a whole lot better off 330
if the children were brought up by the State. You'd
probably be taxed so much a head for us—but you
shouldn't even have that responsibility. It's coming.
Things are all wrong as they are now.

Bernard. But, Brad, don't you feel—why, your mother—— 335

Bradley. [*Breaking in*] Oh, I know what you're going to
say, but that's sentimentalism. I'm all for the com-
plete freedom of the individual, and sloppiness and
family life raise Cain with it. I say, hand me that
ash-tray, will you? I'll spill the ash if I get up. [*BERN- 340*
ARD hands him a tray] Thanks. Yes, sir, the sooner
the family disappears as an institution the sooner the
complete freedom of the individual will come. Senti-
mentality will disappear then. And sentimentality is
enervating. 345

Bernard. [*Is really disturbed*] But see here, Brad——

Bradley. [*Breaking in*] Just a minute, Dad. Take your-
self—you really are a good sort.

Bernard. Oh, come on!

Bradley. Oh, I'm not going to ask for money. Remember 350
I sold that Ford. When you got through high school
you were all for being a horticulturist, weren't you?

Bernard. I'd thought of it.

Bradley. Well, why didn't you go through?

Bernard. Well, I—Father really needed me in the store. 355

Bradley. You see—sentimentalism—you sacrificed yourself.

Bernard. He wasn't well—he'd always been kind to me.

Bradley. Why shouldn't he have been? He was your father. But when the store was sold, why didn't you go 360 in the nursery business then?

Bernard. Oh—I don't know—

Bradley. Because of Mother and us?

Bernard. There were reasons.

Bradley. Were you afraid? [*BERNARD does not answer*] 365

I'd like to see any one persuade me to give up my life. Nothing can stop me. And our crowd's taken a solemn oath never to sacrifice art to money, no matter what the circumstances may be. This summer in Maine under Stiles will help me worlds. And when 370 I've had a year or two in Europe I'll really be ready to get started.

Bernard. You want to go to Europe after graduation?

Bradley. Ted and I've got it all fixed for summer after next. [*Rises; throws his cigarette into the fire*] Life's 375 a damn fine thing if you know how to use it. [*Pause.*

Stretches] Mother, have I any clean white kid gloves?

Eunice. I put a pair in the top drawer of your chiffonier this morning.

Bradley. Fine!

[*Turns and goes upstairs.* 380

Pause. BERNARD and EUNICE are deep in their own thoughts which are not happy. Then he turns, goes to her, and takes her hand.

Bernard. My dear—he doesn't know—he doesn't mean—

Eunice. I wonder.

Bernard. [*Surprised*] What?

Eunice. Am I getting old, supersensitive—? They seem to have become so callous, flippant— 385

Bernard. They've really hurt you?

Eunice. We seem to mean— [*breaking off*] But it's not we I'm thinking of. Oh, Bernard, we're responsible for what they are. Have we done the right thing?

Bernard. We did what we thought was right. 390

Eunice. We wanted to give them as fine a start as we could—to educate them—to let them know what is good and true. That's what we wanted to do. But have we bungled? [BERNARD turns away] Answer me, Bernard. 395

Bernard. I don't know, I don't know.

Eunice. If our giving has injured them—

The doorbell rings loudly. BERNARD and EUNICE are checked.
Draw themselves up.

Bernard. I guess that's Kimberley. You better go upstairs, dear. [EUNICE rises; goes upstairs. The bell is rung again, insistently. BERNARD sighs, braces himself; is obviously determined to keep himself under control; but he dreads the meeting. Goes into the hall and opens the door. Cordially] Good evening. 400

Kimberley. [*Gruffly*] I want to talk to you.

Bernard. Come in, please. Furious rain, wasn't it? [KIM- 405
BERLEY comes into the living room followed by BERN-
ARD. The former is a large, big-bellied, coarse-grained
man of fifty. He's had a drink or two. He does not
take off his hat during the scene] Won't you have a
chair? 410

Kimberley. [*Slops into a chair*] Who in the devil do you
think you are, Ingals? God almighty?

Bernard. Why—what do you mean?

Kimberley. You fired Miss Plummer this afternoon.

Bernard. I told her I didn't think she was able to do the 415
work.

Kimberley. Who gave you authority?

Bernard. I've always been allowed to manage my own
office.

Kimberley. Who put her there? 420

Bernard. You did.

Kimberley. Do you think I did that just to give you a
chance to fire her?

Bernard. I didn't fire her. I've had to correct every single
letter and statement she's written. She's resented my 425
asking her to rewrite—seems not to want to learn. I
told her we'd have to knuckle down to it—perhaps I
was a little sharp—my patience was almost at an
end—

Kimberley. And I've just about reached the end of mine. 430

I found the poor little thing waiting for me when I got home—weeping. She said you insulted her.

Bernard. Oh, believe me—

Kimberley. [*Cutting in*] Who do you think you're working for? 435

Bernard. The city.

Kimberley. You're not! You're working for five councilmen and I'm one of them. [*BERNARD clinches his fists, trying to keep himself under control*] I fired Miss Jackson to give Miss Plummer the job, didn't I? 440

Bernard. Yes.

Kimberley. Well, do you think I did that just so you could turn round and let Miss Plummer out in a week?

Bernard. I've told you I didn't. 445

Kimberley. But you bawled her out so that you hoped she would go?

Bernard. I'm sure she can never do the work, Kimberley, and I don't believe she has any desire to. [*KIMBERLEY smiles*] I'm only allowed one stenographer. If she 450 isn't efficient—well, you can see where I'm at.

Kimberley. Anything else?

Bernard. I'd like Miss Jackson back.

Kimberley. Ha! Just what I thought. A friend of yours, isn't she? 455

Bernard. She worked in the office for ten years.

Kimberley. Competent?

Bernard. Very.

Kimberley. Like to have her in your office?

Bernard. Yes.

460

Kimberley. Well, Miss Plummer is a particular friend of mine. I'm your boss. I put her in your office and I want her to stay there. I expect you to apologize.

Bernard. [*Furious*] What? [*Then getting himself under control*] You're making it very difficult for me. I've 465 been assessor for eighteen years. There's never been any complaint of the way I've done the work. But I don't seem to be able to satisfy you. Is it a feeling you have against me personally? It's getting almost unbearable. 470

Kimberley. Then why don't you quit?

Bernard. Why—

Kimberley. You've had the job for eighteen years. Don't you think it about time some one else—or do you think you're indispensable? You're not! 475

Bernard. You mean—you want me to get out?

Kimberley. Did you scurry around and help elect me? Fat chance! But I'm in office. And I want the people who worked for me, my friends, around me. And I'm not the only councilman who feels that way—and 480 about you too.

Bernard. I didn't realize it was a game you were playing to get me out.

Kimberley. Either you do what I want you to do or I swing things against you. It's coming, Ingals! And 485 don't forget Miss Plummer stays at her desk.

Bernard. But, good God, Kimberley, I can't let incorrect statements leave the office, I can't see to every detail myself—

Kimberley. [*Breaking in*] It's your woman or mine. 490

Bernard. What?

Kimberley. And naturally it's mine.

Bernard. [*Beside himself*] Get out of here! Get out at once!

KIMBERLEY rises, smiles. Raises his shoulders, drops them, and goes out. The street door bangs. BERNARD pulls a fountain pen from his pocket; goes quickly to desk. Sits and writes. BRADLEY comes downstairs; opens street door.

Bradley. [*Calling*] Just a minute, Sid. 495

Sid. Make it snappy.

BRADLEY puts on his coat and hat. BERNARD addresses an envelope, puts letter inside; seals envelope.

Bradley. [*At living room entrance*] Well, I'm off. [*Sees letter in BERNARD's hand*] Letter to mail? [*Takes it out of BERNARD's hand*] I'll post it. [*Turns*] Good night. [*Leaves house*] [*BERNARD does not move for 500 a moment. BRADLEY has acted so quickly that the former scarcely realizes what's happened. Then he becomes frightened.*]

Bernard. God! What have I done? [*Hurries to street door and opens it, calls*] Brad! Brad! [*The cut-out 505 of a motor is his only answer. After a moment BERNARD returns to the house. He is terrified at what he has done, amazed at himself. He paces back and*]

forth. Then he goes quickly to the desk. Picks up telephone] Hello, hello . . . River 7934. Please . . . 510
Hello. This is Bernard Ingals speaking. Do you know when Mr. Kimberley is expected back? As soon as he comes in—I know he's not there now, but *when he comes* ask him to call me . . . Ingals; Barnes 4652. Please, don't forget. I must see him at 515
once. [*Hangs up receiver. EUNICE comes downstairs. She carries a small basket containing hose to be mended.*]

Eunice. [*Goes to BERNARD*] Bernard, I'm sorry I spoke as I did. Please forget if you can. I let my nerves get 520
the better of me, that's all. [*EUNICE begins to hum cheerfully, goes to large table. BERNARD drops down on the sofa. As EUNICE puts her basket on the table she catches sight of BRADLEY's portfolio which lies there*] Oh, Bernard, did you see these? 525
[*Picks up portfolio.*]

Bernard. What, Eunice?

Eunice. Bradley's sketches. He was showing them to me this morning. [*EUNICE rises, goes toward BERNARD, untying portfolio as she goes. Stands in back of him; 530 hands him one of the sketches*] This is his setting for the first act of *Louise*—you remember—her home. Don't you feel the depression, how it almost stifles her?

Bernard. Yes—

535

Eunice. [*Handing him another sketch*] This is Mont-

martre—he's caught their mood. [*Handing him a third sketch*] And here's the street, Paris at night.

Aren't you interested?

Bernard. Yes, yes. They're fine, Eunice, fine. 540

Eunice. [*Giving him a fourth sketch*] And this is for the ballet his friend Ted's written. Isn't it beautiful?

Bernard. Very.

Eunice. Oh, he has talent. I'm sure of it.

[BERNARD rises quickly.]

Bernard. Where is that dance to-night, Eunice? 545

Eunice. At Brenfield Hall.

Bernard. [*Going toward telephone*] Do you know the telephone number?

Eunice. I don't.

BERNARD looks for it in the book. EUNICE is surprised, anxious. But she says nothing. She picks up the drawings and puts them in the portfolio while BERNARD is at the telephone.

Bernard. Hello, River 600 . . . Yes . . . He should be 550 there now . . . [*Hangs up receiver*] Line's busy. [*EUNICE carries the portfolio to the table. BERNARD moves back and forth for a moment. Then goes to telephone again*] Hello . . . Eunice, what was that number? 555

Eunice. I think you said River 600.

Bernard. River 600 . . . I must get them, Operator. Cut in if necessary . . . Then call me when the line's free. [*Leaves telephone.*]

Eunice. Can I do anything, Bernard? 560

Bernard. I gave Brad a letter to mail. It mustn't go.

Eunice. He'll probably forget it, dear.

Bernard. Not when I don't want him to mail it. Eunice, you call him. [*Turns toward hall*] I'll walk on down in case— [*Telephone rings. BERNARD hurries to it*] 565
Hello? Has Bradley Ingals come in? . . . You're sure? Well, will you please ask him to call his house as soon as he does? *Please*, don't forget. [*Hangs up receiver*] He's not there yet. Oh, if I knew where I could find him! 570

Eunice. Bernard, what's happened? I haven't seen you so excited—

Bernard. It's nothing, dear. I think I'll go to the postoffice. [*Goes to desk, takes an envelope from pigeonhole*] 575
Yes, the street address is on the envelope. I can identify it. [*Turns toward hall.*]

Eunice. Dear, you can't get into the postoffice this time of night.

Bernard. I must. 580

Eunice. Wait and see if Bradley has mailed it. He would have put it in a box—not gone way around to the postoffice. And if he did mail it you can send a telegram asking them to disregard the letter.

Bernard. That wouldn't do—they're just waiting for— 585
Oh, Eunice, isn't it awful how much you can do in a moment of rage?

[*Breaks off; drops into chair at left of sofa.*]

Eunice. [*Goes to him*] Nothing could hurt so much as to

have you keep something that's troubling you from me.

590

Bernard. Oh, I've been a fool—an impetuous, mad fool.

Eunice, I've resigned.

Eunice. What?

Bernard. Given up my position—as though I were wealthy, independent——

595

Eunice. I don't understand.

Bernard. [*Quickly and excitedly*] Kimberley was here—he provoked me—drove me—I lost my temper—I guess that's what he's been trying to do—I didn't see.

Eunice. Driving you?

600

Bernard. For weeks—ever since the new council came into office—it's been hell there at the City Hall. Day's been threatening. To-night Kimberley practically said I had to be his slave to hang on—he said—he made me wild—I ordered him out of the house—and 605 then I actually wrote out my resignation and gave it to Brad to mail.

Eunice. Bernard!

Bernard. Kick me, call me fool, idiot——

Eunice. No!

610

Bernard. I deserve everything.

Eunice. I'm glad you did what you did.

Bernard. [*Amazed*] Eunice!

Eunice. Why didn't you resign when they first began—?

[*Telephone rings*] Let me go.

615

Bernard. I'll——

Eunice. [*Goes quickly to telephone*] It's Brad—I'll talk to him. [*At telephone*] Hello, . . . yes, Brad—that letter your father gave you to mail—well, put it in the box now. 620

Bernard. Eunice! No! [*Hurries toward telephone*] No!

Eunice. Yes. At once! [*Hangs up receiver.*]

Bernard. Eunice, what have you done? [*EUNICE does not answer*] It mustn't go. [*Starting to desk*] I'll call him. [*Eunice picks up the telephone.* 625

Eunice. [*Shaking her head*] No.

Bernard. Are you crazy? Don't you see what it means?

Eunice. I won't let you make a slave of yourself.

Bernard. Oh, stop thinking about me! I must get hold of Kimberley—I'll apologize—I'll manage with Miss 630 Plummer somehow—Eunice, give me that telephone. And I must see Day. We'll invite him to come here.

Eunice. Oh, Bernard, why have you been so afraid? Have you lost your grip?

Bernard. Eunice, don't you see? I've got to have a job. 635

Eunice. Are you afraid you can't get one elsewhere?

Bernard. Can a man of my age just walk into a good salaried position? Haven't I already tried to find one?

Eunice. [*Sitting on sofa*] I'd rather starve than have you lick boots. 640

Bernard. Yes, I know you'd go through with me. But what about them—our children? [*EUNICE starts*] If I've no job they can't go back to college, and—
[*EUNICE rises*] You see now? [*Pause*]

Eunice. [*Loudly and fearfully*] Oh, Bernard, what have we done? 645 [*Sits.*

Bernard. "We"? You've nothing to blame yourself for. [*Sits beside her*] I'm the one who has failed them.

Eunice. [*Taking his hand*] Oh, I love them so, and I'm afraid. 650

Bernard. What will they do? What will they say?

Eunice. [*Terrified*] Suppose they—No, no! I can't. Bernard, we must do something.

Bernard. I'll fix it some way. I'll go to the City Hall early in the morning. I'll get that letter. I'll make 655 Kimberley and Day—

Eunice. No.

Bernard. I can even play their game if necessary.

Eunice. You can't go back there.

Bernard. Of course I can. It's not so bad. 660

Eunice. To let you dishonor yourself to give them money—no. That would be like having you steal for them. It would be criminal of you and me. They can't have it if that's the price.

Bernard. I've been looking for a position; I tried to borrow more this afternoon. [*With a new idea*] Eunice, I won't be able to borrow at all if I have no security. 665

Eunice. [*Rises*] Oh, if I could do something!

[*The street door is opened.*

Granny. Good night, Mr. Holding. Thanks for walking home with me. 670

A Man's Voice. Good night. Come over again soon.

GRANNY *closes street door; enters living room. She wears a long coat and has a scarf thrown about her head.*

EUNICE *has one desperate hope.*

Eunice. [*Assumes a cheerful manner*] Hello, Mother.
Did you enjoy yourself?

Granny. I passed the time. [EUNICE *helps her take off her coat*] Mrs. Holding read it in the paper, of course. 675
Wanted to know how Day behaved at the table.
Thank goodness I could say he wasn't here. [*Sits in chair at left of sofa*] I tell you it was Providence made Bradley forget to complain about the gas.
[*Slight pause*] It's nice and peaceful here now. They 680
must all be out.

Eunice. [*Sits on sofa*] Mother, I want to ask you to do something for me.

Granny. What?

Eunice. It's not for any one else. It's just for me. 685

Granny. Don't beat about the bush. If it's to ask me not to talk about that Day person you might just as well save your breath.

Eunice. I want to borrow some money, Mother.

Bernard. Eunice! 690

[EUNICE *silences BERNARD. He turns to the fireplace.*

Granny. Oh! [*Slight pause*] To buy Lois a new dress?

Eunice. It's more than that.

Granny. What does she want now? A mink coat?

Eunice. [*Bursting out; unable to control her overwrought nerves*] Oh, Mother! 695

Bernard. Don't, Eunice!

Granny. [*Alarmed by EUNICE's manner*] Eunice, what is it?

Eunice. Bernard and I are in trouble.

Granny. [*Anxiously; starting to rise*] What? 700

Eunice. He's lost his position.

Granny. [*Breaking in; sympathetically*] Oh, Bernard! How did it happen?

Bernard. [*Starting to correct EUNICE's statement*] I—

Eunice. I'll explain later. The point is that we must have 705 some money right away.

Granny. Why, of course, I'll be glad to tide you over. How much do you want?

Eunice. Two or three thousand.

Granny. What? 710

Eunice. It was three thousand last year, wasn't it, Bernard?

Bernard. About that.

Eunice. We'll cut it down as low as possible. But we must be sure of enough for the rest of this year and— 715

Granny. [*Breaking in*] This year? There are only two more days in this year.

Eunice. I mean this college year.

Granny. [*The truth dawning on her suddenly*] Oh, I see! [*Momentary pause*] You've no position in sight, 720 Bernard?

Bernard. Not now.

Granny. And nothing much in the bank?

Bernard. No.

Granny. Not even sure where your own bread's coming 725
from. [*Bursting out*] But you'll borrow to keep them
in luxury!

Eunice. Mother, there's been no luxury!

Granny. Oh, you fools!

Eunice. Will you help us? 730

Granny. You, yes! But give my money to allow you to
go on spoiling them—not one penny. You've made
them vain, empty-headed——

Eunice. [*Breaking in*] That's not true.

Granny. It is. You know it. They've no respect for any 735
one or anything,—certainly not for me or you.

Eunice. Mother, stop it, stop it!

Granny. For years you've denied yourself for them. With
the money Bernard's father left him, he could have
gone into business for himself. No, it had to be saved 740
for them. It saw Hugh through college. But what's
he done in the six years since he graduated? Has he
paid you back?

Bernard. We never wanted or expected him to.

Granny. And for the last two and a half years everything 745
you could get your hands on has gone to the twins.
You've simply poured affection on them—you wanted
to keep them laughing. From the time they were in-
fants—you dropped everything to answer their de-
mands. 750

Eunice. To find out why they asked for it—sympathy——

Bernard. Eunice, what's the use?

Granny. Well, you ought to see what your sympathy has done for them. I don't blame the children—it's not their fault—but yours. You've only yourselves to 755 blame.

Eunice. Don't think of them. Think of me. I'm asking you—

Granny. That's what I am doing. [*Rises*] And I say no.

Oh, I pity you, you fools. But you must face it. 760
You've had it coming to you.

Eunice. What do you mean?

Granny. What do you think they're going to do *now*?

[*Turns and goes upstairs. Pause.*]

Bernard. I'm going to Kimberley. It may be useless,
but—

765

Eunice. [*Cutting in*] It is. You say yourself they've been trying to get rid of you. [*Thinking aloud*] I could rent their rooms—but that wouldn't be enough—bake—give music lessons—

Bernard. If this only hadn't happened for a year or so. 770

Eunice. Isn't there any one we can turn to?

Bernard. Even friends won't speculate on your children.

I'll do anything—any kind of work—but I can't help them unless the salary amounts to something. And where can I find a position like that in less than a 775 week. We can't send them unless— They must be told.

[*Pause.*]

Eunice. What will they do? We're afraid to face it, Bern-

ard. Afraid lest we have— [*Breaks off*] Come sit here beside me. 780

[BERNARD *does*. EUNICE *takes his hand*.

Bernard. They're dancing now. Lois looked so beautiful.

Hugh's with Dagmar—I'd hoped I could help him a bit. What a New Year for them—and for you.

Eunice. I love you, Bernard. You've always been so sweet 785 to me. You've given me only happiness.

Bernard. This, "happiness"?

Eunice. What's going to happen now? But we'll always have each other. And if there's any guilt, I share with you. We're one. [*Pause*. 790

Bernard. Don't tell them to-night. Let them be happy while they can be.

Eunice. How long the night will be—but I don't want it to pass. [*Pause*] The fire's gone low. [*They sit, quietly, motionless, looking down at the fire*] It's in 795 moments of crises— [*Breaks off; rises suddenly*] Oh, I can't sit still and think. Let's do something—let's walk—fast—till we're tired— [*EUNICE turns toward the hall, quickly*. BERNARD *looks after her for a moment, then follows*. *They do not speak while they are* 800 *putting on their wraps*. BERNARD *opens the street door*] Leave the door unlocked. One of them may have forgot his key.

They go out. GRANNY *hurries downstairs, immediately*. *She is afraid they are starting out to look for funds for* 805 *the children*. *She goes to one of the windows, but*

BERNARD and EUNICE have passed out of sight. She turns, thinks for a moment, makes a decision. Goes to the desk and picks up the telephone.

Granny. Operator, give me Geoffrey Carroll's . . . Dagmar, I want to speak to Hugh. 810

The curtain falls to indicate the passing of a half hour.

When it rises again, GRANNY is seated, waiting impatiently. Then she hears the children as they cross the veranda.

LOIS, HUGH, and BRADLEY enter. They are alarmed but earnest and controlled. They have come in haste; HUGH and BRADLEY have not put on their coats.

Hugh. Well, what is it? What's happened?

GRANNY sits looking at them intently. She is annoyed by HUGH's tone.

Lois. Is one of them ill—hurt?

Bradley. [Pleadingly] Granny, please!

Hugh. You telephoned me to get the twins. Where are Mother and Father? 815

Granny. They've gone out.

Hugh. Then——?

Lois. [Breaking in] Grandmother, tell me this minute!

Granny. Oh! [Rises; enraged by their tone] Your father's lost his position. He's bankrupt. You can't go back 820 to college. [The children do not move] That's what's happened.

Furious, she turns and goes upstairs. There is complete silence. They do not move a muscle of their bodies. Finally HUGH speaks.

Hugh. [*Quietly*] Poor Dad.

Lois. Oh, where are they?

Bradley. It's beastly for him and Mother. 825

[*There is another silence. Lois drops into a chair.*]

Lois. [*With a movement of her hands*] Like that . . .

everything. [*Loudly*] No, no! I don't believe it.

Bradley. Kimberley was here—

Hugh. [*Almost with a cry; as though she were slipping away from him*] Dagmar! 830

Lois. [*Turning toward HUGH; surprised*] What? [*Then realizing what's in HUGH's mind*] No, Hugh, no! Everything can't stop so suddenly.

Bradley. [*Very quietly*] "You can't go back to college". [*The matter is settled as far as he's concerned.*] 835

Lois. What does it mean? *Why?* Everything was all right. Bankrupt. There's always been money. Where's it come from if—?

Hugh. Dad's lost his position. [*Loudly*] Oh, don't you see? Everything has gone to us. 840

Bradley. [*Amazed*] What?

Hugh. [*Loudly*] Oh, God, what fools we've been! Oh, they had no right! It was wrong! I've never questioned.

Lois. I couldn't have taken it if I'd known. I'm not so low. 845

Bradley. It makes us seem like bloodsuckers. [*Pause.*]

Lois bursts out laughing] Don't! Sis!

Lois. It is funny. Don't you see? The bottom's fallen out

of everything. Where are we at? What's going to happen now? 850

Bradley. [*Loudly*] I tell you it's wrong, wrong! They shouldn't have had this responsibility. Giving us till——

Hugh. [*Breaking in*] "Responsibility"? It was love made them give. 855

Lois. There's a girl at college. She never gets a letter from home but they tell her what they're sacrificing to keep her there. She's sick—a melancholic—her mind's warped——

Bradley. Dad wanted to be a horticulturist—he's sacrificed—No! You don't give up what you care for most! You can't! [*Suddenly realizing*] Oh, my God, for *us*, for *us*. *We* are what they care for most. [*Frightened*] Oh, what are we? [*Momentary pause*] Oh, to put such a burden on a person—to force him 865 to live up to your ideals. It's too much! It isn't fair!

Hugh. [*Quietly*] Life and love, Brad—you can't get away from it.

Lois. But other parents—that girl at college—is that love?

Hugh. I don't know, I don't know. 870

Lois. [*Trying to think it out*] Selfish love, unselfish——

Bradley. [*Suddenly; pulling the letter from his pocket*]

Wait! I took this letter from Dad to mail. I forgot.

Then they called me. Mother told me to put it in a box at once. But I could hear Dad shouting "No! 875 No!" I didn't know what to do.

Hugh. Who's it for?

Bradley. [*Reading the address*] "The Council of the City of——"

Lois. [*Cutting in*] Open it. 880

[*Bradley is surprised; looks at them questioningly.*]

Hugh. [*Hesitates; then*] Yes.

The children's distaste for this sort of thing is evident. But they feel the circumstance justifies, rather forces them, to open the letter.

Bradley. [*Unseals letter and reads*] ". . . Please accept my resignation as City Assessor to take effect immediately. I cannot go on longer . . ."

Lois. What? He resigned? 885

Bradley. "I cannot go on longer—" [*Breaking off*] Mother told me to mail it. Dad— [*HUGH takes the letter from BRADLEY; reads it*] They told me at the hall my father was trying to reach me. But Mother—— 890

Hugh. I'd scarcely recognize his writing—why, he's even left an "s" out of assessor, a word he's written for years.

Bradley. Kimberley was here while I was upstairs—then Dad wrote the letter—Kimberley must have given 895 him hell. By God! [*Hurries to his coat; picks it up.*]

Lois. Where are you going?

Bradley. [*Putting on his coat*] Never mind!

Hugh. You say Dad didn't want it sent?

Bradley. No. 900

Hugh. He was ready to go back—so he'd have money for
us. [LOIS goes to HUGH quickly.]

Lois. Give it to me.

Hugh. What are you going to do?

Lois. Send it. 905

Hugh. Brad?

Bradley. Of course!

Hugh. Wait! Are you sure? You know what this
means? If it doesn't go, you can go back to college.

Bradley. [With disgust] Oh, Hugh! 910

Hugh. Be honest with yourselves. Oh, *please*, no false
sentiment. *Don't do anything you don't want to do.*

Bradley. Hurry, Sis! [LOIS goes to the desk and addresses
an envelope] Give me the key to the car, Hugh.

Hugh. [Handing BRADLEY the key] You won't forget 915
this time?

Bradley. No.

LOIS rises; puts the letter in the envelope; seals it. No more is
said. BRADLEY takes the letter and leaves the house. Pause.

Lois. [Sits] Oh, Hugh, I thought I was different. When
Mary Cavanaugh gave up her career and went home
to keep house for her father, I laughed at her to my- 920
self. But to-night—when you came for me—I was
afraid I might never be able to—talk to Dad again.

[Brief pause. She laughs] An individualist—I?

Hugh. They've given something to us, Lois—inside.

Lois. [Rises; goes to one of the windows] I wonder 925

where they are. To go out this time of night—it's not like them.

HUGH *goes to the telephone*. LOIS *turns and looks at him*.

LOIS. Where are you going to try and reach them?

HUGH. I was going to call Dagmar.

LOIS. [*Realizing what this means; hurries to him*]. Oh, 930

Hugh, wait. Don't tell her now.

HUGH. No tears, Lois. Please. When they come—

LOIS. [*Her head high*] How can you? [*Pause*] I wonder if Granny knows where they are.

HURRIES upstairs. Left alone, HUGH stands motionless for a moment, thinking. He pulls a folding check book from his pocket.

HUGH. I want to. I do want to.

935

He goes to desk; writes a check. Rises; tears the check from the book; puts it in his pocket. He picks up his coat and puts it in the hall. Then he goes to the fireplace to build up the fire. The wood basket is empty. He picks it up. It strikes him as a symbol. Then he starts to whistle a cheerful little tune and goes out through the dining room. After a moment or two, BERNARD and EUNICE come into the house. At first they do not speak. Then, as they are taking off their coats:

BERNARD. Are you terribly cold?

EUNICE. No. [*Pause*] How long have we been gone?

[*Comes into the living room.*]

BERNARD. [*Following her*] An hour or so. [*Looks at his watch; surprised*] No. It's just a half hour.

Eunice. Is that all?

940

Sits. *They are tired, worn. And they have been suffering. They have been unable to forget for a minute. BERNARD moves about.*

Bernard. Don't you want to go to bed, dear? You must be tired. [EUNICE rises and shakes her head] I've never known you to walk so fast. I had to hustle to keep up with you.

EUNICE goes to the table, hoping to find something out of order.

Eunice. They'll probably dance till early morning.

945

Bernard. Yes.

[EUNICE looks round for something to busy herself with.

Eunice. Oh, I must do something.

Goes quickly to bookcase; takes as many books from a shelf as she can hold in her hands; puts them on top of case.

Bernard. [Watches her for a moment; then goes to fire-place] If you're staying up, I'm going to get some wood and relight the fire.

950

Eunice. I'm not cold, dear. [Takes more books from the case.

Bernard. It's brighter.

BERNARD folds the screen; pokes the ashes from the fire-basket. A couple of books are slipping from EUNICE's hand. She tries to catch them, all she holds fall to the floor. She starts to bend to pick them up. But shakes her head, trembles; the tears rush to her eyes; she sobs.

Bernard. [Hurries to her] Dear!

Eunice. I'm all right—all right.

She gets herself under control and smiles at him. HUGH enters with a basket of wood. He is whistling. When he sees them he smiles, speaks cheerfully as though nothing had happened.

Hugh. Hello! Been for a constitutional? 955

Bernard. [*Faintly*] Yes.

Hugh. [*Goes to fireplace*] Thought I'd build up the fire.
[*BERNARD and EUNICE look at each other, and the one silently tells the other to say nothing. HUGH speaks as he lays the fire; he is endeavoring to act naturally*] 960

It's a great night for a tramp. Dagmar and I walked to the lake and back. Sets you up wonderfully.
[*EUNICE motions to BERNARD to pick up the books. She sits*] By the way, I asked Dagmar to come over to breakfast to-morrow. You don't mind, Mother? 965

Eunice. No, Hugh. I'm glad.

Hugh. That's fine.

LOIS comes downstairs; pauses for a moment at the entrance.

Lois. [*In a carefree manner, but she is exerting great self-control*] Hello. 970

Eunice. [*Rising*] Lois! Why are you here?

Lois. [*Goes to EUNICE; puts her arm round her waist*]
Oh, I didn't like the dance. [*Withdraws her arm quickly for she realizes she will put too much into the embrace*] Chucked it. 975

Eunice. Why—?

Lois. Clem was an ass. He proposed on the way to the party. Did you ever hear of such stupidity?

Eunice. What did you do?

Lois. Pretended he was joking. But he spoiled the dance. 980
And besides, I wanted to talk to you. Won't you sit
down—both of you? [BERNARD and EUNICE sit] I've
been a coward. I've put off telling you. Thought you
might not like it. But I must 'fess up. And please re-
member I've made up my mind. [Momentary pause] 985
I'm not going back to college. [BERNARD and EUNICE
draw in their breath sharply] I've had enough of it—
at least for the present. Fed up.

EUNICE and BERNARD do not grasp why she is saying this.

Bernard. But, Lois, I don't understand—you were so
pleased about getting the new quarters for next year.
You—

990

Lois. [Cutting in] I hadn't found my courage to tell you.
That was all. [EUNICE begins to comprehend] Do
you—forgive me?

Before they can make any answer, BRADLEY bursts into the
house in a disheveled condition.

Bradley. [In high spirits]. Hello, every one!

Eunice. [Rising] Bradley!

995

Bradley. [Throwing off his coat; laughing] Better look
me over while you can: I'm liable to be arrested any
moment.

Bernard. What happened?

Eunice. There's blood on your face!

1000

Bradley. Oh, but you ought to see Kimberley's!

Eunice. What?

Bradley. I've itched to beat him up ever since he kicked my dog about fifteen years ago. Well, to-night he was just going on to his porch as I drove by. Some- 1005
how the itch overcame me.

Lois. [*Rushing to him*] Brad.

[*Puts her arms around his neck and weeps.*]

Bradley. Great guns! Can you beat it, Dad? If a fellow can't get a girl's admiration any other way he can do it by showing her he's a few muscles. 1010

Eunice. [*Understanding; weeping*]. Bradley, come here, come here!

Bradley. [*Going to her*] Why, Mother, what is it?

[*EUNICE puts her arms round his neck*] By George!

Even Mother falls for the vim and vigor stuff. 1015

Lois goes to the telephone. *EUNICE wipes the spot of blood from BRADLEY's face during the next speeches.*

Lois. Western Union, operator.

Bernard. [*Slowly*] It wasn't Kimberley who kicked Nemo that time. It was Sam Streeter.

Bradley. Was it?

Lois. Take this wire, please. Miss Elise Bettie, Newton, 1020
Mass. Change of plans. Not going back this year.
Cancel room reservation. Sign L-o-i-s.

Bernard. No, Lois, no.

Drops into a chair. *EUNICE goes to BERNARD. Puts her hand on his arm.*

Lois. Charge it to Barnes 4652. . . . Yes. [*Hangs up receiver.*]

Hugh. Isn't that a fine fire. What's the saying—the man 1025

who can't build one gets a . . . [*Wants to stop but realizes he must finish*] . . . a poor sort of wife.

Bradley. [*Pulling a slip of paper from his pocket*] Oh, Mother, that letter you told me to mail. [*Hands her the slip*] I had it registered. 1030

Bernard. What?

Bradley. [*Laughs*] At the drug-store. Just wanted to prove that for once I had remembered to do something.

Bernard. That settles it. [*Seems to crumple up.*] 1035

Lois. [*Going to him*] Don't, Dad, don't.

Bernard. [*Rising immediately*] You must know. I've done a very foolish, dastardly thing.

Eunice. Bernard, please!

Bernard. I've failed you. I've gone back on— 1040

Eunice [*Breaking in*] It's not true. Don't you believe him.

Hugh. [*Quietly*] Dad, we know, all of us. Granny told us.

Bernard. What? 1045

Bradley. The council ousted you. That's all.

Bernard. That isn't true. I—

Hugh. [*Quickly*] Every one knows what they are. Of course they couldn't appreciate you.

Bernard. Hugh, please! 1050

Hugh. You'll get into another berth—and a better one right away. But until you do, well you and Mother may feel just a little more comfortable if—[*Pulls*

check from his pocket and tries to put it into BERNARD'S hand without the others seeing] I don't need 1055
it just now. [*Laughs; whispers*] Bank on me.

BERNARD *does not realize that it is a check; unfolds it.*

Bernard. Oh, no!

Eunice. You sha'n't, Hugh.

Hugh. [*Simply*] I've never been able to do anything
that's made me so happy. 1060

Bernard. Oh, God! Eunice—

Hugh. Oh, I wish I could tell you—there's so much—I
don't know how to say it.

Eunice. Hugh, if you kiss me, that will say—

[*HUGH takes her tightly in his arms and kisses her.*

Bradley. You do know where we stand? 1065

Eunice. Yes. And I'm ashamed.

Bradley. Whatever do you mean?

EUNICE *looks at the children. She seems to be begging for forgiveness. Then she speaks.*

Eunice. Oh, I can't tell them, Bernard! But children,
don't be afraid to show what you feel—ever.

Lois. I don't understand. 1070

Eunice. Love's too beautiful to be hidden. [*Pause.*

Bradley. Good Lord, but I'm hungry.

Lois. So'm I. Why, I haven't eaten anything since tea.

Eunice. I'll get a lunch.

Hugh. Come on, you twins. Let's raid the ice-box. 1075

Bradley. Right! Sandwiches—dozens of them.

Lois. We'll call when it's ready.

[LOIS and HUGH go into the dining room.]

Bradley. [Following them] And Dad, if a policeman should come, remember he has to show the warrant before he gets in. 1080

[Goes out. Slight pause. Then BERNARD jumps to his feet.]

Bernard. [With great determination] God, I'm not beaten!

Eunice, what must you think of me?

Eunice. Dear, I understand.

Bernard. I must carry on.

Eunice. We can and we will. 1085

Bernard. Oh, Eunice, come, I'll get them to take me back.

Eunice. [With a restraining gesture] Please.

Bernard. If I can do for the children I shan't mind about Kimberley. 1090

BERNARD crumples the check and throws it into the fireplace.

Eunice. [Turns, faces BERNARD, takes his hands in hers]

No, dear. But we'll find some way.

Bernard. Maybe they think they're going to run this roost now. God bless them! But they're not!

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

December thirtieth

SCENE: *When the curtain rises* EUNICE, DAGMAR, HUGH, and BERNARD are talking in the dining room. Then Bernard's voice is heard distinctly.

Bernard. You'll excuse me, won't you? I want to hurry along.

BERNARD comes into the living room. He is anxious but very determined. As he reaches entrance to hall, HUGH comes from the dining room.

Hugh. Dad?

Bernard. Yes, Hugh.

Hugh. [Closes dining room door] Give me a minute— 5
just a minute. After you'd gone upstairs last night I found that check I'd given you. I guess you thought you were burning it, but it fell on the hearth. [BERNARD presses Hugh's hand to show his thanks, but shakes his head] I'll drop in the bank this morning 10
and make a deposit to your account. [Laughs] It may be rather a job to convince them my check's worth anything. You know—the prophet in his own land.

Bernard. Hugh, I do appreciate. Don't think I don't 15
But I can't accept.

Hugh. Rot!

Bernard. No.

Hugh. It's mine to do with as I want. And I want you to have it. [*Awkwardly*] I've always—dreamed that some day I could do—something fine for you and Mother. [*Ashamed*] But I just forgot how much little things could mean. Oh, come on, Dad! You'll make me feel that we're not what we should be to each other—that something's wrong with me—if you don't. 25

Bernard. Can't you understand?

Hugh. No. I talked to Mother last night and this morning. She—I've made her see it's all right.

Bernard. You think I'm beaten. 30

Hugh. No, of course not! [*Slight pause*] I know you'd like to see the twins off to college next week. [*BERNARD starts*] They could go if you would. [*Holding out his hand*] And you will?

Bernard. But, Hugh—your plans—your marriage— 35 why— [*The dining room door is opened.*]

Eunice. I'll be right back, Rhoda.

Hugh. [*Whispering*] The twins, Dad, the twins. [*EUNICE and DAGMAR enter. EUNICE looks at BERNARD; seems to understand what he is thinking about; goes to him and takes his hand. HUGH pushes forward a chair; cheerfully*] Sit here, Dagmar. Isn't Rhoda the finest omelette maker? 40

Dagmar. Are you getting ready to tell me I better take lessons from her? 45

Hugh. I didn't think of that. But *you* did. Better follow the hunch.

Dagmar. You forget I must be back in New York in three days. I'd have to study at least a year.

BERNARD looks at them; shudders slightly. Draws himself up; turns and goes into the hall. He leaves the house presently. EUNICE picks up a memorandum pad from the desk.

Hugh. Sit down, Mother, won't you? 50

Dagmar. [*Rises*] Please.

Eunice. No. I must speak to Rhoda. [*Goes to DAGMAR; simply and with moving sincerity*] *Dagmar,* I've waited—hoping to see you alone. I'm very happy that you're to be Hugh's wife, dear—and my daughter. 55

Kisses her. HUGH turns away, clinches his fists. EUNICE turns and goes into the dining room; closes the door.

Dagmar. I feel welcome, Hugh.

HUGH starts to hurry to her, to crush her in his arms. But he stops.

Hugh. They're bricks, both of them. They've always been so wonderful that I've just accepted their devotion as a matter of course.

Dagmar. Maybe it takes—other children—to appreciate 60
parents like yours.

Hugh. To think there had to be a smash before I—I'm so ashamed.

Dagmar. "A smash"? What do you mean?

Hugh. Dad's lost his job, Dagmar. 65

Dagmar. Oh, Hugh.

Hugh. He's pretty much broke.

Dagmar. I'm sorry. [*Sits*] And nothing was said—oh, what sportsmanship. [*HUGH takes her hand and kisses it*] Hugh, what is it? You watched me so 70 closely at breakfast. Your eyes seemed to be pleading.

Hugh. Dagmar, we must change our plans a bit.

Dagmar. Yes, Hugh?

Hugh. Dad needs money. I want to give him what I've saved. Do you mind? 75

Dagmar. Why, Hugh!

Hugh. We'll not be able to furnish that apartment.

Dagmar. We can be just as happy with rented furniture.

Hugh. It means more than that, dear. I want to help 80 them all I can till Dad's squarely on both feet.

Dagmar. [*Bravely*] We're not to be married now?

Hugh. I'd like to ask that.

Dagmar. Ask?

Hugh. Do you understand, dear, how I feel? I want to 85 give to them. It isn't conscience. It's love. [*Slight pause*] So I have the courage to ask you to wait.

Dagmar. [*Rises; faces him*] Of course, Hugh.

Hugh. But do you understand?

Dagmar. Yes, dear. It's beautiful. 90

Hugh. Oh, please!

Dagmar. It is beautiful because it's love. Oh, don't ask

me to explain why I know. Some children do things for their parents because of convention, public opinion, because they've been told it's the thing to do. If you 95 did it just because you thought it your duty—as one's ashamed to pass a beggar—I believe I could hate you. But it's not sentimentality. It's real and true.

HUGH takes her hungrily in his arms. DAGMAR puts her arms round his neck.

Hugh. My darling, I adore you. I want you, Dagmar. don't think that I—— 100

Dagmar. [*Breaking in*] It will be hard, dear, to wait. Sometimes I shall probably beg you to forget them. I will cry for you. Don't listen to me then. If you do, some day I'll not love you as I do now.

Hugh. Dagmar! 105

Dagmar. But, Hugh, when the day comes—Oh, dear, if we can inspire such love in our children—then our love will take on greatness.

Hugh. But, dear, don't all children feel—why you——?

Dagmar. [*Breaks in; leaves him; shakes her head*] No. 110

Hugh. But——?

Dagmar. Don't ask me. So many parents believe simply because they bring children into the world they take out a patent on their love—it belongs to them. But it's not instinctive—children haven't love for their 115 parents unless that love's deserved.

Hugh. Dear, we will see each other. We will be together?

Dagmar. Yes, Hugh.

DAGMAR *takes his hands in hers. They stand still for a moment, looking intently into each other's eyes—seeing truth there.*

Hugh. Will you come with me—I want to go down to the bank—make a deposit for Dad?

Dagmar. I'd like to see your mother—to thank her.

Hugh. [*Not understanding*] We'll come back here.

[*They go into the hall, put on their coats and hats.*]

Dagmar. [*Lightly*] Oh, Hugh, I forgot to tell you: I saw old Mrs. Miller yesterday. You know how fright- 125
fully superstitious she is?

Hugh. Yes.

[*EUNICE comes into the living room; picks up telephone book. Looks for a number.*]

Dagmar. Well, she made me promise to wear "something blue". Said we'd surely have bad luck otherwise.

Hugh. [*Laughs*] Oh, she didn't! 130

Dagmar.—Really!

[*They leave the house. EUNICE picks up the telephone.*]

Eunice. Good morning, Operator. . . . Main 9742, please.

[*GRANNY comes into the living room*] Hello, Mother.

You *did* have your breakfast early this morning. 135

Granny. [*Sits*] I didn't sleep all night.

Eunice. Oh, I'm sorry. Hello, give me the Want Ad department, please.

Granny. What? Is Rhoda leaving?

Eunice. Will you take this advertisement? "Two fur- 140

nished rooms to let after January third, 592 Huron Avenue." . . . That's all.

Granny. [*Aghast*] Eunice!

Eunice. Keep it in the paper until further notice. . . . Mrs.

Bernard Ingals. Thank you. [*Hangs up receiver.* 145

Granny. What are you doing?

Eunice [*Straightens the pillows on the sofa*] I'm renting the children's rooms when they go back to college.

Granny. You are not.

Eunice. Yes, Mother. 150

Granny. Lodgers? Never! Do you realize this is my house?

Eunice. Bernard and I rent it from you, yes.

Granny. Well I won't have it turned into a rooming house. 155

Eunice. [*Puts the things on the large table in order*] Then we'll rent another house.

Granny. Eunice Bradley! Have you taken leave of your senses? Oh, this is the last straw! "When they go back to college"? Have you forgot that they can't go? 160

Eunice. Hugh's made it possible.

Granny. Hugh?

Eunice. He's lending us the money. Oh, Mother, don't you see? It isn't the little things that reveal character. They'd seemed hard, indifferent. That's the outer 165 spirit of the time. But if deep inside there's truth, who are we to criticize? Maybe they're finer. I believe they are. They're more honest and unafraid.

Granny. What have they done to make you talk this way?

Eunice. [*Smiling*] "What have they done"? 170

Granny. You think it will last?

Eunice. If they had turned on us I could not have blamed them. I would have known I was the one who had failed. That's why I was afraid.

Granny. And now you're starting all over again—sending 175
them back to college—renting rooms—Eunice, I won't have it! The Bradleys have always been one of *the* families here. Pioneers. For years all the important people have come to this house—why, it's an historic house. And now you want to rent it out piecemeal to 180
persons—

Eunice. There's no snob like a pioneer.

Granny. Oh, I can't understand you! Have you no pride?

Eunice. What's happened now isn't going to happen
again. 185

Granny. Well, I won't stand for it, Eunice. You're not going to rent any rooms in this house.

Eunice. Oh, Mother, what difference does it make? It doesn't hurt you or me.

Granny. It does. [*Rises*] And what I say is final. 190

*LOIS and BRADLEY comes into the house and into the living
room. They're in very good spirits.*

Lois. Hello.

Bradley. Good morning. [*They take off their coats.*

Eunice. When I came downstairs Rhoda told me you'd

gone out a half hour before. What in the world happened to you? 195

Bradley. Oh, we had a lot to attend to.

Granny. You were still downstairs talking at three this morning.

Lois. I'm sorry if we kept you awake.

Bradley. Is every one else out? 200

Eunice. Yes.

Granny. Do you know what your mother has done?

Eunice. Please.

Granny. She wants to rent rooms in this house.

[*The children start.*]

Bradley. Really? Well, I bet there are a lot of people 205
who'd like to come. [*Laughs*] I say, Mother, why
not take Leo Day in? Oh, wouldn't he love it!

Granny. [*Disgusted*] Oh!

Lois. Mother, I would like to have a word with Granny.

Isn't there some little thing you'd like to see to up- 210
stairs?

Eunice. I think I can find something.

Lois. Thanks. [*EUNICE goes into the hall and upstairs.*]

Granny. What have you to say to me?

Bradley. A secret to tell you. 215

[*LOIS and BRADLEY seem to be preparing themselves for an
ordeal.*]

Granny. Well, what's this secret?

[*LOIS, unseen by GRANNY, motions to BRADLEY to begin. He*

pulls a cigarette from his pocket, then decides he better not smoke.

Bradley. Granny, have you ever thought about dying?

[GRANNY starts] I mean that you are going to die some day?

Lois. [Discouraged] Oh, Brad!

Granny. Do you call that a secret? Or am I to be told 220 that you're going to poison me?

Bradley. [As though grieved] Why, Granny! How can you say such a thing, even in jest?

Lois. Don't you know we love you?

Granny. No soft soap, please. Do you know your parents 225 are planning to send you back to college?

Lois. Really?

Bradley. Oh, isn't that great of them, Sis?

Lois. Yes, Brad.

[LOIS and BRADLEY gently seat GRANNY on the sofa and sit on either side of her.]

Bradley. Granny, how much do you know of what's happened? 230

Granny. I know that your father's lost his job. That he's got no money. And that he's pretty much of a fool—and your mother too, though she is my daughter.

Bradley. And what do you think's going to become of 235 him?

Granny. I can't see anything but the poorhouse or insane asylum.

Lois. The asylum would be awful enough. But the poor-

house! The husband of a Bradley—maybe a Bradley 240
herself. Oh, Granny, you couldn't endure that.

Granny. Rather the poorhouse—there's more than one fine
family ended there—than tradespeople, shop girls,
clerks living here.

Bradley. What do you think of street cleaners? 245

Granny. Street cleaners?

Bradley. Icemen, milkmen?

Granny. I don't!

Lois. Well, Dad will have to do something. He's too able-
bodied to get into the poorhouse. 250

Granny. What are you driving at?

Bradley. [*Seriously*] Granny, he's fifty years old.

Granny. Fifty-one.

Bradley. It's going to be pretty difficult for a man of his 255
age to step into a good position.

Granny. I dare say.

Bradley. A respectable one, I mean. Fine concerns want
young chaps—like me, for instance.

Granny. Do they? 260

Bradley. Yes. Of course, the other fields are open to him
—soda fountains, haberdashery stores, street-car con-
ducting—

Granny. [*Already feeling herself insulted*] What?

Bradley. He hasn't your pride, Granny. He'll feel he 265
must do something.

Lois. [*Rises*] Oh, Bud, wouldn't it be awful to see him
carrying a sign through the streets—a sandwich man,

everybody staring, saying "Eunice Bradley's husband,"
"Mrs. Roger Bradley's son-in-law." 270

Granny. [*Rises—unable to sit still*] Stop it! Stop it!

Bradley. That Swede who runs the gasoline station on the corner—he's always been friendly—sis, maybe he'd let Dad squirt gas into people's cars.

Granny. Oh, how can you? 275

Lois. It's terrible, Granny. But we've got to face it.

Granny. Never!

Lois. Then what can you suggest? We've racked our brains.

Granny. Can't you think of something that *is* all right? 280

Bradley. He might start a second-hand clothes store.

[*Acting it out*] You know the way they come sidling up to you intimately on the street and sort of whisper—"Any old clothes to-day, Madam?"

Granny. I'd make Eunice divorce him. 285

Lois. But she'd still be Mrs. Bernard Ingals.

Granny. Oh, can't you think of anything respectable for him?

Lois. What can you suggest?

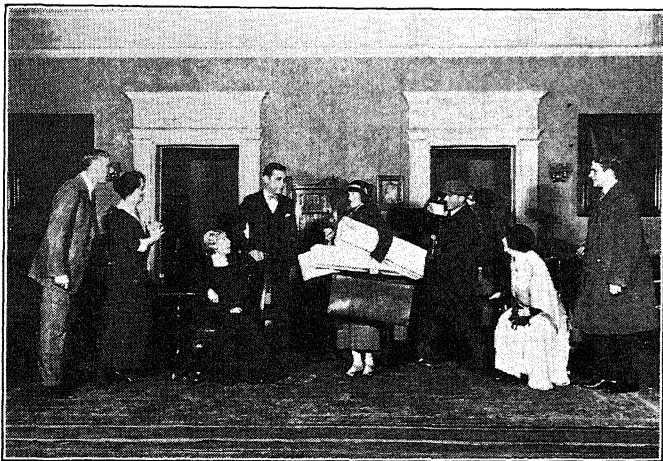
Granny. Think! Use your heads! What were you sent 290 to college for?

Bradley. Let's see—the most respectable thing in the world—a church. Sis, he might get a job as janitor.

Granny. No, no!

Lois. He'd have to mow the grass, shovel the snow— 295

Granny. I've got some money.



THE HOMECOMING SCENE
FROM THE RECENT STAGE PRODUCTION



LOIS, GRANNY AND BRADLEY
FROM THE RECENT STAGE PRODUCTION

[LOIS and BRADLEY seat GRANNY on the sofa again and take their places beside her.]

Bradley. [*As though surprised*] Have you really?

Lois. How much would you be willing to stake?

Granny. I've got a few thousand dollars. It was to be his and Eunice's when I went on—yours some day— 300 though lately I've been thinking of leaving it to charity.

Bradley. It was to be theirs?

Granny. Yes, of course, when I got through with it.

Bradley. [*Quietly*] Granny, why not give it to them 305 now?

Granny. What?

Bradley. It'd mean a lot to them just now.

Granny. They'd spend it on you—Oh, I see, this is your trick—[*Rises*]*—*they told you to do it—if I give them 310 the money then you can go on.

[*The twins draw her back to the sofa.*]

Lois. No, Granny, no!

Bradley. You can fix it so we can't have it.

Granny. There's no way to do that.

Bradley. There is.

315

Granny. What do you mean?

Lois. Granny, Noel Derby—he's all right?

Granny. His father was here even before mine.

Bradley. [*Quickly*] Well, you know, you've heard, I'd almost forgot, but Dad and he always have planned 320 to go into the nursery business together?

Granny. Yes, go on.

Lois. Mr. Derby has an option on a market gardener's place—just the spot to start a nursery.

Granny. How do you know? 325

Lois. We saw him this morning.

Bradley. Dad can do anything with seeds. Think, Granny, the firm of Ingals and Derby, Nurserymen! Oh, please back him in this. He's always been so wonderful to all of us. 330

Lois. He has been sweet to you.

Bradley. If you tell him you'll finance it, he'll say no. But if you could go in with Mr. Derby yourself as a silent partner, and then you appoint Dad, hire him to look after your interests—oh, Granny, wouldn't it be wonderful? 335

Granny. What have you been doing?

Lois. There wasn't much time. Mr. Derby'll be here any minute.

Granny. And where do you two come in on this? 340

Lois. We don't.

Bradley. It's for Dad and Mother.

Granny. I'll have to think it over.

Bradley. Oh, what do you have to think?

Granny. You've had a tremendous amount of gall—to see Noel Derby, arrange— 345

Lois. [*Breaking in; beseechingly*] Oh, but Granny, it is so important. [*Doorbell rings.*]

Bradley. [*Bounding into the hall*] There's Mr. Derby
now. 350

Granny. Wait!

Lois. Can't!

Bradley. [*Opens door*] Hello, Mr. Derby. Come in. It's
all right.

Lois. You can go upstairs and talk it over with him. 355
[*Helps GRANNY to rise.*]

Noel. I don't believe you. [*Enters, followed by BRADLEY*]

Good morning, Mrs. Bradley.

Granny. How do you do, Noel.

Lois. [*Leading GRANNY to hall*] She's going upstairs
where you can settle the details quietly. 360

Bradley. [*Turns NOEL toward hall*] No slip, please. And

Granny: don't forget what will happen if you don't.

[*GRANNY and NOEL disappear. LOIS and BRADLEY are
exhausted.*]

Lois. Oh, dear! Do you think it's safe to leave her even
for a moment?

Bradley. Noel won't let her escape. Oh, was it too rotten 365
of us, Sis?

Lois. As Othello says before he kills Desdemona: "*It is
the cause, oh my prophetic soul, it is the cause.*"

[*DAGMAR and HUGH come into the house.*]

Bradley. But to have pictured such a fate for him. It
seems indecent. 370

Hugh. [*Calling*] Oh, Mother?

Eunice. [*Upstairs*] Yes, Hugh.

Hugh. We're back. Come down, will you? Dagmar'd
like to see you. [DAGMAR enters.

Dagmar. Good morning. 375

Lois. Oh, Dagmar.

Bradley. Hello, sister-in-law.

Dagmar. You are early birds.

[HUGH enters. LOIS, DAGMAR, and BRADLEY sit.

Hugh. [Eagerly] You're back—well?

Lois. Keep your fingers crossed—say your prayers—— 380

Hugh. What did Mr. Derby say?

Bradley. He's upstairs with Granny now.

Hugh. And Granny—is it "yes"?

Lois. Yes. It must be "yes". [EUNICE enters.

Eunice. Why is Noel Derby closeted with Granny? 385

Bradley. Patience, patience! [BERNARD enters the house.

Bernard. [Calling excitedly] Eunice! Eunice!

Eunice. Yes, dear. Here.

[BERNARD hurries into the living room. He is radiant.

Bernard. It's all fixed, settled! They won't accept my
resignation! 390

Eunice. What?

Bernard. Brad, you and Lois can go back just as you'd
planned.

Eunice. Dear, please explain.

Bernard. [Taking off his coat; exuberantly] I went into 395
Day's office. He almost embraced me: his application
for membership in the club was accepted. He thinks
I'm responsible. He was furious—frightened—when he

heard of the resignation. Wouldn't hear of my getting out. He called the councilmen together. Kimberley 400 and Sands, of course, wanted to accept it. But Day, Teed, and Monroe refused. So I'm back. Oh, isn't it great! [EUNICE *shudders. The others do not move; they are aghast*] Oh, Brad, Kimberley has got a black eye. But he says he fell. [Pause] Well, can't any of 405 you say anything? You might at least congratulate me. Lois, what's your chum's address? We'll wire her not to cancel that room reservation.

[Starts toward telephone.]

Lois. Oh, damn!

Bernard. Eunice, can't you speak? 410

Eunice. I've nothing to say.

Bernard. [Amazed] Is something the matter with all of you? Do you realize what I've said? *I've got my job back!* Hugh, I don't need your assistance. And Lois and Bradley go east on Monday. 415

[EUNICE looks at the children; she scarcely dares breathe.]

Lois. [Rises quickly; goes to BERNARD] Dad, I'm not going back.

Bernard. Of course you are.

Lois. I accepted a position this morning.

Bernard. What? 420

Lois. I'm going to work for Mr. Wingate.

Hugh. Lois!

Bernard. Oh, I'm glad he wanted you, Lois. That's fine.

But he won't hold you. I'll call him.

Lois. Please, Dad.

425

Bradley. I'm all tied up too.

Hugh. You?

Bernard. [*Wheeling toward BRADLEY*] What?

Bradley. I can't possibly get away. I dropped into the Bijou Theatre this morning. Don't suppose any of you know a stock company's playing there.

Hugh. Brad!

Bradley. The manager has a head on him: I'll bring money into the box-office. Every one in town'll go to see me carry a spear.

435

Hugh. You, an actor? Dad, this is preposterous!

Bradley. You forget that in high school I acted in *The Merchant of Venice*, and darn well too. [*Laughs*] Don't you remember, Mother? The chemistry teacher who coached the play said I'd the makings of a real Shakesperean actor.

Bernard. [*Impressed*] Brad, you would have done this?

Bradley. Oh, my real job is to help the scene-painter—though he doesn't know it. Why, it's a real opportunity. I'll get a chance at some sets myself. I can have photographs taken, send them on to New York—why, it may lead to something big.

Bernard. Oh, it's fine of you to have taken it this way. You didn't complain. You accepted things. I do appreciate.

450

Bradley. [*Alarmed*] But, say, not a word to Granny about this now.

Lois. Oh, heavens, no!

Hugh. [*Angered*] To Granny or any one else! It's perfectly ridiculous. 455

Bradley. Hugh!

Hugh. Dad, they've got to go back to college.

Lois. [*To HUGH*] You want Dad in the City Hall again?

Hugh. No. That isn't necessary. I've got—

Bradley. [*Breaking in*] Hugh, don't you think you might 460
keep out of this?

Hugh. No. Dagmar and I have—

Dagmar. Dear, won't you let me explain? [*To BRADLEY*]
When we were out this morning we were able to 465
raise some money. It will see you and Lois through
this year.

Lois. [*Cutting in*] I've told you I'm not going back.

Bradley. Who'd lend Hugh money?

Hugh. It's been deposited to Dad's account. 470

Lois. Dagmar, tell me the truth. It's the money for your
home.

Hugh. No.

Lois. Isn't it, Dagmar?

Dagmar. We've changed our plans. We're going to 475
wait—

Lois. [*Breaking in*] Oh, what do you think I am?

Bradley. I agree with Hugh. Lois ought to go back.

Lois. Bradley Ingals!

Bradley. It's my place to help. 480

Hugh. Keep still, Brad. It's all settled. You're both going back.

Bradley. [*To HUGH*] I'd like to know what right you've got to—

Lois. You act as though I were a Victorian calla-lily. 485

Dagmar. Oh, please, dear.

Lois. On your money?

Bradley. Be sensible, Sis. Listen to reason. I'm a man—

Hugh. [*Cutting in*] You might as well be quiet. Dad and Mother and Dagmar and I've arranged things. 490
It's settled.

Lois. Yes, it's settled. I go to work for Mr. Wingate.

Bradley. And I'm going into that stock company.

Hugh. [*Loudly*] I tell you—

Bernard. [*More loudly and furiously*] Silence! All of 495
you! [*The children are amazed at this strange tone from BERNARD, and to see him so angry*] If you think you're going to run things here you're sadly mistaken. A lot of nerve you had, doing what you've done without my permission. But I still am boss. 500

Hugh. That's the stuff, Dad!

Bernard. I mean you too. You're as bad as they are.

Hugh. But, Dad—

Bernard. I don't want to hear another word from any of
you. 505

Eunice. Bernard!

Dagmar. [*Turning toward hall*] I think I'd better go.

Bernard. No! You're in this too. Stay here. The twins go back to college.

Bradley. Dad! 510

Bernard. And Dagmar and Hugh are getting married.

[*To Hugh*] How dare you deposit money to my account?

Hugh. [*Weakly*]. I thought we'd—

Bernard. Well, we hadn't! 515

Lois. I won't, Dad, I won't!

Bernard. Did you hear me say to be quiet?

Bradley. But, Dad—

Bernard. I meant it.

Eunice. [*Appalled*] Oh, what are we doing? We've 520 never quarreled.

Bernard. There's no quarreling. I've said my say and that's the end of it. [*Turns*] I'm going for a walk.

Lois. [*Desperately*] Mother, what can we do?

Bernard. Don't try and get your mother mixed up in this. 525
I'm going to buy your Pullman reservations. [*HUGH runs upstairs*]
Bradley, telephone the theater and resign at once.

Bradley. You've never talked to us this way before.

Bernard. Not since the last time you tried to disobey me. 530
I thrashed you then. I can do it again.

Eunice. Oh, let's calm down. Let's—

Bernard. [*Breaking in*] Eunice, I asked you to be quiet.

Eunice. [*Amazed*] Bernard!

Lois. I never knew you were such a stubborn— 535

Bernard. You go and call up Mr. Wingate.

Lois. I tell you I will not.

Bernard. Lois, do as I say.

NOEL *enters the living room, hurriedly. He starts straight toward BERNARD.*

Bernard. What are you doing here?

Noel. [*Holding out his hand*] At last, old man. 540

Bernard. What's the matter with you?

Noel. I've waited a long time for this.

GRANNY *enters with HUGH. LOIS rushes to her and throws her arms round her neck.*

Bradley. [*Delighted*] Oh, Granny!

Bernard. [*Still gruffly*] What are you grinning about?

Noel. Haven't you been told? 545

Bernard. Told what? My whole family seems to have gone insane. You too?

Granny. Noel has bought that market-gardener's place.

I'm going into partnership with him. And I've engaged you to look after my interests. 550

Bernard. What?

Eunice. [*Overjoyed*] Oh!

Bernard. [*Puts his hand to his head*] What's this you're saying?

Granny. I'll pay you a salary—not much, but maybe some 555 day I'll sell out to you.

Eunice. [*Going to her; much moved*] Mother, you have done this?

Granny. I had to—to protect myself. I couldn't have him
a janitor. 560

Bernard. What's this you're saying? "Janitor"? Will
some one please explain.

Granny. You and Eunice would get my money when I
died. I'm investing it so you won't be able to squander
it. 565

Bernard. But, Granny, I've a position.

Granny. What?

Bernard. Yes. They wouldn't accept my resignation.

Granny. [*Amazed*] Your resignation? You resigned?
Why? 570

Bernard. I lost my head.

Eunice. That's not true. They were treating him like a
dog.

Bernard. Eunice!

Eunice. I will tell. It got too much for him. He couldn't
endure it, it wasn't humanly possible. 575

Bernard. Eunice, will you please—

Eunice. [*Talking over BERNARD*] And now he wants to
go back to it again. Oh, it's too horrible.

Lois. And yet you'd let him send us back to college. Oh, 580
Mother, I didn't know. But now that I do, do you
think I could forget for a moment even what he was
enduring to keep me there?

Bradley. Can't you see what we'd be if we could go back
and forget? 585

Granny. Well, you can't go if he goes in with Noel.

Bernard. What?

Granny. The salary won't be big enough. I'll see to that.

Hugh. Yes, they can, Dad. I made that deposit. Here's the slip. 590

[*Tries to give it to BERNARD but the latter does not take it.*]

Bernard. [*To Granny*] There's a string to it? You mean I can't be my own boss in my private affairs? Thank you, no!

Eunice. Mother doesn't mean that, Bernard. But if you go back to the City Hall I'll leave you. 595

Bernard, Granny, and Noel. Eunice!

Hugh, Lois, and Bradley. Mother!

Dagmar. Mrs. Ingals!

Eunice. I shall! I will not have that.

Bernard. Eunice, how can you——? 600

Hugh. He can't go, Mother. We won't let him.

Bradley. I'll black Kimberley's other eye if necessary.

Bernard. It's a conspiracy.

Lois. [*Putting her arm in his*] Oh, Dad, don't you understand? You and Mother have always stacked the pack 605 to give us all the face cards and aces. But you have taught us the game. We know how to play.

Bradley. We can't cheat.

Bernard. But your work, children, we want you to go on with it. 610

Bradley. Whatever makes you think I sha'n't? Good Lord, you don't think I'd give it up?

Bernard. But if you turn to something else——

Bradley. But I'm not. Why, I *need* the practical experience round the theater. 615

Lois. I think I want to do advertising. But I sha'n't stick if I've a wrong hunch. Why, I may even end up a rum-runner. Or daub scenery—like Bud.

Bradley. You?

Eunice. Well, Bernard? 620

Bernard. What can I do?

Eunice. We can't dictate in this. We haven't the right. But, dear [*Puts her hand on his arm*] we'll be ready—to carry on.

Noel. Don't you understand, Bern? It was they who came 625 to me this morning.

Bernard. The children?

Noel. Yes. Oh, these parents who rave because their children don't love them—Why don't they look into their own hearts? 630

Hugh. Dagmar, what are we going to do?

Eunice. [*Going to them*] If you could be married before you leave!

Bernard. [*Brightens*] Of course, they can!

Eunice. If it's right with your mother and father? 635

DAGMAR and HUGH look at each other. Then they embrace.

*LOIS and BRADLEY hurry to them. GRANNY turns to them—
—even she is pleased at the idea of a wedding.*

Lois. What will you wear?

Bradley. Can I be best-man?

Noel. It's "yes," Bern?

Eunice. [*Going to BERNARD and NOEL*] It is "yes," Noel.

Bernard. But, Eunice, it's adventuring. You said yourself 640
we must be ready.

Eunice. We will be! Don't you see?

Bernard. Eunice!

Eunice. We'll all be ready always.

CURTAIN

HOLIDAY

By

Philip Barry

CHARACTERS

LINDA SETON: *She is twenty-seven, and looks about twenty-two. She is slim, rather boyish, exceedingly fresh. She is smart, she is pretty, but beside JULIA's grace, JULIA's beauty, she seems a trifle gauche, and almost plain.*

JOHNNY CASE: *Is thirty, medium-tall, slight, attractive-looking, luckily not quite handsome.*

JULIA SETON *is* twenty-eight, and quite beautiful.

NED SETON: *He is twenty-six. He is as handsome in his way as JULIA is in hers. His features are fine, a little too fine. He displaces very little, but no one minds: he is a nice boy.*

SUSAN: *Is thirty, smart and attractive.*

NICK POTTER: *He is about thirty-four, with an attractive, amusing face.*

EDWARD SETON: *He is fifty-eight, large, nervous, distinguished.*

LAURA: SETON's wife, *is* thirty-two, a shade taller than SETON, with a rather handsome, rather disagreeable face. *She is as smartly dressed as a poor figure will allow.*

SETON CRAM: *He is thirty-six, somewhat bald, inclined to a waistline, but well turned out.*

HENRY: *He is fifty, of pleasant appearance, of pleasant manner.*

CHARLES: *A younger man-servant.*

DELIA: *A housemaid of about thirty-five.*



ANN HARDING AS LINDA
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION

Holiday

ACT ONE

SCENE: *A room on the third floor of EDWARD SETON's house in New York. The only entrance is at Left. It is a very large rectangular room of the Stanford White period. The panelling is heavy, the mouldings are heavy, the three long windows looking out over the park at Back are hung with heavy curtains. The portrait of SETON's father, by a contemporary English master, hangs over the fireplace, at the right. It is a handsome room, and quite a comfortable room, but rich, very rich. At Right and Left are two comfortable sofas, a table behind each. On one table are two telephones, one for the house, the second for outside. On the other table, magazines and newspapers, and a cigarette-box. This side of the sofa, near Center, are two upholstered benches, and at Right and Left of each a large chair. In the corners of the room, at Back, stand two more chairs, a table and lamp beside each.*

TIME: *It is about twelve o'clock on a bright, cold Sunday morning in mid-December, this year.*

AT RISE: *A fire is burning in the fireplace. Sunday papers are strewn upon a low table and beside a chair near it.*

JULIA SETON *is seated at a desk, Right, writing a note. She is*

twenty-eight, and quite beautiful. She writes in silence for a few minutes, then calls, in response to a knock at the door:

Julia. Yes? [*HENRY enters from Left. HENRY is the butler. He is fifty, of pleasant appearance, of pleasant manner*] Oh, hello, Henry. How have you been?

[She seals the note.

Henry. Well, thank you, Miss. We're very glad to have you back again. 5

Julia. It was a lovely trip.

Henry. A Mr. Case to see you, Miss. He said you expected him, so Charles is bringing him up.

Julia. That's right. How many are we for lunch?

Henry. Six, I believe. Only Mr. and Mrs. Cram are expected. 10

Julia. Hasn't Miss Linda friends, too?

Henry. Not as we've been told, Miss.

Julia. Have an extra place set, will you?

Henry. Yes, Miss. [*HENRY collects the newspapers from the floor and chairs, and piles them in a neat pile upon a table. After a moment CHARLES, a younger man-servant, appears in the doorway.*] 15

Charles. Mr. Case, Miss.

Julia. [*Rises from the desk and calls in the direction of the hall*] Come in, Johnny! Quick!—Of all slow people. [*CHARLES stands aside to admit JOHNNY CASE, and enters after him. JOHNNY is thirty, medium-tall,* 20

slight, attractive-looking, luckily not quite handsome.

He goes at once to JULIA.]

25

Johnny. There was a traffic-jam. Men were dying like flies.—Did you really go to church?

Julia. Yes, but I ducked the sermon. I was sure you'd get here before me. You're staying for lunch, you know.

Johnny. Thanks, I'd love to. [*BOTH look warily at the Two MEN tidying up the room*] I'm actually hungry again. Those same old shooting-pains.

30

Julia. Isn't it extraordinary the appetite that place gives you? You should have seen the breakfast I ate on the train.

35

Johnny. Why wouldn't you join me? You were invited.

Julia. Miss Talcott would have swooned away. She's the world's worriedest chaperon as it is. [*HENRY goes out. CHARLES has begun to gather ashtrays upon a larger tray*] You can leave the trays till later, Charles.

40

Charles. Very well, Miss. [*He moves toward the door.*

JULIA talks against his exit].

Julia. [*To JOHNNY*] Have you ever known such cold?

Johnny. Never.

Julia. It's hard to believe it was twenty degrees lower at Placid.

45

Johnny. You don't feel it, there.

Julia. That's what they say.—And you can close the door, Charles. It makes a draught.

Charles. Yes, Miss.

50

Julia. When Mr. Seton comes in, would you ring this room from the door? Two short ones.

Charles. Very good, Miss. [*He goes out, closing the door after him. For a moment JULIA and JOHNNY stand transfixed, looking at each other. Then JULIA smiles slightly and says:*] 55

Julia. Hello, Sweet— [*In an instant JOHNNY is beside her and she is in his arms, being kissed. At length she stands off from him, murmuring*] Johnny—
Johnny—mind your manners. 60

Johnny. But dear, where are we?

Julia. We're here, all right. [*JOHNNY moves away from her and looks about him.*]

Johnny. But where's "here"?

Julia. Where I live. Don't you like it? 65

Johnny. But Julia, seriously, what *is* all this?

Julia. All what?

Johnny. All this house—and armies of men underfoot picking up newspapers, and—

Julia. Aren't you silly, Johnny. I told you where I lived. 70
[*She seats herself upon a sofa*] I wrote it on the back of an envelope for you.

Johnny. But it's enormous. I'm overcome. It's the Grand Central. How can you stand it?

Julia. I seem to manage. 75

Johnny. Don't you find you rattle around a good deal in it?

Julia. I hadn't noticed that I did.

Johnny. [*Cups his hands and calls through them*] Hoo!

[*Then*] There's a bad echo. 80

Julia. You stop criticizing this house, or I'll call the
bouncer.

Johnny. But you must all be so *rich*, Julia!

Julia. Well, we aren't poor.

Johnny. You should have told me, you really should. 85

Julia. Would it have made any difference?

Johnny. [*Laughs*] Lord, yes! I'd have asked you to
marry me in two days, instead of ten.

Julia. [*A pause. Then*] How do you mean?

Johnny. I went through an awful struggle. You've no 90
idea. I had very definite plans for the next few years,
and at first a wife looked like quite a complication.

Julia. What were the plans?

Johnny. For one thing, I was worried about having
enough for both of us. If I'd known, I'd have spared 95
myself. It's simply swell now. Good Julia.

Julia. Aren't you funny, Johnny.

Johnny. Why?

Julia. To talk about it.

Johnny. It? Money? Why? Is it so sacred? 100

Julia. Of course not. But—

Johnny. I'm simply delighted, that's all.

Julia. —That I have—uh—money?

Johnny. Yes. Sure. [*She laughs.*

Julia. You're amazing. 105

Johnny. But why not?—If I'd suddenly discovered you could play the piano I'd be delighted, wouldn't I?

Julia. Is it like knowing how to play the piano?

Johnny. Well, they're both very pleasant accomplishments in a girl. 110

Julia. But, my dear, you're going to make millions, yourself!

Johnny. Oh, no, I'm not.

Julia. You are too!

Johnny. —Am not. 115

Julia. Are too. [A brief pause.]

Johnny. How did you happen to decide I'd do, Julia?

Julia. I fell in love with you, silly.

Johnny. You might have done that, and still not have wanted to marry me. 120

Julia. I do, though.

Johnny. You know awfully little about me.

Julia. I know enough.—You aren't trying to get out of anything, are you, Johnny?

Johnny. Watch me. 125

Julia. Because you haven't a chance, you know. [*She rises and goes to the window at Back.*]

Johnny. But what's there different about me? What did it?

Julia. You're utterly, utterly different. 130

Johnny. —I am a man of the pee-pul—

Julia. That might be one reason.

Johnny. I began life with these two bare hands.

Julia. —So did the gentleman over the fireplace. [*JOHNNY looks at the portrait above the mantel.*] —Take heart 135
from Grandfather.

Johnny. You wouldn't tell me you're *those* Setons!

Julia. Forgive us, Johnny, but we are.

Johnny. [*Overwhelmed, lowers his head*] It's too much.

Julia. [*Lightly*] What man has done, man can do—or 140
words to that effect. [*She is looking out the window, down into the street.*]

Johnny. See here, child—if you think I'm a budding
young Captain of Industry, or——

Julia. Sh—wait a minute. 145

Johnny. What's the matter?

Julia. It's the motor. At least I think—yes, it is.

Johnny. Him?

Julia. Wait a minute—— No, it's only Linda. Father
must have decided to walk home with Ned. 150

Johnny. Did you tell him, as you planned to?

Julia. [*Again moves toward the sofa*] Father? Just ex-
actly as I planned to.

Johnny. I'm still not sure that church was a good place.

Julia. I wanted to give him a chance to think, before he
started talking. He never talks in church.

Johnny. What did you say? 155

Julia. I said, "Look here, Father: I'm going to marry
Johnny Case." And he said, "What's that?" And I
said, "I said, I'm going to marry Johnny Case."

Johnny. And he never even peeped?

Julia. Oh, yes.—“And who may Johnny Chase be?” 160
“Case,” I said. “Not Chase.” “Well, Case, then?”—
I told him I’d met you at Placid, that he’d meet you
at luncheon and that you were with Sloan, Hobson,
Hunt and Sloan.—That was right, wasn’t it?

Johnny. Sloan, Hobson, *Hunter* and Sloan. 165

Julia. It was near enough. He said, “I know Sam Hobson,” and began to pray rapidly—and that was all there was to it.

Johnny. But probably there’ll be more.

Julia. Yes, probably a lot more—I hope you’re feeling 170
strong. [*They seat themselves together upon the sofa at Right.*]

Johnny. Seriously, how do you think he’ll take it?

Julia. [*Laughs*] Seriously! [*Then*] You’ll have one
big thing in your favor, Johnny. 175

Johnny. What?

Julia. You’ll see.

Johnny. I know: It’s this necktie.

Julia. Johnny—

Johnny. Julia— 180

Julia. Don’t jest, boy.

Johnny. Oh, darling, let’s not let the fun go out of it!

Julia. Is it likely to?

Johnny. No, but—

Julia. Say it. 185

Johnny. What was the point of spilling it so quickly?

Julia. I had to tell Father. It would be different if Mother

were alive. I could have broken it gently through her,
I suppose. But as it is——

Johnny. —Eventually, I know. But why the rush? 190

Julia. I had to tell him. He'd never have forgiven me.

Johnny. It could have been such a swell guilty secret for
awhile.

Julia. I can't see what particular fun a secret would have
been. 195

Johnny. Can't you, dear?

Julia. No.

Johnny. All right.

Julia. Oh, don't say "all right" that way! You don't mean
"all right." 200

Johnny. [*Smiles*] All right.

Julia. You're the most outspoken, direct man I've ever
known, and you sit there, sobbing over——

Johnny. It's all right, dear. Really it is.

Julia. I thought you wanted us to be married as soon as 205
possible.

Johnny. I do.

Julia. Well, then.

Johnny. When shall we?

Julia. There's another place Father comes in. 210

Johnny. I should think it would be pretty much up to
you.

Julia. You don't know Father.

Johnny. But let's not have an elaborate one—wedding, I
mean. 215

Julia. I doubt if we can avoid it. We've got to think of Father.

Johnny. It's getting pretty complicated.

Julia. You didn't think it would be simple, did you?

Johnny. I suppose I just didn't think. 220

Julia. You could have. [*In sudden exasperation*] Oh, Johnny, Johnny—what's the matter with you?

Johnny. I just hate the thought of sitting down with a man and being practical about you—so soon, I mean.

[*JULIA softens.* 225]

Julia. —Angel. [*She kisses him, lightly*] It's got to be done, though.

Johnny. All right. I'll gird up my loins.—You know, I'll bet he'll hate this necktie. It doesn't look substantial.

Julia. You might sit like this—covering it with your hand. 230

Johnny. I love you, Julia.

Julia. I love you, Johnny.

Johnny. That's the main thing, isn't it?

Julia. Darling, that's everything—

Johnny. Kiss? 235

Julia. With pleasure— [*They kiss.*]

Johnny. —Don't go.

Julia. I wouldn't think of it.

Johnny. It'd be swell to have this whole day free with no ordeals to face. 240

Julia. It'll be over soon.—I thing we'll have Ned and Linda on our side.

Johnny. Lord, do they have to mix in, too?

Julia. Well, they're my brother and sister.

Johnny. Are they good guys? 245

Julia. —Dears. Ned's a little inclined to drink too much, but I think he'll outgrow it. You ought to be able to help him, I think. Linda's a curious girl. She's developed the queerest—I don't know—attitude toward life. I can't make her out. She doesn't think as we 250 do at all, any more.

Johnny. We?

Julia. —The family. Father's worried sick about her. I think *we* can help her a lot, though—I hope we can.

Johnny. [*Rises and goes to the fireplace*] She might 255 prefer to work it out for herself. So might Ned.

Julia. You *are* strange this morning, Johnny.

Johnny. How?

Julia. You seem—not to like things quite as much as you might. 260

Johnny. Oh, yes, I do!

Julia. We can't just wander forever up snowy mountains through pine woods with never a care, you know.

Johnny. Come here, darling. [*He goes to her, she to him. They meet*] —We can do better than that. 265

Julia. Do you suppose?

Johnny. I know. [JULIA'S head drops.]

Julia. Oh, I feel so awfully sad all at once.

Johnny. Don't—*dont*. Don't ever— [*His grasp tightens upon her shoulders*] Look up here—! [*With an* 270

effort, she looks up] Now please kiss me several times. [*She kisses him, once, twice, lightly.*]

Julia. Is that all right?

Johnny. All right? It's perfect. [*He bends to kiss her again, when the door suddenly opens and LINDA 275 SETON enters, in hat and fur coat. LINDA is twenty-seven, and looks about twenty-two. She is slim, rather boyish, exceedingly fresh. She is smart, she is pretty, but beside JULIA's grace, JULIA's beauty, she seems a trifle gauche, and almost plain. She is pulling off her 280 hat.*]

Linda. I must say, that of all the boring— [*She stops at the sight of JULIA and JOHNNY*] Why, Julia. For shame, Julia. [*JULIA and JOHNNY part. LINDA throws her hat and gloves upon a chair*] Is this a way to spend Sun- 285 day morning? Who's your partner? Anyone I know?

Julia. It's— [*She recovers her composure*] This is Mr. Case—my sister, Linda.

Johnny. How do you do?

Linda. Well, thanks.—And you?

290

Johnny. I couldn't be better.

Linda. Good.

Julia. [*With dignity*] Johnny Case, his name is. I'm going to marry him.

Linda. That makes it all right, then. [*She takes off her 295 coat*] Who's coming to lunch? Susan and Nick didn't telephone, did they?

Julia. —In just about one month I'm going to marry him.

Linda. Stand over here in the light, will you, Case?

[*JOHNNY turns to her scrutiny*] But I've never even 300
seen you before.

Julia. Neither had I, until ten days ago at Placid.

Linda. [*To JOHNNY, with hope*] You aren't a guide, are
you?

Johnny. No. I'm a lawyer. 305

Linda. Wouldn't you know it.

Julia. [*Seats herself upon a chair at Right*] I want you to
be maid-of-honor, Linda.

Linda. I accept. What'll we wear? [*She sits upon the
bench at Left, and JOHNNY upon the sofa facing her*] 310
Listen: is this what came over Father in church?

Julia. I imagine so.

Linda. Then you've told him already.

Julia. Yes.

Linda. Tsch-tsch, this modern generation. [*To JOHNNY*] 315
Well, young man, I hope you realize what you're
getting in for.

*DELIA, a housemaid of about thirty-five, comes in, takes
LINDA's coat, hat and gloves, and goes out with them.*

Julia. That's pleasant.

Linda. I don't mean you. You're divine. I mean Father—
and Cousin Seton Cram and Laura and the rest of the 320
outlying Setons—and the general atmosphere of
plenty, with the top riveted down on the corn-
ucopia—

Julia. Johnny will try to bear up, won't you, Johnny?

Johnny. I'll do my best.

325

Linda. [*Goes to JULIA and seats herself upon the bench facing her*] But how *did* you happen to get together? Tell Linda everything.

Julia. Well, I was walking along the road with Miss Talcott one morning on the way to the rink and who should I see but——

Linda. —*Whom* should I see but——

Julia. —And who should I see but this man coming along, carrying skis.

Linda. Fancy that. A downright romance. Go on, dear——

Julia. Do you really want to know?

Linda. I'm hungry for romance, Sister. If you knew the way my little heart is beating against its bars right this minute.

340

Julia. He had a queer look on his face.

Linda. I can believe that. His eyes must have been burning.

Julia. As a matter of fact, the trouble was with his nose. So I stopped him and said: "I suppose you don't realize it, but your nose is frozen." And he said: "Thanks, I hadn't realized it." And I said: "Well, it is." And he said: "I don't suppose there's anything you personally could do about it."

Linda. Fresh.

350

Julia. I thought so too.

Johnny. She was fresh to mention it. It looked to me like
an out-and-out pick-up.

Linda. Obviously.

Julia. I know a good thing when I see it. 355

Linda. [To JOHNNY] So you swept her off her snow-
shoes?

Johnny. It was touch-and-go with us.

Linda. [To JULIA] I think I like this man.

Julia. I was sure you would. 360

Linda. Well, my dears, take your happiness while you
may.

Johnny. Watch us.

Julia. [Laughs] No—*don't* watch us! Hello, Ned—

NED SETON *enters from the hall. He is twenty-six. He is as
handsome in his way as JULIA is in hers. His features are
fine, a little too fine. He displaces very little, but no one
minds: he is a nice boy.* JOHNNY rises. NED goes to JULIA.

Ned. Oh, *you're* back.—Then it was you who took that 365
shaker out of my room.

Julia. This is Mr. Case—my brother Ned.

[JOHNNY moves to NED. They shake hands briefly.]

Ned. How do you do?—It was you who took it, Julia, and
I'm getting sick of your meddling in my affairs.

Julia. I'm going to marry him. [NED turns slowly, as 370
Julia's words penetrate, and regards JOHNNY.]

Ned. You've got a familiar look about you.

Johnny. That's good.

Ned. Is your name Johnny Case?

Johnny. Johnny Case. 375

Ned. —One Saturday, quite a while ago, I went down to New Haven for a game. Afterwards, you took me all the way home from the Field, and put me to bed somewhere.

Linda. How sweet. 380

Johnny. Call me Nana. [He goes to the sofa at Right.

Ned. I never got a chance to thank you. Thanks.

Johnny. It's all right.—Any time.

Ned. [Settles down with a newspaper on the sofa at Left]

He's a good man, this Case fellow. 385

Linda. The point is, there's no moss apparent, nor yet the slightest touch of decay.

Ned. I expect Father'll be a job. When do they come to grips?

Julia. Before luncheon, I suppose. 390

Linda. [Rises] That soon? See here, Case, I think you need some coaching.

Johnny. I'd be grateful for anything in this trouble.

Linda. Have you anything at all but your winning way to your credit? 395

Johnny. Not a thing.

Julia. Oh, hasn't he, though!

Linda. The first thing Father will want to know is, how are you fixed?

Johnny. Fixed? 400

Linda. [Firmly] Fixed.—Are you a man of means, and if so, how much?

Julia. Linda!

Linda. Be still, Beauty. [*To JOHNNY*] I know you wouldn't expect that of a man in Father's position, but 405 the fact is, money is our god here.

Julia. Linda, I'll——! —Johnny, it isn't true at all.

Ned. [*Looks up from his paper*] No?—What is, then?

Linda. Well, young man?

Johnny. [*Goes to her*] I have in my pocket now, thirty- 410 four dollars, and a package of Lucky Strikes. Will you have one?

Linda. Thanks. [*She takes a cigarette from him*] But no gilt-edged securities? No rolling woodlands?

Johnny. I've got a few shares of common stock tucked 415 away in a warm place.

Linda. —Common? Don't say the word. [*She accepts a light from him*] I'm afraid it won't do, Julia.—He's a comely boy, but probably just another of the vast army of clock-watchers. [*She moves toward the win- 420 dow. JOHNNY laughs and seats himself on the sofa at Right.*]

Ned. [*From behind his newspaper*] How are you socially?

Johnny. Nothing there, either. 425

Linda. [*Turning*] You mean to say your mother wasn't even a Whoozis?

Johnny. Not even that.

Julia. Linda, I do wish you'd shut up.

Ned. Maybe he's got a judge somewhere in the family. 430

Linda. Yes, that might help. Old Judge Case's boy.

White pillars. Guitars a-strummin'. Evenin', Massa.

Ned. You must know some prominent people. Drop a few names.

Linda. —Just casually, you know: "When I was to Mrs. 435
Onderdonk's cock-fight last Tuesday, whom should I
see but Mrs. Marble. Well, sir, I thought we'd die
laughing——"

Julia. [*To JOHNNY*] This is a lot of rot, you know.

Johnny. I'm having a grand time. 440

Linda. "'Johnny,' she says to me—she calls me
'Johnny'——"

Julia. Oh, will you be *quiet!* What on earth has set you
off this time?

Linda. But it's dreadful, Sister. [*To JOHNNY*] —Just what 445
do you think you're going to prove with Edward
Seton, financier and cotillion-leader?

Johnny. Well, I'll tell you: when I find myself in a posi-
tion like this, I ask myself: What would General
Motors do? Then I do the opposite. 450

Linda. [*Laughs and reseats herself. To JULIA*] It'll be a
pity, if it doesn't come off. It'll be a real pity.

Julia. It will come off. [*To JOHNNY*] Father isn't at all as
they say he is.

Johnny. No? 455

Julia. Not in the least.—Ned, where is he? Didn't he
come in with you?

Johnny. Don't hurry him. There's no hurry.

Ned. He said he had to stop to see Sam Hobson about something. 460

Julia. [To JOHNNY] You.

Johnny. That's nice. I hope I get a good character.

Linda. If it does go through all right, are you really going to make it quick?

Julia. The second week in January. The tenth. 465

Linda. —Announcing when?

Julia. Right away—next Saturday, say.

Linda. [Eagerly] Oh, darling, let me give a party for it!

Julia. [Puzzled] Do you want to? I thought you hated the thought of— 470

Linda. I want to! Not Father. I want to.

Julia. Why, of course, dear. We'd love it.

Ned. Who'd like a drink? [No one bothers with him.]

Linda. —Father's to have nothing to do with it. And we won't send out cards. I'll telephone people.—Saturday's New Year's Eve, do you know it? Oh, Lord, Lord—let's have some fun in this house before you leave it! 475

Julia. Why, Linda—

Linda. I mean it! Let me, won't you? 480

Julia. If Father doesn't mind.

Linda. No ifs at all!—And just a few people—very few. Not a single bank of pink roses and no String Quartet during supper. All I want by way of entertainment is just one good tap-dancer. Let me plan it. Let me 485

give it. Julia, let *me* do something for you once—*me*,
Julia.

Julia. I'd love it, dear. I really would.

Linda. It won't be a ball, it'll be a simple sit-down supper
—and you know where?—The old playroom. 490

Julia. Why, not the—

Linda. —Because the playroom's the one room in this
house anyone's ever had fun in!

Ned. I haven't been up there for ten years.

Linda. That's your loss, Neddy. I've installed a new
fangled gramophone, and I sit and play to myself by 495
the hour. Come up some time. Its worth the trip.
[*She turns suddenly to JOHNNY*] —Do you know any
living people, Case? That's a cry from the heart.

Johnny. One or two.

Linda. Give me a list. [*To JULIA*] —Seton and Laura 500
can't have a look-in—is that understood? [*To*
JOHNNY] A terrible cousin and his wife—the Seton
Crams. They're coming for lunch today. I hope your
digestion's good. [*To JULIA*] Not a look-in, remem-
ber. 505

Julia. I don't know how you'll keep them out.

Linda. [*Rises abruptly*] Oh, Julia—this is important to
me!—No one must touch my party but me, do you
hear?

Julia. All right, darling. 510

Linda. If anyone does, I won't come to it.

Ned. —At that, you might have a better time. [*He rises*]
Look here, Case—

Johnny. Yes?

Ned. Cocktails aren't allowed at mid-day, so just before 515
luncheon's announced I'll ask you if you care to brush
up.

Johnny. And guess what I'll say.

Julia. There'll be wine with lunch, Ned.

Ned. You have to give it something to build on, don't 520
you? [*A buzzer sounds twice. JULIA and JOHNNY
rise.*]

Julia. —It's Father! He's home.

Linda. He'll go up to his sitting-room first.

Julia. [*Moves toward the door*] I know. Come on with 525
me, Ned.

Ned. I don't want to see him.

Julia. Please come with me. [*NED goes out. She turns to
JOHNNY*] You wait here with Linda a moment. I'll
either come down again or send word. Just talk a 530
while. [*She follows NED out. A brief pause. Then
LINDA goes to the bench at Left, and JOHNNY to the
one at Right.*]

Linda. However do you do, Mr. Case?

Johnny. —And you, Miss—uh—? 535

Linda. Seton is the name.

Johnny. Not one of the bank Setons!

Linda. The same.

Johnny. Fancy!—I hear a shipment of ear-marked gold is
due in on Monday. [*Now they are seated.* 540

Linda. [*In her most social manner*] Have you been to the
Opera much lately?

Johnny. Only in fits and starts, I'm afraid.

Linda. But, my dear, we must do *something* for them!

They entertained us in Rome.

545

Johnny. —And you *really* saw Mount Everest?

Linda. Chit.

Johnny. Chat.

Linda. Chit-chat.

Johnny. Chit-chat.

550

Linda. Will that go for the preliminaries?

Johnny. It's all right with me.

Linda. I love my sister Julia more than anything else in
this world.

Johnny. I don't blame you. So do I.

555

Linda. She's so sweet, you don't know.

Johnny. Yes, I do.

Linda. She's beautiful.

Johnny. She's all of that.

Linda. —And exciting, too—don't you think?

560

Johnny. —Don't. I'll start glittering.

Linda. It's terribly important that she should marry the
right person.

Johnny. That's important for everyone.

Linda. It's particularly so for Julia.—I suppose you real- 565
ize you're a rather strange bird in these parts.

Johnny. How's that?

Linda. You don't know the kind of men we see as a rule.

—Where have you been?

Johnny. Oh—working hard.

570

Linda. Nights?

Johnny. Nights too.

Linda. What about these little jaunts to Placid? Come clean, Case.

Johnny. That's the first holiday I've ever had. 575

Linda. [*Unconvinced*] Yes.

Johnny. You heard what I said.

Linda. Then you can't have been working long.

Johnny. Just since I was ten. [*She frowns puzzled.*

Linda. —Ten. At what? 580

Johnny. —Anything I could get. Law, the last few years.

Linda. —Must be ambitious.

Johnny. [*Expels his breath in a long, tired jet*] I am.

Not for that, though.

Linda. For what, then? 585

Johnny. Oh—to live. Do you mind? [*There is a pause.*

Linda. What is it you've been doing?

Johnny. I don't call what I've been doing, living.

Linda. No? [*He shakes his head.*

Johnny. —A while ago you asked me if I knew any living 590
people. I know damn few.

Linda. There aren't but damn few.

Johnny. Well, I mean to be one of them some day.

Johnny's dream.

Linda. So do I. Linda's longing. 595

Johnny. There's a pair called Nick and Susan Potter—

Linda. So you know Nick and Susan?

Johnny. I should say I do.

Linda. So that's where I've heard your name. Aren't they grand? 600

Johnny. It seems to me they know just about everything. Maybe I'm wrong.

Linda. You're not, though.

Johnny. Life must be swell when you have some idea of what goes on, the way they do. 605

Linda. They get more fun out of nothing than anyone I know.

Johnny. You don't have such a bad time yourself, do you?

Linda. [*Leaning forward*] Case, are you drawing me out? [*JOHNNY laughs.* 610

Johnny. Sure! Come on!

Linda. Well, compared to the time I have, the last man in a chain-gang thoroughly enjoys himself.

Johnny. But how does that happen?

Linda. You tell me, and I'll give you a rosy red apple. 615

Johnny. It seems to me you've got everything.

Linda. Oh, it does, does it?

Johnny. What's the matter? Are you fed up?

Linda. —To the neck.—Now tell me about *your* operation. 620

Johnny. I had been ailing for years—I don't know—life seemed to have lost its savor—

Linda. Couldn't you do your housework?

Johnny. Every time I ran upstairs I got all rundown. [*LINDA laughs. JOHNNY leans forward*] You'd better 625
come on a party with Julia and me.

Linda. Any time you need an extra girl, give me a ring.

—When?

Johnny. How's Tuesday?

Linda. Splendid, thanks.—And how's Thursday? 630

Johnny. Blooming.

Linda. [*Reflectively*] —Looked badly the last time we met.

Johnny. —Just nerves, nothing but nerves.

Linda. [*A moment's pause. Then*] Do I seem to you 635
to complain a good deal?

Johnny. I hadn't noticed it.

Linda. Then I can let myself go a little: this is a hell of a
life, Case.

Johnny. [*Looks about him*] What do you mean? All this 640
luxury? All this—?

Linda. You took the words right of my mouth.

Johnny. Well, for that matter, so's mine.

Linda. What's the answer?

Johnny. Maybe you need some time off, too—I mean from 645
what you're doing, day in, day out—

Linda. Days out, please—years out—

Johnny. All right: take it. Take the time—

Linda. —And of course *that's* so easy.

Johnny. —It can be done. I intend to do it. I intend to 650
take quite a lot of it—when I'm not so busy just making
the wherewithal.

Linda. Case, you astonish me. I thought you were a Will-
ing Worker.

Johnny. I am, if I can get what I'm working for. 655

Linda. And what would that be?

Johnny. Mine is a simple story: I just want to save part
of my life for myself. There's a catch to it, though.
It's got to be part of the young part.

Linda. You'll never get on and up that way. 660

Johnny. All right, but I want *my* time while I'm young.
And let me tell you, the minute I get hold of just
about twenty nice round thousands, I'm going to
knock off for as long as they last, and——

Linda. Quit? 665

Johnny. Quit. Retire young, and work old. That's what
I want to do.

Linda. —Grand. Does Julia know about it?

Johnny. No—there's no use getting her hopes up until it
happens.—Don't tell her, will you? 670

Linda. She has enough of her own for two right now—
or ten, for that matter. Mother and Grandfather did
us pretty pretty.

Johnny. [*Shakes his head*] Thanks, but I've got to do
myself—only just pretty enough. 675

Linda. I see. That's foolish—but you're all right, Case.
You haven't been bitten with it yet—you haven't been
caught by it.

Johnny. By what?

Linda. [*So reverently*] The reverence for riches. 680

Johnny. [*Laughs*] You *are* a funny girl.

Linda. —Funny, am I? And what about you, you big stiff?

Johnny. [*Laughs, and rises*] —Just take Johnny's hand, and come into the Light, sister. [*JULIA enters. JOHNNY 685 turns to her*] Did you see him?

Julia. I saw him.

Linda. Julia! How was he?

Julia. I don't know yet.—Johnny, you go up to Ned's room. You haven't arrived yet. Take the elevator— 690
Father's coming down the stairs. Quick, will you?

Johnny. When do I arrive?

Julia. One o'clock. It's quarter to.

Johnny. This is getting a little complicated, if you ask me.

Julia. Nobody asked you. Go on! Do as you're told. 695

Johnny. [*Turns*] See here, you saucy—

Linda. [*Goes to the fireplace*] Go on, Case. Don't expect simplicity here—just think of our Fifth Avenue frontage. [*JOHNNY laughs and goes out. LINDA turns 700 to JULIA*] Tell me: was Father awful?

Julia. —The same old story, of course: I'm being married for my money.

Linda. That's always flattering.—But Case didn't know our foul secret, did he?

Julia. No. 705

Linda. Even if he had, what of it?—And what good's all this jack we've got anyway—unless to get us a superior type of husband?

Julia. I hate you to talk like that! I hate it!

Linda. Listen to me, Julia: I'm sore all the way through. 710
I've been sore for a long time now, ever since I really
saw how it—oh, never mind. Anyway, I don't doubt
that if Case *had* known he'd still be running. You're
in luck there.

Julia. You do like him, don't you? 715

Linda. She asks me if I like him!—My dear girl, do you
realize that life walked into this house this morning?
Marry him quick. Don't let him get away. And if
Father starts the usual—where *is* Big Business, any-
how? 720

Julia. He said he'd be right down.

Linda. Stand your ground, Julia. If you don't know your
own mind by now, you haven't got a mind. Name
your date and stick to it. I'm telling you.

Julia. [*Slowly*] I want Father to see that Johnny has the 725
selfsame qualities Grandfather had,—and that there's
no reason why he shouldn't arrive just where he did.

Linda. —If he wants to.

Julia. —Wants to! You don't know Johnny. You don't
know how far he's come already—and from what— 730

Linda. —Or where he's going.

Julia. I do! I know! I can see it clear as day! [*A mo-
ment. Then*] Linda—

Linda. What?

Julia. It'll be awful to leave you. 735

Linda. I don't know exactly what I'll do, when you go.
I've got to do something—get out—quit on it—change

somehow, or I'll go mad. I could curl up and die right now.

Julia. [*Touched*] Why, darling— 740

Linda. Why, my foot. I don't look sick, do I? [*She moves to the fireplace*] Oh, Lord, if I could only get warm in this barn! [*She crouches before the fire and holds her hands to it*] Never mind about me. I'll be all right. Look out for yourself. When Big Business 745 comes down, just watch you don't let him— [*The door opens. She looks over her shoulder and sees her Father*] But by a strange coincidence, here he is now.

Julia. Did you see Mr. Hobson, Father? 750

EDWARD SETON enters. *He is fifty-eight, large, nervous, distinguished. He wears a black morning coat, a white carnation in the buttonhole, and gray striped trousers. He takes nose glasses from his nose and folds them away in a silver case.*

Edward. Yes.—Of course, my dear, there is another thing to be considered: What is the young man's background? Is he the sort of person that—? Ah, good morning, Linda.

Linda. You saw me in church, Father. What's on your 755 mind? You look worried.

Edward. I presume Julia has told you her story?

Linda. Story? She told me the facts.

Edward. But we mustn't rush into things, must we? [*A glance passes between JULIA and LINDA.*] 760

Julia. [*Goes to him*] I want to be married on January tenth, Father. That's—that's just two weeks from Tuesday.

Edward. [*Moves to the table behind the sofa at Right, and begins to search through the newspapers*] Quite impossible. 765

Linda. Why?

Julia. Yes, why? I—I'm sure I couldn't stand a long engagement.

Edward. As yet, there is no engagement to stand.

Linda. The boy has loads of charm, Father. 770

Edward. [*Quickly*] You know him?

Linda. I've heard tell of him.

Edward. [*Tastes the word*] Charm.

Linda. —I suppose it's solid merit you're after. Well, the rumor is he's got that, too. Sterling chap, on the 775 whole. A catch in fact. [*NED wanders in and seats himself upon the sofa at Left, with a newspaper.*]

Julia. What did Mr. Hobson say, Father?

Edward. We must find out about the young man's background. 780

Julia. What did he say?

Edward. Have you the financial section of the *Times*, Ned?

Ned. No, I try to take Sundays off, when I can.

Edward. —Which reminds me: I should like you to make 785 a practice of remaining in the office until six o'clock.

Ned. Six!—What for?

Edward. As an example to the other men.

Ned. But there's nothing for me to do after three.

Edward. You will find something. 790

Ned. Look here, Father—if you think I'm going to fake
a lot of——

Edward. Did you understand me, Ned? [*A moment:*
NED loses.]

Ned. —Oh, all right. 795

Julia. What did Mr. Hobson say about Johnny, Father?

Edward. [*Settles himself upon the sofa with the financial
section, now happily found*] His report was not at all
unfavorable.

Linda. That must have been a blow. 800

Julia. —But what did he say?

Edward. We must find out more about the young man,
Julia. He seems to have some business ability—he has
put through what looks like a successful reorganiza-
tion of Seaboard Utilities. He holds some of the stock. 805

Ned. Seaboard! Poor fellow——

Edward. —Shrewd fellow, perhaps. Hobson says signs are
not unfavorable for Seaboard.—We'll buy some in the
morning, Ned.

Linda. Just another ill wind blowing money to Da-Da. 810

Edward. But we *must* know more about Mr. Chase's
background.

Julia. Case, Father, Case.

Linda. Let it go. Chase has such a sweet banking sound.

Julia. He's from Baltimore. 815

Linda. Fine old pre-war stock, I imagine.

Ned. Wasn't there a Judge Case somewhere?

Edward. We shall see. We shall take steps to—

Linda. Father, if you reach for a Social Register, I'll cry
out with pain. 820

Edward. [*With decision*]. Well, I most certainly intend
to know more about the young man than his name
and his birthplace.—He does not, of course, realize
that you have spoken to me, as yet?

Ned. Of course not. 825

Linda. Julia works fast, but not *that* fast, do you, Julia?

[*JULIA does not answer.*]

Edward. I propose not to allow the subject of an engage-
ment to come up in my first talk with him. I believe
I am competent to direct the conversation.— You and 830
Ned, Julia, may excuse yourselves on one pretext or
another. I should like you to stay, Linda.

Linda. I *knew* I should have learned shorthand. [*Edward
smiles. HENRY enters.*]

Edward. I shall trust your memory.—Yes, Henry? 835

Henry. Mr. Case wishes to be announced, sir.

Edward. Yes. [*HENRY goes out, closing the door after
him. EDWARD arranges his cuffs, and takes a firmer
seat in his chair.*]

Linda. —So does Mr. Case's engagement. I want to give a 840
party for it New Year's Eve, Father.

Julia. Wait a minute, dear—

Edward. [*Watching the doorway*] You may give a party

if you like, Linda, but whether to announce an engagement, we shall see— 845

Linda. —Another point about my party is that it's *my* party—mine.

Edward. Yes?

Linda. Yes—and as such, I'd like to run it. I can do quite well without your secretary this time, darling—and 850 without Seton's and Laura's helpful hints, I can do brilliantly.—There's someone at the door.

Ned. Keep a stiff upper lip, Father. No doubt the fellow is an imposter.

Edward. [*Laughs*] Oh, we shall learn many things this 855 morning! He is not the first young man to be interviewed by me.

Julia. Father—

Edward. Yes, daughter?

Julia. Remember: I know what I want. [*JOHNNY enters*] 860 Oh, here you are!

Johnny. Here I am.

Julia. Father, this is—Mr. Case. [*JOHNNY goes to EDWARD.*

They shake hands. NED rises.]

Edward. How do you do, Mr. Case? 865

Johnny. How do you do, sir?

Edward. —My daughter, Linda.

Linda. How do you do?

Johnny. How do you do?

Edward. And my son, Ned. 870

Johnny. How do you do?

Ned. I recall your face, but your figure puzzles me.

Edward. Julia, if you and Ned will do the telephoning I spoke of, Linda and I will try to entertain Mr. Case until the others come—won't we, Linda? 875

Linda. Sure. I'm game.

Julia. [*Moves toward the door*] —Coming, Ned?

Ned. [*Following her*] I wonder what'd we'd do without the telephone. [*They go out.*]

Edward. Sit down, Mr. Case. 880

Johnny. Thank you. [*He seats himself upon the bench, Left, and LINDA upon a small stool at the fireplace.*]

Edward. I presume, like all young people, you have the bad habit of smoking before luncheon?

Johnny. I'm afraid I have. 885

Edward. —A cigar?

Johnny. Not right now, thank you.

Edward. [*Lets himself down into a sofa*] We've been quite at the mercy of the snow these days, haven't we?

Johnny. It doesn't seem much after Placid. 890

Edward. Placid—ah, yes! My daughter Julia has just come from there.

Johnny. I know.

Edward. [*A brief pause. Then*] —You are in business in New York, Mr. Case? 895

Johnny. Yes, I'm in the Law. I'm with Sloan, Hobson.

Edward. An excellent firm.—And a born New Yorker?

Johnny. No. I was born in Baltimore.—In eighteen ninety-seven. July sixth. I'm thirty.

Edward. Baltimore—I used to have many friends in Baltimore.—The Whites—the Clarence Whites—Possibly you knew them.

Johnny. No, I don't believe I ever did.

Edward. —And then there was Archie Fuller's family—

Johnny. I'm afraid not. 905

Edward. —And let me see now—Colonel Evans—old Philip Evans—

Johnny. Nope. [*There is a silence. Then*] I haven't been there in some years. And I shouldn't be likely to know them, anyway. My mother and father died when I 910 was quite young. My father had a small grocery store in Baltimore, which he was never able to make a go of. He left a number of debts which my mother worked very hard to clear up. I was the only child, and I wasn't in a position to help very much. She died 915 the May before my sixteenth birthday. [*LINDA is listening with growing interest.*]

Edward. But how sad.

Johnny. It *was* pretty sad.—I hadn't any connections, except for an uncle who's in the roofing business in Wil- 920 mington. He wasn't much good, though—he was inclined to get drunk—still is—

Linda. We have an uncle like that, but he keeps off roofs.

Johnny. [*Smiles at her, and continues*] —But I was what's called a bright boy, and I managed to wangle a 925 couple of scholarships. They helped a good deal in school and college, and there were always plenty of

ways to make up the difference. In term-time I usually
ran eating-joints and typed lecture notes. In summers
I sold aluminum pots and pans—

930

Edward. [*Weakly*] Linda! Are you there, Linda?

Linda. Yes, Father.

Johnny. —Or worked in a factory or on a newspaper.

Once I got myself engaged as a tutor. That was
pretty unpleasant. Then there were department stores 935
at Christmas and florists at Easter. During law school
I slept all night on a couch in a doctor's office, and got
fifteen a week for it. That was soft.

Edward. [*It is all he can say*] Admirable!

Johnny. No—it simply happened to be the only way to 940
get through. [*A brief pause. Then*] Anything else,
sir?

Edward. I beg your pardon?

Linda. [*Rises*] I should think you would.

Johnny. —Is there anything more I can tell you about my- 945
self?

Edward. Why, uh—that is to say, uh— [*He flounders
and stops. A moment, then JOHNNY moves toward
him.*]

Johnny. Well, Mr. Seton, how about it?

950

Edward. About it? About what?

Johnny. Julia and me.

Edward. You and Julia? I'm afraid I—

Johnny. —About our getting married.

Edward. [*There is a silence. Then*] This is a complete 955

surprise, Mr. Case. I don't know quite what to say to you.

Johnny. [*Smiles*] "Yes" would be pleasant.

Edward. I am sure it would. However, we must go into it rather more carefully, I am afraid. 960

Johnny. The only difficulty is the time. Julia's idea is January tenth. It's mine, too.

Edward. We shall see about that.

Johnny. May I ask *how* we shall see, sir?

Edward. Mr. Case, I do not know you at all. 965

Johnny. I'll give you every opportunity you permit me.

How's lunch tomorrow?

Edward. Tomorrow I have several——

Johnny. —Tuesday?

Edward. [*Hesitates*] Will you meet me at the Bankers' Club at one on Friday? 970

Johnny. I'm terribly sorry, but Friday's out. I've got to go to Boston on business.—Better make it tomorrow. [*A*

moment. NED and JULIA re-enter. Then EDWARD speaks, hastily:] 975

Edward. —Very well. I shall arrange my appointments. Ah, Ned, Julia—and what do you suppose can be keeping the Crams? [*But JOHNNY cuts in before they can reply.*]

Johnny. —Thank you. In the meantime, I think Mr. Hobson or Mr. Sloan might say a good word for me. I'm nobody at all, as things go. But I'm quite decent and fairly civilized, and I love your daughter very much— 980

which isn't a bit hard. She seems to like me quite a lot too, and that's about all that can be said for me— 985 except that I think we've a simply grand chance to be awfully happy.—What do *you* say, Julia?

Julia. Oh, so do I!

Linda. Come on, Father, be an angel. *I* think he's a very good number. 990

Edward. I am afraid it is too important a matter to be decided off-hand.

Julia. But I want to be married on the——

Edward. [*With sudden sharpness*] You will be married, Julia, when I have reached a favorable decision—and 995 upon a day which I will name.

Julia. I—our plan was—the tenth, and sail that night on——

Edward. The tenth is out of the question.

Julia. Oh, but Father——! I—— 1000

Edward. —And we shall let it rest at that, for the moment.

Linda. But you'll come round, Father! I have a swell hunch you'll come round. Oh, Lordy, Lordy, what fun! Let's all join hands and—— [*Voices are heard* 1005 *from the hall.*]

Edward. Seton?—Laura?—Is that you I hear?

Linda. You bet it is.—Let's *not* join hands.

SETON CRAM and his wife, LAURA, enter. SETON is thirty-six, somewhat bald, inclined to a waistline, but well turned out in a morning coat, striped trousers and spats. LAURA is

thirty-two, a shade taller than SETON, with a rather handsome, rather disagreeable face. She is as smartly dressed as a poor figure will allow.

Seton. Hello, hello!

Edward. —How are you, young man? 1010

Seton. Blooming, thanks. We walked all the way up.
[*They shake hands with EDWARD.*]

Laura. I do hope we're not late, Uncle Ned.

Edward. No, indeed!

Linda. You're early. 1015

Laura. Julia, my dear, you're back. [*She kisses her and then bears down upon LINDA*] And Linda! How simply stunning!

Linda. [*Wards off the impending kiss*] Careful, Laura
—I've got the most terrible cold. 1020

Laura. [*Returning*] But I never saw you looking better!
—Hello, Ned.

Ned. Hello.

Edward. This is—uh—Mr. Case—my nephew, Mr. Cram,
and Mrs. Cram. [*LAURA inclines her head.* 1025

Seton. How do you do?

Johnny. How do you do? [*NED edges away from LAURA.*
EDWARD, still stunned, stares in front of himself.]

Laura. —Isn't it horrid how chapped one's hands get
this weather? I don't know *what* to do. How was 1030
Placid, Julia?—You must have had *such* a divine
time. Were there loads of amusing people there?—
And lots of beaux, too— Oh, you needn't deny it!—

We know Julia, don't we, Seton?—And you, Linda—
—we haven't seen *you* for ages—— [*She seats herself upon the bench at Right*] —Now sit right down and
tell us *everything* you've been doing. 1035

Linda. Well, take the average day: I get up about eight-
thirty, bathe, dress, and have my coffee. —Aren't you
going to brush up before lunch, Ned? 1040

Ned. —Would you care to brush up before lunch, Case?

Johnny. I think I shall, if I may. [*He follows NED to the door.*]

Linda. —Julia?

Julia. I'm all right, thanks. 1045

Linda. But look at *me*, will you! [*She moves quickly across the room after NED and JOHNNY, flecking imaginary dust from her dress as she goes*] —Simply
covered with dust!—Wait, boys!

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

SCENE: *The Playroom on the top floor is a long and spacious low-ceilinged room with white woodwork and pale blue walls upon which are lightly traced story-book designs in silver, white and green.*

At Right and Left there are two windows with window seats below them, curtained in a white-starred cretonne of a deeper blue than the walls.

The only entrance is from the hall at Back.

At Right there is a low platform for horizontal bars and a punching-bag, above which a pair of trapezes swing from the ceiling. At present they are tied up. Against the back wall behind them is a glass cabinet containing a collection of old toys, arranged on shelves in orderly rows.

Also at Right is a table, with tablecloth spread, and four small chairs. Against the back wall at Left is an old-fashioned music-box, and in the corner near it a small electric gramophone. Also at Left is a low couch and a table, a miniature easy-chair and a folding cushion.

TIME: *New Year's Eve, this year.*

AT RISE: *The Playroom is empty, and lit only by a pale night glow from the windows. A moment, then JULIA opens the door, and calls:*

Julia. Linda! [*There is no answer. Dance music is heard from downstairs*] She isn't here.

Ned. [*Reaches past her to an electric button and lights the room*] I didn't say she was. All I said was it's where she comes, as a rule, when she finds herself in a jam. [*They come into the room. Both are in evening clothes. In one hand NED carries two whisky and sodas. He puts one glass on the table and retains the other.*] 5

Julia. I don't believe she's in the house. 10

Ned. [*Takes a swallow of his drink*] Maybe not.

Julia. I told them all at dinner that she had a blinding headache, but expected to come down later.

Ned. That's as good as anything.— [*And another swallow*] Let's get out of here. This room gives me a funny feeling. 15

Julia. Wait a minute.—You know how furious Father was when she wasn't there for dinner— [*She goes and shuts the door, closing out the music*] What can we do, Ned? 20

Ned. Search me.

Julia. [*She moves to a chair and seats herself*] But it's her party!

Ned. Don't make me laugh, Julia. It was, maybe, until you and Father took it over. 25

Julia. I did?

Ned. You stood by and saw it done. Then the Crams got hold of it. Among you, you asked the whole list—

which was just what Linda didn't want. You threw out the team of dancers she'd engaged for supper, and got in that troupe of Scotch Song-birds. You let Farley, with his Flower Fancies, turn it into a house of mourning. Among you, you made Linda's funny little bust into a first-class funeral. I can't say I blame her, no. However [*He raises his glass*] drink to Linda. 35

Julia. Well, I do! She should have realized that Father couldn't announce my engagement without *some* fuss.

Ned. She should have, yes. But unlike me, Linda always hopes. [*Again his glass is raised*] Bottoms up to Linda. 40

Julia. Don't, Ned.

Ned. Don't what?

Julia. You've been drinking steadily since eight o'clock.

Ned. Yes?—Funny old Ned. On New Year's Eve, too. 45
[*He drains his glass and takes up the other.*]

Julia. Will you kindly stop it?

Ned. Darling sister, I shall drink as much as I like at any party I agree to attend. [*She turns from him with an exclamation*] And as much as I like is as much as I can hold. It's my protection against your tiresome friends. Linda's out of luck, she hasn't one. 50

Johnny. [*Comes in. Music and voices are heard from downstairs*] Believe it or not, I've been talking politics with an Admiral. [*He looks about him*] What a nice room! 55

Ned. It's too full of ghosts for me. It gives me the creeps.

Julia. She isn't here, Johnny.

Johnny. Linda?

Julia. Yes, of course.

60

Johnny. Did you expect she would be?

Julia. Ned thought so.

Ned. Ned was wrong.

HENRY and CHARLES enter. HENRY carries table linen and silver and a tray of plates and glasses; CHARLES a pail of ice containing two bottles of champagne and a plate of sandwiches. They go to the table.

Julia. Isn't there room for everyone downstairs, Henry?

Henry. Miss Linda telephoned to serve supper here for 65
six at half-past eleven, Miss.

Ned. Ned was right.

Julia. From where did she telephone, do you know?

Henry. She didn't say, Miss. *[There is a pause. HENRY
and CHARLES proceed to set the table.]* 70

Johnny. *[To Julia]* I think I know where she is, if that's
any help.

Julia. You? Where—?

Johnny. With Nick and Susan Potter.

Julia. What's she doing with them?

75

Johnny. Dining, I imagine.

Ned. It's eleven-twenty now.

Julia. Where did you get your information, Johnny?

Johnny. I met her coming in this afternoon. She said she

wouldn't stay in the house tonight. Apparently it 80
meant more to her than anyone thought.

Ned. Not than I thought. I warned Father.

Johnny. It was no use talking to her. She was going out
to dine somewhere by herself. I knew that Nick and
Susan were having Pete Jessup and Mary Hedges, so 85
I telephoned Susan and asked her to ask Linda, too.

Julia. I wish you had spoken to me first.

Johnny. Why?

Julia. People like that aren't good for Linda.

Johnny. [*Looks at her for a moment, puzzled, and then* 90
laughs] What are you talking about, Julia?

Julia. They make her even more discontented than she is.
Heavens knows why, but they do.

Ned. Apparently she's bringing them back with her.

[*HENRY and CHARLES go out, closing the door after* 95
them.]

Julia. Well, they certainly can't expect to have supper up
here by themselves.

Ned. No? Why not?

Julia. They simply can't, that's all. 100

Ned. What is this conspiracy against Linda, anyway?

Are you all afraid she might cause a good time here,
for once—and if she did, the walls might fall down?

Is that it? [*JULIA does not reply. JOHNNY seats himself*
near her.] 105

Johnny. I do love this room, don't you, Julia?

Julia. [*Briefly*] Yes.—It was Mother's idea for us.

Johnny. She must have been sweet.

Julia. She was.

Ned. —Father wanted a big family, you know. So she 110
had Julia straight off, to oblige him. But Julia was a
girl, so she promptly had Linda. But Linda was a girl
—it looked hopeless. [*His voice rises*] —So the next
year she had me, and there was much joy in the land.
—It was a boy, and the fair name of Seton would 115
flourish. [*JULIA looks at him in alarm*] —It must
have been a great consolation to Father. Drink to
Mother, Johnny—she tried to be a Seton for a while,
then gave up and died.—Drink to Mother—

Johnny. [*Laughs uneasily*] You're talking through your 120
hat, Ned.

Ned. But I'm not.

Julia. [*To JOHNNY*] Can't you possibly persuade him that
he's had enough?

Ned. It's all right, Julia: you heard what I said.—There's 125
a bar in my room, if you want anything, Johnny. Tell
as many of the men as you think need it. It's all very
pleasant and hole-in-the-wall like everything else that's
any relief in this house.—Drink to Father. [*He drains
his glass, sets it down upon a table, turns on his heel 130
and goes out, closing the door after him.*]

Julia. We must do something about them—we must,
Johnny!

Johnny. —Him and Linda.

Julia. Yes, yes!

Johnny. I don't see what.—It seems a lot more goes on inside them than we've any idea. Linda must be at the end of some rope or other. As for Ned——

Julia. He always does this—always——

Johnny. [*Rises*] He began some time.—I'll keep an eye 140 on him, though, and if he stops making sense I'll get him to bed somehow.

Julia. —And Linda's got to bring her friends downstairs. —People know there's something wrong, now—they must know.—She's simply *got* to!

145

Johnny. All right, darling. Only——

Julia. Only what——

Johnny. —Do try to enjoy tonight, won't you?

Julia. But I am, Johnny. I thing it's a lovely party!

Johnny. Then how about getting that frown from between your eyes and not feeling personally responsible 150 for three hundred guests, and a brother and sister?

Julia. —Someone's got to be.

Johnny. —Let your Father, then.

Julia. Poor man. Reporters have been after him all day 155 long.

Johnny. Me, too. I've never felt so important.

Julia. I hope you didn't talk.

Johnny. I just asked for offers for the story of how I wooed and won you. Farm Boy Weds Heiress as 160 Blizzard Grips City.

Julia. [*Laughs*] What *did* you say?

Johnny. I didn't see them.

Julia. That's right. Father was awfully anxious that nothing be added to what he sent in—except, of course, 165 what they're bound to add themselves.

Johnny. Evidently it's a good deal.

Julia. Well, that we can't help.

Johnny. The French Line wrote me. They want to give us a suite, in place of the cabin. 170

Julia. I doubt if we ought to accept it.

Johnny. No? Why not?

Julia. I think it might not look so well. I'll ask Father.

Johnny. [*A brief pause. Then*] Perhaps we oughtn't to go abroad at all. Perhaps *that's* too great an evidence 175 of wealth.

Julia. Now, Johnny—

Johnny. —But we're going, my dear, and in the most comfortable quarters they choose to provide.

Julia. What a curious tone for you to take. [*He looks at her in amazement, then laughs genuinely.*] 180

Johnny. Julia, don't be ridiculous! "Tone to take." [*She turns from him*] —We may be suddenly and unexpectedly important to the world, but I don't see that we're quite important enough to bend over backwards. 185

Julia. [*A silence. Then*] Of course, I'll do whatever you like about it.

Johnny. It would be nice if you'd like it too.

Julia. [*She returns to him*] And I'll like it too, Johnny.
[*He bends and kisses her lightly.*] 190

Johnny. —Sweet. [*He takes her by the hand and draws*

her toward the door] —Come on, let's go below and break into a gavotte.

Julia. [*Stops*] —Do something for me, will you?

Johnny. Sure.

195

Julia. —Stay here till Linda arrives, then make her come down. I can't wait. *Some female member of the household's got to be around, if it's only the cook.*

Johnny. —I'll *ask* her to come down.

Julia. Insist on it!

200

Johnny. Well, I'll do whatever a gent can in the circumstances.

Julia. You're *so* irritating! Honestly, I hate the sight of you.

Johnny. Julia—

205

Julia. I know. It's hopeless. [*She goes to the door, opens it, then turns to him again. Laughter is heard from downstairs*] Do as you like—I love you very much.

Johnny. —You get through that door quick and close it after you, or you won't get out at all.

210

Julia. —Just to look at you makes my spine feel like—feel like— [*He moves swiftly toward her, but finds the door closed. He stands for a moment staring at it, transfixed, then pulls it open, calling "Darling!"—But instead of JULIA, he finds NICK POTTER.*]

215

Nick. Hey! What is this?

Johnny. Nick! [*Nick moves away from him, scowling, and straightening his coat. He is about thirty-four, with an attractive, amusing face.*]

Nick. —Get fresh with me, and I'll knock your block off. 220

[*He sees the champagne and goes to it*] What have we here—some kind of a grape beverage?

Johnny. Mumm's the word.—Where's Susan?

Nick. Coming.—I hear you're engaged. Many happy returns. Is it announced yet? 225

Johnny. Thanks.—No, it's to come with a roll of drums at midnight—"A lady has lost a diamond and platinum wrist watch."

Nick. —With that gifted entertainer, Mr. Edward Seton, at the microphone— 230

Johnny. That's the plan.

Nick. I heard about his work with this party.—He has the true ashman's touch, that man.

Johnny. He's been all right to me.

Nick. Oh, sure—he believes you're a comer. That's what 235 won him over so quickly—the same stuff as Grandpa Seton himself—up-from-nothing—hew to the line—eat yeast. Me—of course I'm God's great social menace because I never got out and did Big Things.

Johnny. I really like him. I like him a lot. 240

Nick. Keep your men on him, though. Don't relax your vigilance. [*He is opening the bottles and filling the glasses. Music and voices are heard through the open door.*]

Johnny. —You think, for instance, that if I should quit 245 business—

Nick. Just try it once. Why, he'd come down on you like
Grant took Bourbon.

Johnny. You've got him all wrong, Nick.

Nick. Maybe.—Anyhow, you're not really thinking of it, 250
are you?

Johnny. [*Goes to the couch*] I am, you know!

Nick. On what, may I ask?

Johnny. Well, I've got a nice little mess of common stock
that's begun to move about two years before I thought 255
it would. And if it goes where I think it will—

Nick. —Haven't you and Julia a pretty good life ahead as
it is, Johnny?

Johnny. You and Susan have a better one.

Nick. Listen, baby—I don't think I'd try any enlightened 260
living stuff on this family. They wouldn't know what
you were talking about.

Johnny. Julia would.

Nick. —Might. But the old man's a terror, Johnny. Hon-
estly—you don't *know*. 265

Johnny. Enough of your jibes, Potter. You answer to me
for your slurs on a Seton.

Nick. [*Moves toward him*] —Seats on a Slurton—I want
to get three seats on a Slurton for Tuesday night.
[—*And confronts him with an empty bottle*] Go on, 270
hit me, why don't you? Just hit me. Take off your
glasses—[*And returns to the table*] —I was dragged
against my will to this function. And somehow I don't
seem to so well.

Johnny. What? 275

Nick. —Function.

LINDA and SUSAN enter. SUSAN is thirty, smart and attractive.

She goes straight to JOHNNY and kisses him.

Susan. Cheers from me, Johnny.

Johnny. Thanks, Susan.

Susan and Nick. [Together] We only hope that you will

be as happy as we have been. 280

LINDA closes the door. Voices and music cease to be heard.

NICK continues to fill the glasses.

Johnny. [To LINDA] What did you do with Pete and

Mary?

Linda. They're coming in a heated barouche.

Johnny. Linda, I'm to inform you that there's another 285

party going on in the house.

Linda. You mean that low-class dance hall downstairs?

[She moves toward NICK] Don't speak of it.

[NICK gives her a glass of wine, and then one to SUSAN.]

Nick. Here, Pearl, wet your pretty whistle with this.

[NICK and JOHNNY take glasses. SUSAN raises hers.]

Susan. To Johnny and his Julia.

290

Johnny. Julia—

[They drink. LINDA seats herself in a chair near the table.]

Susan. Merry Christmas, from Dan to Beersheba.

Nick. [Examining the table] —Only sandwiches? What

a house!

295

Linda. There's solid food on the way.

Nick. I'll trade twenty marbles and a jack-knife for the carcass of one chicken, in good repair.

Linda. You should have been with us, Johnny. Not one word of sense was spoken from eight to eleven. 300

Susan. —When Linda got homesick.

Linda. I'm a die-hard about this evening and this room.

I only hope nobody else wanders in.

[JOHNNY seats himself near LINDA.]

Nick. I tell you who'd be fun.

Linda. Who? 305

Nick. Seton and Laura.

Linda. They wouldn't stay long.—You see those trapezes?

Nick. Yes?

Linda. Time was when Seton and I used to swing from them by our knees, and spit at each other. 310

Nick. Great!

Linda. I'm happy to say now, I rarely missed.

Johnny. But aren't we going downstairs?

Linda. No, Angel, we're not.

Nick. It's grand here. It takes sixty years off these old 315 shoulders. [*He looks at his watch*] Eleven-forty.—Doctor Stork's on the way, dears, with Little Baby New Year.

[*He goes and seats himself with JOHNNY and LINDA.*]

Linda. I wish someone would tell me what I'm to do next year—and the year after—and the year after that— 320

Susan. What you need is a husband, Linda.

[*She joins the group.*]

Linda. Have you got any addresses?

Susan. He'll arrive. I only hope you'll know how to act when he does.

Linda. Well, I won't take No for an answer. 325

Nick. Don't you do it.

Linda. And in the meanwhile what? Hot-foot it around the world with a maid and a dog? Lie on one beach after another, getting brown?

Nick. Oo, I *love* to play in the sand. 330

Susan. [*To LINDA*] You just won't stay put, will you, child?

Linda. And grow up to be a committee-woman and sit on Boards? Excuse me, Susan, but from now on any charity work *I* do will be for the rich. They need it 335 more.

NICK, SUSAN and JOHNNY are eating sandwiches and sipping their wine.

Nick. Now look, Linda—let me tell you about yourself, will you?

Linda. Go ahead.

Nick. There's more of your grandfather in you than you 340 think.

Linda. Boo.

Nick. There is, though. He wasn't satisfied with the life he was born into, so he made one for himself. Now, you don't like *his* five-story log cabin so you're out in 345 the woods again with your own little hatchet.

Susan. The Little Pioneer, with Linda Seton.

Johnny. Linda's off on the wrong foot, though. She's headed up the fun-alley. She thinks having fun is the whole answer to life. 350

Linda. I do?

Johnny. You do.—Me—it's not just entertainment *I'm* after—oh, no—I want all of it—inside, outside—smooth and rough—let 'er come!

Nick. You're right, too.—Life's a grand little ride, if 355 you take it yourself.

Johnny. And no good at all if someone else takes you on it. Damn it, there's *no* life any good but the one you make for yourself.

Susan. [*A protest*] Hey, hey— 360

Johnny. —Except yours and Nick's, maybe.

Linda. But they *have* made theirs!—Haven't you, Susan?

Susan. About half-and-half, I should say. I don't know quite what we'd do if we had to earn our own living.

Nick. Earn it.—Is it settled about the wedding, Johnny? 365

Johnny. The twelfth—a week from Friday.

Linda. Why not the tenth?

Johnny. Your father had a corporation meeting.—Ushers' dinner on Monday, Nick.

Nick. [*To SUSAN*] Don't wait lunch for me Tuesday. 370

Susan. Just come as you are.—Oh, I gave a scream.

Linda. What's the matter?

Susan. [*To JOHNNY*] —Then you've put off your sailing, too?

Johnny. We had to. 375

Susan. Don't tell me it's the *Paris* now?

Johnny. Yes. Why?

Susan. But we changed ours from the tenth to the *Paris*
so as not to bump into your wedding trip!

Nick. Well, we'll change back again. 380

Johnny. Don't think of it. It'll be great fun.

Linda. Guess what *I* did in a wild moment this morn-
ing—

Nick. What?

Linda. —Had my passport renewed—and Ned's. I want 385
to get him away.

Susan. You're sailing then too?—It's a field-day!

Linda. No—not till a week or so after.

Johnny. Come along with us, Linda. It'd be grand. We'd
own the boat. 390

Linda. You'll have had plenty of family by then, little
man. We'll join up later.

Johnny. How long do you plan to stay over, Nick?

Nick. Oh—June—August—September—like the dirty
loafers we are. 395

Linda. Loafers nothing!

Johnny. You've got the life, you two.

Linda. Haven't they? [*To SUSAN*] You know, you've
always seemed to me the rightest, wisest, happiest peo-
ple ever I've known. 400

Susan. Why, Linda, thanks!

Linda. You're my one real hope in the world.

Johnny. Mine, too.

Susan. Well, when we're with a pair like you—shall I
say it, Nick?

405

Nick. Just let them look at us: Beam, darling—

Susan. [*Beams*] —The Beaming Potters.

Nick. —In ten minutes of clean fun—

Nick and Susan. [*Together*] We hope you'll like us! [*Then:*

Nick. —And what about you, Johnny? How long will
you and Julia be there?

[*A moment.* JOHNNY smiles. *Then:*

Johnny. Well—maybe indefinitely.

Linda. How do you mean? Julia said March.

Johnny. Julia doesn't know yet.

Linda. Johnny, what *is* this? !

415

Johnny. Well, some stock that I got at about eight was kind
enough to touch fifteen today. And if a deal I think's
going through does go through, it'll do twice that.

Susan. [*Puzzled*] I must be dumb, but—

Johnny. Friends, there's a very fair chance I'll quit busi-
ness next Saturday.

Linda. Johnny!

Nick. For good?

Johnny. For as long as it lasts.

Susan. As what lasts? Have you made some money? 425

Johnny. I think I shall have, by Saturday.

Susan. Good boy!

Linda. Oh, very good boy!

Nick. —And Julia doesn't know your little plan?

Johnny. I haven't breathed a word of it to her. I wanted 430

to be sure first. It all depends on what a Boston crowd called Bay State Power does about it. I'll know that Monday.

Linda. They'll do it! I don't know what it is, but I know they'll do it! Oh, Lord, am I happy! [*A moment.* 435 *then*] But, Johnny—

Johnny. What?

Linda. I'm scared.

Johnny. Of what?

Linda. Listen to me a moment: Father and Julia— 440
[*She stops, as SETON and LAURA appear in the doorway, and exclaims in disgust*] My God, it's Winnie-the-Pooh

[*JOHNNY and NICK rise. LAURA gazes about her.*

Laura. But isn't this lovely!

Seton. Well, well, so here you are! 445
[*He comes in the room. LAURA follows.*

Nick. So we are.

Seton. Hello, Nick.—Hello, Susan!

Nick. How are you?

Laura. [*To SUSAN*]. My dear, what fun! We simply never meet any more. 450

Susan. —Just a pair of parallel lines, I expect.

Laura. I must say you're a picture, Susan.

Susan. [*Rises and goes to the couch*] —Madame is in a tin bed-jacket, by Hammacher-Schlemmer.

Laura. May we sit down a minute? 455
[*She seats herself in NICK's chair.*

Linda. Why not?

Laura. I've never been up here. It's awfully pleasant.

Linda. We like it.

Nick. Of course, it's rather far from the carline—

Susan. And the water isn't all it might be— 460

Nick and Susan. [*Together*] —But *we* like it!

Johnny. Don't change it, friends. It's the poor man's club.

Laura. What on earth are you all talking about?

Linda. [*Rises and goes to the table*] Oh, just banter— 465
airy nothings—give and take—

Nick. It's our defense against the ashman's touch.

Laura. I *love* the decorations.

Linda. They *love* to be loved.

Laura. I'm afraid I don't follow you. You're not all tight, 470
are you?

Linda. On the continent, dear, on the continent.

Nick. We have a very high boiling-point.

Seton. [*Leans over and plucks JOHNNY's sleeve*] You old
fox, you. 475

Johnny. Yes? How's that?

Seton. Sam Hobson's downstairs. He's just been telling
me about your little haul in Seaboard. You might
have let your friends in on it.

Johnny. There's still time. Climb aboard if you like. 480

Seton. I have already.—Do you know there's an order in
our office to buy sixty thousand shares for Ross, of Bay
State Power, all the way up to thirty?

Johnny. [*Quickly*] Are you sure of that?

Seton. I took the order myself.

485

Johnny. Then that cinches it.

Susan. Is it a real killing, Johnny?

Johnny. For me it is!

Seton. [*Impressively*] —Just thirty or forty thousand,
that's all.

490

Susan. —No odd cents?

Linda. Johnny—Johnny—

Nick. Let this be a lesson to you, young man.

Seton. —Anyone mind if I talk a little business?—The
impression in our part of town is, it's you who put
Seaboard on the map.

Johnny. I wouldn't go so far as that.

Seton. Ross said so himself.—Look here: we'd damn well
like to have you with us, in Pritchard, Ames.

Johnny. Thanks, I've heard about that.

500

Seton. The Chief's told you already?

Johnny. I saw him this afternoon.

Seton. [*To Nick*] To begin at twice what he gets
now—and probably a directorship in Seaboard, to
boot.

505

Nick. Well, well—to boot, eh?

Seton. [*To Johnny*] I hope you said yes.

Johnny. I told him I'd let him know.

Seton. Believe me when I tell you the first fifty thousand
is the hardest.—It's plain sailing after that.

510

Linda. [*Suddenly*] Look out, Johnny!

Seton. —In two years we'll make your forty thousand, eighty—in five, two hundred.

Nick. [*Edges over to JOHNNY*] Lend a fellow a dime for a cup of coffee, mister?

515

[*JOHNNY laughs.*]

Seton. Well, how about it?

Johnny. I'll let him know.

Seton. You couldn't do better than to come with us—not possibly.

Johnny. [*Rises and puts his glass on the table*] It's aw- 520
fully nice of you, it really is.

Linda. Look out, look out!

Johnny. Don't worry, Linda.

Seton. —Just let me give you a brief outline of the possibilities—

525

Linda. That will do for business tonight, Seton.

Seton. I just want to tell Johnny—

Linda. It's enough, really.

Seton. [*Laughs, and rises*] You're the hostess!—Then let's all go downstairs and celebrate, shall we?

530

Laura. [*Rises*] Yes, let's.—It's such a wonderful party.

Linda. I'm not going downstairs.

Seton. Oh, come along, Linda—don't be foolish.

Laura. Do come, dear. Your father said to tell you he—

Linda. Yes—I thought so.—But I'm not going down- 535
stairs.

Nick. [*Moves away from them to the other side of the*

room] Where's the old music-box we used to play,
Linda?

Linda. Over there—but I've got something better— 540

[*She goes to the gramophone in the corner*] Listen—
it's electric—it'll melt your heart with its—

Nick. Take it away.

SUSAN rises. SETON and LAURA move toward the door.

Susan. Nick—you wouldn't go whimsical on us!

Nick. Oh, God, for the old scenes—the old times— 545

Seton. It's a quarter to twelve now, you know—

Nick. [*Is examining the music-box*] Welcome, little New
Year—

Laura. Linda. I really think that—

Linda. I know, Laura. 550

Nick. [*Reads the music-box's repertory from a
card*] "Sweet Marie"—"Fatal Wedding"—"Southern
Roses"—

Susan. —And *this* is the way they used to dance when
Grandmamma was a girl. 555

Nick. [*Covers his eyes, and gulps*] Don't. My old eyes
can scarcely see for the tears.

Laura. You're all absolutely mad.

HENRY and CHARLES enter, with a chafing-dish and a platter
of cold meats. A chorus of male voices is heard from
downstairs.

Susan. Heavens, what would that be?

Linda. It's the Scottish Singers, the little dears— 560
[*She is watching JOHNNY.*]

Nick. I wouldn't have come if I'd known the Campbells
were coming—

CHARLES *closes the door*. LINDA *starts a loud new dance-record
on the gramophone*.

Seton. [*Angrily*] What do you think this gets you, any-
way?

Linda. Peace and quiet! 565

Nick. [*Huddles himself in his arms*] What a night!
What a night!

Susan. What Nick really wants is some nice beer to cry
into.

Linda. Will everybody please stop sobbing! Stop it!— 570
Take some wine, will you, Case?

Johnny. Thanks.

Linda. [*Intensely*] If you weaken now—!

Johnny. I never felt stronger.

Linda. [*Turns to SUSAN*] Peter and Mary—they couldn't 575
have ditched us, could they?

Susan. Oh, no, they'll be along—

Nick. Eleven forty-seven—what *can* be keeping old
Doctor Stork?

HENRY and CHARLES, *having placed the platter and chafing-
dish upon the table, go out*.

Laura. [*At the door*] Linda—really—people are begin- 580
ning to wonder a little—

Linda. I am *not* going downstairs.

Laura. [*Laughs unpleasantly*] Well, of course, if—

Linda. But I wouldn't dream of keeping anyone who wants to—

585

Laura. [*Stares a moment, then turns to SETON*] Apparently we aren't welcome here.

Seton. I gathered that some time ago.—Linda, I think your conduct toward your guests tonight is outrageous.

590

Laura. And so do I.

Linda. I imagined that was what brought you up, you sweet things.

Seton. If you ask me, it's one of the worst cases of downright rudeness I've ever seen.

595

Linda. And has someone asked you?

Laura. —When a girl invites three hundred people to her house, and then proceeds to—

Linda. I invited six people—three of whom you see before you. The others came on someone else's say-so—yours 600 and Father's, I believe.

Laura. Perhaps we'd better go home, Seton.

Linda. Oh, you're here now. Stay, if you like. I'd prefer it, however, if you'd do your commenting on my behavior not to my face, but behind my back as 605 usual—

Laura. [*Opens the door*] Come, Seton—

[*She goes out, with all the hauteur she can command.*]

Seton. [*To LINDA*] When I think of the—

Linda. —Before you go, you wouldn't care to swing on the old trapeze a while, would you—? [*He stares.* 610

She turns away] I suppose not. [SETON goes out, closing the door after him. LINDA moves toward the table] Oh, the cheek, the cheek!

NICK. Some day they'll draw themselves up like that and won't be able to get down again. [He goes to 615
JOHNNY] Well, Johnny—!

JOHNNY. [At the table] Lord, it's the grandest feeling—
Oh, wait till Julia hears! On tonight of all nights,
too! What a break that is! 620

LINDA. I've never been so happy for anyone in my life

NICK. Go to it, boy!

JOHNNY. Oh, won't I? Watch me! [Then] —Where'll
we spend the Spring?—Let's all spend the Spring
together! 625

NICK. What do you say, Susan? Do you think we could
stand them?

SUSAN. There'll always be a curse and a blow for you with
us, Johnny.

LINDA. Can I come? Please, can I come, too—? 630
[She trots in among them.]

NICK. Don't leave us, darling. We want you. We need
you.

SUSAN joins them. She sits at the end of the table, opposite
NICK, and JOHNNY and LINDA behind it, facing the front.
JOHNNY refills the glasses and SUSAN and LINDA serve the
food.

SUSAN. How about the south of France?

JOHNNY. Why not?

Linda. No, no—the air reeks of roses and the nightin- 635
gales make the nights hideous.

Johnny. [*Overcome*] Don't—don't—

[*He gives each of them a glass of wine.*]

Nick. [*A suggestion*] If we went to Norway, we could
all paint a house at midnight.

Johnny. Norway's out. It's got to be some place you can 640
swim all day long.—You know, it's just dawned on
me that I've never swum enough. That's one of the
things I want to do: *swim*.

Nick. [*Rises and leans upon the table*] Young man, in
the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word. 645
Swimming is for idlers.

Susan. —And Hawaiians.

Linda. —And fish.

Nick. Are you a fish? Answer me that.—Can you look
yourself squarely in the eye and say "I am a fish"? 650
No. You cannot.

Johnny. You are a hard man, sir.

Nick. It is life that has made me hard, son.

Johnny. —But I want only to be like you, Daddy—how
can I be like you? 655

Nick. You ask me for the story of my success?—Well, I'll
tell you—

Linda. Come—gather close, children.

[*They turn their chairs and face him.*]

Nick. I arrived in this country at the age of three months,
with nothing in my pockets but five cents and an old 660

hat-check. I had no friends, little or no education, and sex to me was still the Great Mystery. But when I came down the gang-plank of that little sailing-vessel—steam was then unknown, except to the very rich—Friends, can you picture that manly little figure 665 without a tug at your heart strings, and a faint wave of nausea? But I just pulled my belt a little tighter, and told myself, “Don’t forget you’re a Potter, Nick”—I called myself “Nick”—and so I found myself at my first job, in the glass works. Glass was in its in- 670 fancy then—we had barely scratched the surface—but I have never shirked work—and if there was an errand to be run, I ran five errands. If someone wanted to get off at the third floor, I took him to the tenth floor.—Then one day came my big chance. I 675 was in the glass-blowing department then—now Miss Murphy’s department—and a very capable little woman she is—

Linda. Why, Mr. Potter, I’m no such thing.

Nick. Oh, yes, you are, Miss Murphy! Well, sir, I was 680 blowing glass like a two-year-old, whistling as I blew. Suddenly I looked down and found in my hand—a *bottle*—or what we now know as a bottle. I rushed to my employer, a Mr. Grandgent, and said, “Look, Mr. Grandgent—I think I’ve got something here.” 685 Mr. Grandgent looked—and laughed—*laughed*, do you understand?—I went from city to city like some hunted thing, that laugh still in my ears. But with

me went my bottle. They called it Potter's Folly.
 They said it would never work. Well, time has shown 690
 how right they were. Now the bottle is in every home.
 I have made the bottle a National Institution!—And
 that, my dears, is how I met your grandmother.

[*He bows.*]

Linda. [*Rises, champagne-glass in hand*] —To one who,
 in the face of every difficulty, has proved himself a 695
 Christian gentleman.—Music, music!

[*She goes to the gramophone and starts a record.*]

Susan. [*Rises*] —To one who has been friend to rich and
 poor alike—

Johnny. [*Rises*] —To one who, as soldier—

Linda. —As statesman— 700

Susan. —As navigator—

Johnny. —As man about town—

Linda. —As scout-leader—

Nick. —As Third Vice-President of the second largest
 spat factory in East St. Louis— 705

Johnny. On behalf of the hook-and-ladder company of
 the First Reformed Church, I want to say a few words
 about our brave Fire Laddies. Has it occurred to
 you—

[*The door opens and JULIA and EDWARD enter.*]

Edward. *Linda!* 710

Linda. Yes?

Edward. Please turn that machine off.

[*SUSAN goes to NICK.*]



NICK POTTER'S STORY
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION



EDWARD SETON AND LINDA
FROM THE STAGE PRODUCTION WITH HOPE WILLIAMS AS LINDA

Linda. You know Mr. and Mrs. Potter; Father——

Edward. [*Curtly*] How do you do? [*Then to LINDA*]

Turn it off, Linda——

715

[*LINDA stops the record.*]

Nick. [*To SUSAN*] Fell, or was pushed.

Johnny. [*Moves eagerly toward JULIA*] Julia! Listen,
darling! I've got a grand surprise for you——

Edward. Just a moment!—You must all come down, now.

It's nearly twelve, and we want the entire party to- 720
gether to see the New Year in.

Linda. But there are two parties, Father—the one down
there and mine—*here*.

Edward. Please do as I say, Linda.

Linda. I asked for permission to have a few of my friends 725
here tonight. You said I might. I've got some of
them, now, and——

Edward. I noticed you had.

Linda. —And more are coming.

Julia. They've come, haven't they?

730

Linda. How do you mean?

Julia. Peter Jessup and what's-her-name — Mary
Hedges——

Linda. What about them?

Julia. They're downstairs.

735

Linda. They—?—How long have they been there?

Julia. Twenty minutes or so. I said you'd be down.

Linda. Oh, you did, did you?

Julia. —They're being very amusing. I said we expected

them to be. Jessup has done his trained-seal act to 740
perfection, and now I think Mary Hedges is about to
give her imitations. [*There is a silence. LINDA stares
at her, speechless*] They're a great success, really.

Linda. [*Without turning*] Nick—will you and Susan
bring them up to my sitting-room? I'll be there in a 745
minute.

Susan. All right, Linda.

*She moves toward the door. NICK follows, gazing anxiously
at the ceiling as he goes.*

Nick. —The New Year ought to be just about passing
over Stamford.

[*They go out, closing the door after them.*

Johnny. [*Goes to JULIA*] Julia! Big news, dear—guess 750
what happened?

Linda. [*To EDWARD and JULIA, before JULIA can reply*]

Oh, this is so humiliating.—Peter and Mary are my
guests, do you understand? Not paid entertainers—

[*She moves away from them.*

Julia. I'm sorry. I simply couldn't imagine mixing in 755
people like that to no purpose.

Linda. Couldn't you.

Julia. No.—But of course I can't follow your reasoning
these days, Linda. I can't follow it at all.

Edward. [*To LINDA*] There's no cause for temper, child. 760
Just run along now, and we'll follow. Julia and I
want to talk to Johnny for a moment.

Julia. [*Turns again to JOHNNY*] What is it, Johnny?
Quick, tell me!

Linda. —Listen to me, Father: tonight means a good 765
deal to me—I don't know what, precisely—and I don't
know how. Something is trying to take it away from
me, and I can't let it go. I'll put in an appearance
downstairs, if you like. Then I want to bring a few
people up here—the few people in the world I can 770
talk to, and feel something for. And I want to sit
with them and have supper with them, and we won't
disturb anyone. That's all right with you, isn't it?

Edward. Your place is downstairs.

Linda. Once more, Father: this is important to me. Don't 775
ask me why. I don't know. It has something to do
with—when I was a child here—and this room—and
good times in it—and—

Edward. What special virtue this room has, I'm sure I
don't see. 780

Linda. You don't, do you—no—you can't. Well, I'll tell
you this room's my home. It's the only home I've got.
There's something here that I understand, and that
understands me. Maybe it's Mother.

Edward. Please do as I told you, Linda. 785

Linda. I suppose you know it's the end of us, then.

Edward. Don't talk nonsense. Do as I say.

Linda. It is the end. But all the same, I'm going to have
supper here tonight in my home with my friends.

Edward. I have told you— 790

Linda. —You thought I'd come around, didn't you?
You always think people will come around. Not me:
not tonight. And I shan't be bothered here, either.
Because if there's one thing you can't stand it's a
scene. I can promise you one, if you interfere. I can 795
promise you a beauty.

*EDWARD turns from her. LINDA looks about her, at the
room.*

Edward. —Well, Johnny, so there's good news, is there?

Linda. [*Suddenly*] Was Mother a sweet soul, Father?
Was she exciting?

Edward. [*To JOHNNY*] —A happy day all around, eh? 800
An engagement to be announced, New Year's to cele-
brate—and now——

Linda. Was Mother a sweet soul, Father? Was she ex-
citing?

Edward. Your mother was a very beautiful and distin- 805
guished woman. [*To JOHNNY*] Naturally I am de-
lighted that——

Linda. Was she a sweet soul, Father? Was she exciting?

[*For an instant EDWARD loses control of himself.*

Edward. Linda, if you are not happy here, why don't you
go away? I should be glad if next month you would 810
take your maid and Miss Talcott and go on a trip
somewhere. You distress me. You cause nothing
but trouble and upsets. You——

Linda. All right, Father. That's just what I'm going to

do, after the wedding. Just me—Linda—the kid her- 815
self—

Edward. As you wish.

Linda. I've wanted to get out for years. I've never known
it so well as tonight. I can't bear it here any longer.
It's doing terrible things to me. 820

Edward. —And you will leave this room now, please?

Linda. This room—this room—I don't think you'll be
able to stand it long. I'll come back when you've left
it—

[*She goes out. There is a silence. Then:*

Julia. She's dreadful tonight. She's made one situation 825
after another.

Edward. Never mind, my dear. Things will settle them-
selves. [*He seats himself in a chair at Right*] Well,
Johnny—I don't think I need worry about the way
you'll take care of Julia, need I? 830

Johnny. [*Laughs, uncertainly*] We'll try to manage!

Edward. I consider what you've done a fine piece of work.
I congratulate you.

Julia. Oh, and so do I—so do I, dear!

[*She sits near her father.*

Johnny. —But you don't know yet, do you? 835

Edward. The fact is, Seton has just now told us.

Julia. Isn't it marvelous?—Oh, what a New Year!

Edward. —Your stock is going up with a rush, it seems.
It's time to make hay, I think.

Johnny. Hay? 840

Edward. [*With relish*] Money! Money!

Julia. Now all those years you worked so hard—they'll pay interest now, Johnny!

[*The frown grows between JOHNNY's eyes.*]

Edward. Of course, I could put you into the Bank tomorrow—but I am not sure that that would be advisable at present. 845

Julia. —That will come, won't it, Johnny? [*To Edward*] You'd better not wait *too* long, though—he may cost you too much!

Edward. [*Smiles*] We'll have to risk that. People always do. [*Then seriously*] Pritchard, Ames is an excellent house. In my opinion, you could not do better than go with them. Then, in five or six years, you come to us on your own merit. After that, as the children put it, "the sky's the limit." You're in a fair way to be a man of means at forty-five. I'm proud of you. 855

Johnny. [*There is a pause. Finally*] But—I'd made up my mind not to take the Pritchard, Ames offer.

Edward. What? And why not?

Johnny. I don't want to get tied up for life quite so soon. You see, I'm a kind of a queer duck, in a way. I'm afraid I'm not as anxious as I might be for the things most people work toward. I don't *want* too much money. 860

Edward. Too *much* money? 865

Johnny. Well, more than I need to live by. [*He seats himself facing them and begins eagerly, hopefully, to tell*]

them his plan] —You see, it's always been my plan to make a few thousands early in the game, if I could, and then quit for as long as they last, and try 870 to find out who I am and what I am and what goes on and what about it—now, while I'm young, and feel good all the time.—I'm sure Julia understands what I'm getting at—don't you, Julia?

Julia. [*Laughs, uncertainly*] I'm not sure I do, Johnny! 875

Edward. You wish to occupy yourself otherwise, is that it?—with some—er—art or other, say—

Johnny. Oh, no, I've got no abilities that way. I'm not one of the frail ones with a longing to get away from it all and indulge a few tastes, either. I haven't any 880 tastes. Old china and first editions and gate-legged tables don't do a thing to me. I don't want to live any way or in any time but my own—now—in New York—and Detroit—and Chicago—and Phoenix—any place here—but I do want to live! 885

Edward. —As a gentleman of leisure.

Johnny. —As a man whose time, for a while at least, is his own. That's what I've been plugging for ever since I was ten. Please don't make me feel guilty about it, sir. Whether I'm right or wrong, it's more impor- 890 tant to me than anything in the world but Julia. Even if it turns out to be just one of those fool ideas that people dream about and then go flat on—even if I find I've had enough of it in three months, still I want it. I've got a feeling that if I let this chance 895

go by, there'll never be another for me. So I don't think anyone will mind if I—just have a go at it—will they, Julia? [JULIA *is silent*] —Will they, dear?

[JULIA *rises*. JOHNNY *rises with her*.

Julia. [After a moment] Father—will you let Johnny and me talk a while? 900

Edward. Just a moment— [He rises and turns to JOHNNY] —As I understand it, you have some objection, perhaps, to our manner of living—

Johnny. Not for you, sir. I haven't the slightest doubt it's all right for you—or that it's the answer for a lot of 905 people. But for me—well, you see I don't *want* to live in what they call “a certain way.” In the first place I'd be no good at it and besides that I don't want to be identified with any one class of people. I want to live every whichway, among all kinds—and know them 910—and understand them—and love them—*that's* what I want!—Don't you, Julia?

Julia. Why, I— It sounds—

Edward. In all my experience, I have never heard such a— 915

Johnny. I want these years now, sir.

Julia. Father—please— [He turns to her. Their eyes meet] —It will be all right, I promise you.

Edward. [Moves toward the door, where he turns once more to JOHNNY] Case, it strikes me that you chose 920 a strange time to tell us this, a very strange time.

Johnny. [Puzzled] I don't quite—

Edward. —In fact, if I had not already sent the announcement to the newspapers—asked a number of our friends here tonight to— 925

Julia. Father!

Johnny. [*Very quietly*] Oh, I see.

Julia. Father—please go down. We'll come in a minute.

[EDWARD *hesitates an instant, then goes out.*]

Johnny. [*Still hopeful, turns to JULIA*] Darling, he 930
didn't get what I'm driving at, at all! My plan is—

Julia. Oh, Johnny, Johnny, why did you do it?

Johnny. Do what?

Julia. You knew how all that talk would antagonize him.

Johnny. [*A moment*] You think talk is all it was? 935

Julia. I think it was less than that! I'm furious with you.

Johnny. It wasn't just talk, Julia.

Julia. Well, if you think you can persuade me that a man
of your energy and your ability possibly *could* quit at
thirty for *any* length of time, you're mistaken. 940

Johnny. I'd like a try at it.

Julia. It's ridiculous—and why you chose tonight of all
nights to go on that way to Father—

Johnny. Wait a minute, dear: we'd better get clear on
this— 945

Julia. I'm clear on it now! If you're tired, and need a holiday,
we'll have it. We'll take two months instead of
one, if you like. We'll—

Johnny. That wouldn't settle anything.

Julia. Johnny, I've known quite a few men who don't 950

work—and of all the footling, unhappy existences—it's inconceivable that you could stand it—it's unthinkable you could!

Johnny. —I might do it differently.

Julia. Differently!

955

Johnny. [*A moment. Then*] Julia, do you love me?

[*She looks at him swiftly, then looks away.*]

Julia. [*Lowly*] You—you have a great time standing me against a wall and throwing knives around me, don't you? [*In an instant he has taken her in his arms.*] 960

Johnny. Oh, sweet—

Julia. [*Against his shoulder*] What do you do things like that for? What's the matter with you, anyway?

Johnny. [*He stands off and looks at her*] Haven't you the remotest idea of what I'm after? [*She looks at him, startled*] I'm after—all that's in me, all I am. I want to get it out—where I can look at it, know it. That takes time.—Can't you understand that?

Julia. But you haven't an idea yet of how exciting *business* can be—you're just beginning! Oh, Johnny, see it through! You'll love it. I know you will. There's no such thrill in the world as making money. It's the most—what are you staring at? 970

Johnny. Your face.

Julia. [*She turns away*] Oh—you won't listen to me—you won't hear me— 975

Johnny. Yes, I will.

Julia. [*A pause. Then JULIA speaks in "another voice"*]

And you'd expect me to live on—this money you've made, too, would you? 980

Johnny. Why, of course not. You have all you'll ever need for anything you'd want, haven't you?

Julia. [*Another pause, then*] —I suppose it doesn't occur to you how badly it would look for you to stop now, does it—? 985

Johnny. Look? How? [*She does not answer*] Oh—you mean there'd be those who'd think I'd married money and called it a day—

Julia. There would be. There'd be plenty of them.

Johnny. And you'd mind that, would you? 990

Julia. Well, I'm not precisely anxious to have it thought of you.

Johnny. Because I shouldn't mind it—and I think that lookout's mine. Oh, darling, you don't see what I'm aiming at, either—but try a little blind faith for a while, won't you? Come along with me— 995

Julia. Johnny— [*She reaches for his hand.*]

Johnny. The whole way, dear.

Julia. Wait till next year—or two years, and we'll think about it again. If it's right, it can be done, then as well as now.—You can do that for me—for us—can't you? [*A moment. Then he slowly brings her around and looks into her eyes.*]

Johnny. You think by then I'd have “come around.” That's what you think, isn't it?—I'd have “come around”—— 1005

Julia. But surely you can at least see that if—! [*She stops, as LINDA re-enters.*]

Linda. It lacks six minutes of the New Year, if anyone's interested. [*A moment, then JULIA moves toward the door.*] 1010

Julia. Come on, Johnny.

Johnny. [*To LINDA*] Where are the others?

Linda. My pretty new friends? Well, it seems they've ditched me. [*She starts a tune on the music-box*]
—This won't make too much noise, do you think? 1015

Johnny. How do you mean, Linda?

Linda. I imagine Peter and Mary got tired of being put through their tricks, and slid out when they could. Nick and Susan left a message upstairs with Delia saying that they had to go after them. I'm supposed 1020 to follow, but I don't think I will, somehow.

Julia. Oh, I *am* sorry.

Linda. Are you, Julia? That's a help. [*She goes to the supper-table*] —Anyone care for a few cold cuts before the fun starts? 1025

Johnny. You're not going to stay up here all alone—

Linda. Why not? I'm just full of resources. I crack all kinds of jokes with myself—and they say the food's good. [*She takes a bite of a sandwich and puts it down again*] Ugh! Kiki— 1030

Julia. Linda, this is plain stubbornness, and you know it.

Linda. [*Wheels about sharply*] Listen, Julia—! [*She*

stops, and turns away] No—that gets you nowhere,
does it?

Julia. [*To JOHNNY*] Are you coming? 1035

Johnny. I think I'll wait a moment with Linda, if you
don't mind.

Julia. But I do mind!—Will you come, please?

Johnny. In a moment, Julia. [*JULIA looks at him. He
meets her gaze steadily. She turns and goes out.* 1040
There is a pause. Then:]

Linda. You'd better run on down, don't you think?

Johnny. Not right away. [*Another pause.*

Linda. I'm afraid I don't know how to entertain you.

I've done all my stuff. 1045

Johnny. I don't need entertaining.

Linda. [*Another pause, a very long one. LINDA looks
uncertainly toward the music-box. Finally*] You
wouldn't care to step into a waltz, Mr. Case?

Johnny. I'd love it. [*She extends her arms. He takes her* 1050
in his. They begin to waltz slowly to the music-box.]
There's a conspiracy against you and me, child.

Linda. What's that?

Johnny. The Vested Interests—

Linda. I know. 1055

Johnny. —They won't let you have any fun, and they
won't give me time to think.

Linda. I suppose, like the great fathead you are, you told
them all your little hopes and dreams.

Johnny. Um. 1060



LINDA AND JOHNNY CASE
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION



THE PLAY ROOM SCENE
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION

Linda. —Pretty disappointing?

Johnny. Bad enough.

Linda. Poor boy.

Johnny. How about your own evening?

Linda. Not so good, either. 1065

Johnny. Poor girl.

Linda. But we won't mind, will we?

Johnny. Hell, no, we won't mind.

Linda. We'll get there—

Johnny. We'll get there! [*She stops in the dance and looks up at him for a moment, curiously. Then he smiles at her and she smiles back.*] 1070

Johnny. —Place head, A, against cheek, B, and proceed as before— [*They begin to dance again*] Of course they may be right. 1075

Linda. Don't you believe it!

Johnny. They seem—awfully sure.

Linda. It's your ride still, isn't it? You know where you want to go, don't you?

Johnny. Well, I thought I did. 1080

Linda. So did I.—Pathetic, wasn't it—all my fuss and fury over anything so unimportant as this party.

Johnny. Maybe it was important.

Linda. Well, if it was, I'm not. And I guess that's the answer. 1085

Johnny. Not quite.

Linda. —Me and my little what-do-you-call-it—defense

mechanism—so pathetic. Yes, I'm just chock-full of pathos, I am.

Johnny. You're a brick, Linda. 1090

Linda. Oh, shut your silly face— [*Then*] You're right, you know—there *is* nothing up the fun-alley.

Johnny. Fun-alley?

Linda. I had a nice little seven-word motto for my life, but I guess she don't work— 1095

Johnny. What was it?

Linda. "Not very important—but pretty good entertainment."

Johnny. H'm—

Linda. For "pretty good" read "rotten." [*They dance for a few moments, silently. Then LINDA stops*] There. That's enough. I'm getting excited.

Johnny. What?

Linda. —It was grand. Thanks. You can go now. [*She has not yet left his arms. Suddenly from outside comes the sound of bells tolling. Her grasp tightens upon his arm*] Listen! [*She looks over her shoulder toward the window. Horns begin to be heard from the distance, long-drawn-out, insistent.*] 1105

Johnny. It's it, all right. 1110

Linda. [*Again she turns her face to his*] Happy New Year, Johnny.

Johnny. [*He bends and kisses her*] Happy New Year, dear. [*For an instant she clings to him, then averts her face.*] 1115

Linda. [*In a breath*] Oh, Johnny, you're so attractive—

Johnny. [*With difficulty*] You're—you're all right yourself— [*There is a dead silence. Then she leaves his arms, turns and smiles to him.*]

Linda. You can count on Sister Linda.—Run on down 1120
now—quick! They'll be waiting.

Johnny. [*Hesitates*] Linda—

Linda. What?

Johnny. They've—your father—I've been put in a position that— 1125

Linda. Do you love Julia, Johnny? [*He turns away.*]

Johnny. Of course I do.

NED enters silently, another glass in hand. He stands in the shadow at Left, watching them, swaying almost imperceptibly.]

Linda. Well, if ever she needed you, she needs you now.

Once it's announced she'll go through with it. Then you can help her. I can't do anything any more. I've 1130
tried for twenty years. You're all that's left. Go on, Johnny— [*He goes to the door. From downstairs a swelling chorus of male voices begins Auld Lang Syne.*] And tell those choir-boys for me that I'll be in Scotland before them. 1135

Johnny goes out, closing the door after him. LINDA stops the music-box, then moves slowly to the window, Right, where she stands silently for a moment, looking out. NED is still watching her, immobile. At length she turns to him:]

Linda. Just take any place, Ned. [*He goes to the couch and sits there.*]

Ned. Rum party down there, isn't it?

Linda. A hundred million dollars knocking together never made many sparks that I could see. [*She takes* 1140
a glass of wine from the table] What's it like to get drunk, Ned?

Ned. It's— How drunk?

Linda. Good and drunk.

Ned. Grand.

1145

Linda. [*She seats herself near the table, facing him*]
How is it?

Ned. Well, to begin with, it brings you to life.

Linda. Does it?

Ned. Yes.—And after a little while you begin to know all 1150
about it. You feel—I don't know—important—

Linda. That must be good.

Ned. It is.—Then pretty soon the game starts.

Linda. What game?

Ned. —That you play with yourself. It's a swell game— 1155
there's not a sweller game on this earth, really—

Linda. [*Sips her wine*] How does it go?

Ned. Well, you think clear as crystal, but every move,
every sentence is a problem. That—gets pretty inter-
esting. 1160

Linda. I see.

Ned. Swell game. Most terribly exciting game.

Linda. You—get beaten, though, don't you?

Ned. Sure. But that's good, too. Then you don't mind anything—not anything at all. Then you sleep. 1165

Linda. [*She is watching him, fascinated*] How—long can you keep it up?

Ned. A long while. As long as you last.

Linda. Oh, Ned—that's awful!

Ned. Think so?—Other things are worse. 1170

Linda. But—but where do you end up?

Ned. Where does everybody end up? You die.—And that's all right, too.

Linda. [*A pause. Then*] Ned, can you do it on champagne? 1175

Ned. Why— [*He stops and looks at her, intently*] What's the matter, Linda?

Linda. [*She finishes her glass and sets it down*] Nothing.

Ned. I know.

Linda. Yes? 1180

Ned. Johnny.

Linda. Give me some more wine, Ned.

Ned. [*Rises and goes over to her*] He's a funny guy, isn't he?

Linda. Give me some, Ned— 1185

Ned. [*He goes to the table, refills her glass, returns, and gives it to her*] You can tell me about it, dear.

Linda. [*Looks up at him. A moment, then*] I love the boy, Neddy.

Ned. I thought so.—Hell, isn't it? 1190

Linda. I guess it will be.

Ned. [*Raises his glass*] Here's luck to you—

Linda. [*Stares at her glass*] I don't want any luck. [NED moves away from her to the table near the couch. He finishes his drink, leaves it there and sinks down 1195 upon the couch. LINDA carefully sets her glass of wine, untouched, upon the supper table, and rises] I think what I'd better do is— [*She moves slowly to the door, and opens it. The song is just finishing. It is applauded. LINDA hesitates at the door*] Ned 1200 — [*He does not answer. Suddenly, from downstairs, comes a long roll of Drums. LINDA stiffens. She starts to close the door, but is held there, her hand upon the knob. EDWARD's voice begins to be heard:*]

Edward. Ladies and gentlemen—my very good friends: 1205 I have the honor to announce to you the engagement of my daughter, Julia, to Mr. John Case—an event which doubles the pleasure I take in wishing you—and them—a most happy and prosperous New Year. [*There is prolonged applause and through it con- 1210 gratulations and laughter. Slowly she closes the door, but still stands with her hand upon it. Finally she speaks, without turning:*]

Linda. Ned— [*He does not answer*] Ned—maybe I ought to go down and—I'm not sure I will stay up 1215 here—do you mind? [*He is silent. She turns and sees him*] Ned! [*He is asleep. She goes to him swiftly, speaking again, in a low voice*] Ned— [*A moment. Then*] Poor lamb. [*She bends and kisses*

*him. She goes to the doorway, turns off the lights in 1220
the playroom, and opens the door. A confusion of
excited voices is heard from downstairs. In the
lighted hallway LINDA turns to the stairs, raises her
head and goes out, calling above the voices] Hello!*
—Hello, everyone! 1225

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The same as Act I.*

TIME: *Twelve days later. Ten o'clock at night. The curtains are drawn and the lamps lighted. Coffee service is on a small table near the fireplace. NICK and SUSAN are taking their coffee. LINDA's cup is on the table. She stands near the sofa at Left Center, frowning at NICK.*

Linda. No?

Nick. [*Shakes his head*] Not possibly. [*He is behind the sofa at Right, upon which SUSAN is seated.*]

Susan. Why should Johnny pick a place like that?

Linda. Why should he go away at all?

5

Nick. I'd have done the same thing—I'd have just giv' 'er a look, I would, and flounced out.

Susan. Hush, Nick. This is no time for fooling.

Linda. [*Thinks a minute, then head down, eyes on the floor, she paces across the room and back, and cross again. She stops opposite them and turns*] Atlantic City. 10

Susan. You don't go to Atlantic City for six days to think.

Nick. Old Chinese proverb.

15

Linda. But where can he be, then?—Where?

Susan. Don't worry, Linda. I'm sure he's all right.

Nick. Susan and I parted forever at least forty times. [*To*
SUSAN] Or was it forty-seven?

Susan. Of course.—And they haven't even done that. 20
They've just put off the wedding a while.

Linda. I know, but— [*She looks away, anxiously*] Oh,
Lordy, Lordy—

Nick. Johnny will come around, Linda. He's up against
the old fight between spirit and matter—anyone want 25
to take a hundred on spirit?

Linda. I will! I'll take two hundred!

Nick. It's a bet, Madam. [*He looks at his watch.*]

Susan. Don't forget we have to go back to the house for
our bags, Nick. 30

Nick. There's lots of time. She doesn't sail until midnight.
"She"—a boat that size, "she"—the big nance. [*To*
LINDA] You don't really want to see us off, do you?

Linda. Oh, yes! But can you stop back for me on your
way down? 35

Susan. If you like.

Linda. I don't want to leave here till the last minute. I
keep feeling that something may happen.

Susan. Where's Julia now?

Linda. She went to dine some place with Father. He 40
won't let her out of his sight—or into mine.

Nick. No wonder Johnny took to the woods.

Linda. [*Quickly*] The woods?

Nick. Or wherever he did take to.

Linda. Now I know! 45

Susan. Yes?

Linda. It was at Placid they met. It was at Placid they—
of course! [*She goes to the telephone behind the sofa,*
at Left.]

Nick. [*To SUSAN*] It may be. They say they always re- 50
turn to the scene of the crime.

Linda. Long distance, please.

Susan. In which case, I suppose Julia wins.

Nick. I don't know. It's pretty cold at Placid. There's
nothing for a rapid pulse like a little wet snow up the 55
sleeve.

Linda. Long distance, please—

Susan. [*To NICK*] Would you mind telling me how a
man like Johnny is attracted to a girl like that, in the
first place? 60

Nick. [*To SUSAN*] You're too young to know, Susan.

Linda. [*At the telephone*] Long distance?

Susan. I can think of several people who'd be better for
Johnny than Julia.

Linda. I want to speak with Lake Placid, New York— 65

Nick. I can think of one, anyway.

Linda. Placid—the Lake Placid Club.

Susan. Do you suppose she's in love with him?

Nick. Suppose? I know. Look at her.

Linda. "P-l-a-c-i-d"— 70

Nick. Tiger, Tiger, Tiger.

Linda. Quiet a minute, will you? [*To the telephone*]

Placid—calm—peaceful. Yes. And I'd like to speak with Mr. John Case.

Susan. If I could grab you the way I did, she can— 75

Nick. But there's more in this than meets the ear, darling
—Julia.

Linda. Quiet! [*Then, to the telephone*] Miss Seton.

Linda Seton. [*To SUSAN*] I don't want to give him heart-failure, thinking it's— [*To the telephone*] 80

John Case—Lake Placid Club—Linda Seton. Thanks.

[*She replaces the receiver and returns to NICK and SUSAN*] I'm sure he's there. I feel it in my bones.

Nick. [*A pause. Then*] Linda, Johnny asked me not to tell anyone, but I think you ought to know something: the fact is, he's got a single cabin on the *Paris* for himself tonight. 85

Linda. He—? How do you know?

Nick. Because I got it for him.

Linda. You don't seriously think he'd do it? 90

Nick. No—I can't say I do.

Linda. Well, I do! Oh, Lord—then he's in New York now!

Nick. Maybe so.

Linda. He can't be, or he'd be here.—Where did he go to, Nick? 95

Nick. Of that, I wasn't informed.

Linda. You know, this is ageing me.

Susan. We know something else you don't know, Linda.

Linda. Oh! What is it? 100

Nick. Look out, Susan. Steady, girl.

Linda. [*Glances at them quickly, then lights a cigarette*]

What is it?

Susan. How did you happen to decide not to come abroad,
as you planned? 105

Linda. Why, I—well, I thought probably Johnny and Julia
—they'd rather not have any family tagging along,
and besides that, I want to get Ned off on a trip with
me—out West, if I can.

Susan. I know. But— 110

Nick. [*Again Nick cuts across her*] I saw Ned in Jimmy's
last night. He was—well, if I may use the word—

Susan. Look here, Linda—

Linda. [*To Nick*] I think he's all right tonight. He went
to a show with the Wheelers. 115

Nick. [*Reflects*] I wonder if they're really in love with
each other.

Linda. They're terribly in love.

Susan. What makes you think so?

Linda. I know it. Johnny couldn't help but be, and 120
Julia—

Susan. [*Glances at Nick*] You meant the Wheelers,
didn't you?

Nick. Why, I—yes, I did.

Linda. I don't know about them. [*She moves away from* 125
them, then back again.]

Susan. Can't you do anything with her, Linda?

Linda. Who—Julia?

Susan. Yes.

Linda. I've talked myself blue in the face. It's no good. 130
She won't listen. I've had the cold-shoulder and the
deaf-ear so long now I'm all hoarse and half frozen.

Susan. I thought she's always depended on you.

Linda. Well, she doesn't any more.

Susan. You love her a great deal, don't you? 135

Linda. [*Laughs shortly*] I expect I do!

Susan. But my dear child, don't you see that if she thinks
just as your father does—

Linda. Johnny'll fix that. Johnny'll fix everything.

Susan. He'll never change *them*, Linda. 140

Linda. Susan, you don't know that man.

Nick. —It'd be a pity to deprive your father of the pleasure
he'd take in putting him over on the town.

Linda. Don't speak of it. That's one thing Johnny's been
spared so far. I don't think he's had an inkling of *it* 145
yet.

Nick. It will come: Mr. and Mrs. John Sebastian Case
have closed their Sixty-fourth Street house and gone to
Coney Island for the hunting. Mrs. Case will be re-
membered as Julia Seton, of Seton Pretty. 150

Susan. I'd like a picture of him, when it happens.

Nick. I wouldn't.

Linda. —If they'd only listen to me—I've got to make them
listen!—And he's so sweet, he's so attractive. What's
the matter with the girl, anyway? She ought to know 155

by now that men like Johnny don't grow on every bush.

Susan. —But you see, the things you like in him are just what she can't stand, Linda. And the fate you say he'll save her from is the one fate in this whole world she 160 wants.

Linda. I don't believe it.—Even so, she loves him—and there's been a break—and wouldn't you think she'd at least be woman enough to hang on—*hang on!*

Susan. I don't know. There's another who isn't woman 165 enough to grab.

Linda. [*There is a silence. Finally LINDA speaks*] I don't quite get you, Susan.

Susan. Well, to make it plain, no man's lost this side of the altar. 170

Nick. She's talking a lot of—— [*Then, to SUSAN*] Come on, Pearl—ups-a-daisy.

Linda. Susan——

Susan. Yes, dear?

Linda. Julia has never in her life loved anyone but Johnny. 175

Susan. And you.

Linda. And me.

Nick. [*In spite of himself*] And herself.

Linda. [*Turns on him sharply*] That's not true!—Even in this it's of him she's thinking—she may be mistaken, 180 but it is of him!

Susan. I've no doubt she believes that.

Linda. Well, I believe it too!

Nick. —Come on, will you, Susan?

Linda. I think it's rotten of you to suspect things of Julia 185
that aren't Julia at all, and I think it's worse of you
to——

Nick. We're sorry, Linda, really we are.

Linda. You aren't sorry! You're—— [*Suddenly she cov-
ers her face with her hands*] Oh, what's the matter 190
with me?

Susan. Linda, I could shake you.

Linda. I wish you would.—I wish someone would, till
there was nothing left to shake.

Susan. —And there's not a thing to do about it? 195

Linda. What there is to do, I'm doing. [*She goes to the
window at Back. A silence. Then:*]

Susan. —And if you did anything else, I expect you
wouldn't be Linda.

Nick. Linda, I think you're just about the—— [*But that 200
is as close as he can get to a declaration of faith. He
turns to SUSAN*] Will you come, dear? It's ten-thirty.

Susan. [*Rises and moves toward LINDA. NICK follows*]
But if Johnny should——[*LINDA faces her*] Promise
us one thing, Linda. 205

Linda. What?

Susan. [*After a moment*] Nothing.

Linda. I love you two.

Susan. —And so do we love you.

Linda. —Call back for me when? 210

Susan. In half an hour.

Nick. Less.

Linda.—Then could your car possibly take me out to Mary Hedges'?

Susan. But of course! What a good idea—— 215

Linda. Mary asked if—— I'll have a bag packed. [JULIA comes in] Oh, hello, dear.—Are you back already?

Julia. Isn't it late? Hello, Susan. Hello, Nick. I thought you were sailing. [She leaves her evening wrap on the sofa, Left, and moves toward the writing table at 220 Right.]

Susan. We are.

Nick. At the crack of twelve. On the way now, in fact.

Julia. I hope you have a grand trip.

Susan. Thanks. [DELIA enters and takes JULIA's wrap 225 from the sofa.]

Linda. —Delia, will you pack a bag for me, please? I'm going to Mrs. Hedges until Tuesday.

Delia. Yes, Miss. [She goes out. NICK and SUSAN stand at Center, facing JULIA.] 230

Susan. I'm sorry we won't be here for the wedding, Julia.

Julia. I'm sorry too, Susan.

Nick. When's it to be?

Julia. We haven't quite—set a date, yet.

Susan. In the Spring, some time? 235

Julia. Possibly before.

Nick. Let us know, won't you?

Julia. Of course.

Nick. [*A brief pause. Then*] Then you're not coming
down to the boat tonight? 240

Julia. I'm afraid I can't. Bon voyage, though.

Nick. [*Thinks rapidly*] Thanks. Can we take any word
to Johnny for you?

Julia. To Johnny?

Nick. Yes.—Or a basket of fruit, maybe? 245

Julia. He'll be there, will he?

Nick. [*This, at any rate, Nick can do*] I should imagine
so, if he's sailing.

Julia. Sailing!

Nick. Isn't he? 250

Julia. I wasn't aware of it.

Nick. Well, all I know is that the morning he left for
wherever he went to, he telephoned me to get him a
single cabin through Andrews, of the French Line. I
don't believe it's been given up, or I'd have heard from 255
them. I thought of course you knew, or I—

Julia. I think I should—if he were going.

Nick. Yes, I suppose so. [*To SUSAN*]. We won't expect
him, then.

Susan. No.—Goodbye, Julia. [*They move together toward 260
the door.*]

Nick. Look us up, when you arrive. Immigrant's Bank.—
We'll see you later, Linda.

Linda. I'll be ready.

Susan. Thanks. Lovely evening— 265

Nick and Susan. [*Together*] And you must come and see

us some time! [*They go out. There is a silence. JULIA looks for a cigarette.*]

Linda. It may be true, Julia. I think the chances are it is.

Julia. What? 270

Linda. That Johnny's going with them.

Julia. [*Laughs*] Not possibly, darling!—Why don't they keep these cigarette boxes filled—

Linda. Stop it, Julia!

Julia. Stop it? 275

Linda. Pretending you don't give a damn.

Julia. [*Finds and lights a cigarette*] You seem to be taking my little difficulty more seriously than I am. [*She moves toward the sofa at Left.*]

Linda. If you don't want Johnny to go off tonight and 280 make a hash of both your lives, you'd better send him some word to the boat.

Julia. [*Smiles*] Somehow, I don't think that's necessary.

Linda. Why not?

Julia. Well, for one reason, because he won't be there. 285 He's no more sailing tonight than I am.

Linda. You don't know that he's not!

Julia. I don't know that he is, so I think I'm safe in assuming it.—Do you want to go to the Todds' dinner on Wednesday? They telephoned— 290

Linda. Julia, why do you want to shut me out in the cold like this?

Julia. I wasn't aware that I was.

Linda. But won't you just *talk* to me! Oh, please, Julia—

Julia. I don't know what there is to say. 295

Linda. Never so long as I remembered has there been anything we couldn't—

Julia. If there's been any shutting out done, it's you who've done it, Linda.

Linda. Me? ! 300

Julia. Johnny and I have had a difference of opinion, and you're siding with him, aren't you?

Linda. But he's right! He's right for you as well as for himself—

Julia. I think that's for me to decide. 305

Linda. Not Father?

Julia. Father has nothing to do with it—

Linda. Oh, no!

Julia. He happens to agree with me where you don't, that's all. 310

Linda. We've always agreed before—always.

Julia. No—I think quite often I've given in, in order to avoid scenes and upsets and—oh, well—

Linda. [*A silence. Then*] Is that true, Julia?

Julia. You've always been the "stronger character," haven't you? At least people have always thought so. You've made all the decisions, you've always had the ideas— 315

Linda. —And you've been resenting me right from the very— [*She moves away from her, toward the fireplace*] Oh—I can't believe it— 320

Julia. It's nothing to get in a state about—and I didn't say I resented you. You've been an immense help, often.

But when it comes to determining my future, and the future of the man I'm going to marry—

Linda. [*Turns on her sharply*] Your future! What do 325
you want, Julia—just security? Sit back in your
feather-boas among the Worthies of the World?

Julia. Well, I'm certain that one thing I *don't* want is to
start this endless, aimless discussion all over again.

Linda. But I tell you you can't *stand* this sort of life for- 330
ever—not if you're the person I think you are. And
when it starts going thin on you, what'll you have to
hold on to?—Lois Evans shot herself—why? Franny
Grant's up the Hudson in a sanitarium—why?

Julia. I'm sure I don't know. 335

Linda. Nothing left to do or have or want—that's why—
and no insides! There's not a poor girl in town who
isn't happier than we are—at least they still *want* what
we've got—they think it's good. [*She turns away*] If
they knew! 340

Julia. —And I think it's good.

Linda. Lord, Julia, don't tell me that you *want* it!

Julia. I want it, and it's all I want.

Linda. [*There is a silence. Then*] Then it's goodbye,
Julia. 345

Julia. Oh, Linda, for Heaven's sake don't be so ridiculous!
If you're so set on being violent, get a few Russians in
and talk life with a great big L to them.

Edward. [*Comes in, an admonishing finger raised*] Ah—
ah—ah! 350

Linda. [*Turns to him*] Father, I think you're both giving Johnny the rottenest kind of a deal.

Edward. In what way?

Linda. Every way! Why do you do it? It can't be that you think he's out to marry for money. You must 355 realize how simple it would have been for him—to conform to specifications now, and then just not get up some fine morning.

Edward. [*Moves to the table behind the sofa at Right*] I don't regard the young man as a fortune-hunter, 360
Linda.

Linda. Well, what is it, then?

Edward. [*Finds a cigarette and comes forward with it*] —I think his outlook has merely become—somewhat confused, shall we say, and— 365

Linda. —And you'll straighten it out for him.

Edward. [*To Julia*] We shall try, shan't we, daughter?

Linda. Why hasn't he a right to spend some part of his life as he wants to? He can afford it. What's he got to do? Pile up so much that he can be comfortable 370 on the income of his income?

Edward. [*Seats himself in a chair near the sofa*] That would be an excellent aim, but I think we shall hardly require it of him.

Linda. I'd like to hear the requirements. 375

Edward. Any self-respecting young man wishes to earn enough to support his wife and his family.

Linda. Even when his wife already has—? Even when there's no possible need of it?

Edward. Even then.

380

Linda. Oh, Father, what a fake idea that is!

Edward. I don't think so. Nor does Julia.—In addition, he has somehow developed a very curious attitude toward work—

Linda. It seems to me saner than most. He wants his 385
leisure at this end—good sense, I call it.—Which is harder to do,—anyway—? Go to an office and rustle papers about or sit under a tree and look at your own soul?

Julia. [*Contemptuously*] Heavens!—The office, I should 390
say.

Linda. Then you've never looked, Julia.

Julia. You can't talk to her, Father.

Edward. I should like to understand what he—and you—are aiming at, Linda, but I must confess I cannot. 395
[*NED comes in*] I consider his whole attitude deliberately un-American.

Linda. [*Stares at EDWARD*] Are you serious?

Edward. Entirely.

Linda. [*She stares for a moment more*] You're right. I 400
believe it is.

Ned. [*Sits himself on the sofa, at Left*] I've always said the Americans were a great little people.

Linda. —Then he's a bad one, and will go to hell when he dies. Because apparently he can't quite believe that 405

a life devoted to piling up money is all it's cracked up to be.—That's strange, isn't it—when he has us, right before his eyes, for such a shining example?

Julia. I thought *you* were the one who found leisure so empty. 410

Linda. —You think I call this, leisure? A life-sentence to *this*?—Or that he does?

Julia. I think any variety of it he'd find quite as empty.

Linda. —Even if it should be, he's got a right to discover it for himself! Can't you see that? 415

Julia. I can see the discovery would come, quick enough.

Linda. —And you don't want to be with him to lend a hand, if it should? [JULIA is silent.]

Edward. Linda, I listened most attentively to our young dreamer the other day. I have listened quite as atten- 420
tively to you this evening. I am not entirely without intelligence, but I must still confess that most of your talk seems to me to be of the seventeen-year-old variety.

Linda. I'm glad if it is! We're all grand at seventeen. It's 425
after that that the—sickness sets in.

Edward. [*Chuckles, shakes his head and rises*] I feel very well, myself—and you look in perfect health, my dear. [He moves toward the door.]

Linda. —You both think he'll come around, Father— 430
compromise, anyway. You'll get fooled. He won't give way one little inch.

Edward. [*At the door EDWARD turns, smiling*] Stubborn—?

Linda. Right! And sure he's right! 435

Edward. We shall see— [*He goes out, victor.*]

Julia. —Is that all, Linda?

Linda. Where are you going?

Julia. To bed.

Linda. Now? 440

Julia. Yes. Have you any objections?

Linda. You actually won't lift a finger to keep him off that boat tonight?

Julia. He has no idea of taking it.

Linda. You don't know him! 445

Julia. Well, I think I know him a little better than you.

I happen to be engaged to him.

HENRY *has entered with a tray containing a decanter of whisky, ice, a bottle of soda, and one glass.*

Ned. Thanks, Henry. [HENRY *bows and goes out.*]

Julia. Ned, I thought you went to the theater with the

Wheelers— 450.

Ned. I did, but it was so bad I left.

[*He rises, goes behind the table and makes himself a drink.*]

Julia. Wasn't that just a trifle rude?

Ned. I don't know, Julia. Look it up under R in the book of etiquette, will you?

Julia. I can't imagine what you're thinking of these days. 455

Drinking alone—that's pretty too, isn't it?

Ned. I never thought of the aesthetic side, but I see what you mean. [*He takes a long swallow of his drink.*]

Julia. [*Regards him contemptuously, then, to LINDA*] If there's any message of any sort, I wish you'd ring my 460 room.

Linda. All right.

JULIA goes out. LINDA seats herself and stares moodily in front of her.

Ned. —Like a drink?

Linda. No, thanks.

Ned. [*Again settles down upon the sofa*] —You know, 465 most people, including Johnny and yourself, make a big mistake about Julia.

Linda. What's that?

Ned. They're taken in by her looks. At bottom she's a very dull girl, and the life she pictures for herself is 470 the life she belongs in.

[*The telephone rings. LINDA goes to it.*]

Linda. —You've never hit it off, that's all. [*At the telephone*] Hello.—Yes.—Yes.—What? When, do you know?—Well, ask, will you? [*To NED*] He was there.

475

Ned. Who and where?

Linda. Johnny—Placid. [*To the telephone*] Yes? This—? I see. No. No. That's right. Thanks. [*She puts down the telephone and turns again to NED*]
—And left this noon.

480

Ned. Then he'll be around tonight.

Linda. You think so? This late?

Ned. He'll be around.

Linda. [*A moment. Then*] Ned—

Ned. What? 485

Linda. Do you remember what we talked about New Year's Eve?

Ned. [*brief pause. Then*] Sure—I remember.

Linda. Tell me something—

Ned. Sure. 490

Linda. Does it stand out all over me?

Ned. Why?

Linda. Nick and Susan—I think they got it.

Ned. Anyone who loves you would, Linda.

Linda. Oh, that's awful. I'm so ashamed— [*Then she raises her head*] I'm not, though! 495

Ned. Why should you be?

Linda. [*Suddenly*] Look here, Ned—you're in a jam too, aren't you?

Ned. Me? 500

Linda. You.

Ned. Sure, I suppose so.

Linda. Is it that you hate this— [*Her gesture includes the house and all it represents*] —Or that you love that— [*She indicates his drink.* 505

Ned. H'm— [*He looks about him*] Well, God knows I hate all this— [*And lifts the glass before his eyes*] —And God knows I'm crazy mad over this— [*He*

takes a deep swallow and sets the glass down] I
guess it's both. 510

Linda. What are you going to do?

Ned. Nothing, that I know of.

Linda. But we must!

Ned. [*Hunches down into the sofa*] I'm all right.

Linda. You're not—but you'll pull out of it—and I'll pull
out of it. 515

Ned. I'm all right. I don't mind any more.

Linda. You've got to mind. We can't just let go, can we?

Ned. I can. I have.

Linda. No. No!

520

Ned. Listen, Linda: I've had the whole thing out with
myself, see? All of it. A lot of times. And I've de-
veloped my what-do-you-call-it—technique. I'm all
right. There's no reason for stewing over me. I'm
[*He squints at his glass*] —very happy. 525

Linda. There must be some sort of life for you—

Ned. —But there *is*! Haven't I got the swell Seton name
to uphold? [*He laughs shortly*] Only that's where
I'll fox it. I'll make *it* uphold me.

Linda. Neddy—listen: After the wedding we'll go out to
Boulder, both of us.—We'll live on horseback and in
trout streams all day long every day until we're in
hand again. We'll get so damn tired that we won't be
able to want anything or think of anything but sleep. 530

Ned. You make it too hard. Come on—have a drink— 535

Linda. Oh, you're dying, Neddy!

Ned. [*Very patiently*] All right, Linda.

Linda. Won't you do that with me?

Ned. Thanks, but uh-uh. Nope.

Linda. [*Moves away from him to the other side of the room*] Oh, won't anyone ever again do what I know they should do?

Ned. That's what's the matter with you, Linda. You worry so much over other people's troubles you don't get anywhere with your own. 545

[HENRY enters. LINDA is staring at NED.]

Henry. —Mr. Case, Miss.

Linda. [*A silence, then LINDA recovers herself*] Yes?—
Have him come up, will you?

HENRY bows and goes out. A moment. NED watches her.

Then:

Ned. —Are you sure you *want* to get over him?

Linda. No. I'm not. And that's what scares me most. I 550
feel alive, and I love it. I feel at last something's happening to me. But it can't get anywhere, so it's like living on—*your* stuff. I've *got* to get over it.

Ned. —Because it seems so hopeless, is that it?

Linda. Seems! What do you mean? 555

Ned. Don't you know? [*LINDA can only look at him. He goes to her*] —Then let me tell you something: you're twice as attractive as Julia ever thought of being. You've got twice the looks, and twice the mind, and ten times the guts. You've lived in her shade for 560 years now, and there's nothing to it. You could charm

a bird off a tree, if you would. And why not? If you were in her way, she'd ride you down like a rabbit.

Linda. [*Softly*] Oh,—knowing the way she loves him—

Ned.

565

Ned. [*Shrugs*] All right. [*He wanders in the direction of the door*] —Tell him Hello for me, will you?

Linda. [*LINDA'S voice rises*] If there's one thing I'll do in my life, it'll be to let the fresh air back into you again, hear me?—I'll do it if I have to shoot you.

570

Ned. [*Turns and smiles back at her*] All right.

He goes out. With an exclamation LINDA goes to the window and looks out, huddling herself in her arms.

Johnny. [*Enters. A moment, then*] Hello, Linda.

Linda. Hello, Johnny.

Johnny. Is—? [*LINDA moves to the telephone.*

Linda. I'll send for her.

575

Johnny. Wait a minute. [*A silence. He looks about him.*

I feel as if I'd—been away quite a while.

Linda. Yes.

Johnny. I went to Placid.

Linda. I see.

580

Johnny. It was horrible there.

Linda. I can imagine it.

Johnny. Oh, Linda, I love her so—

Linda. Of course you do, Johnny.

Johnny. It—makes anything else—any plans—ideas—any- 585
thing—

Linda. —Seem so unimportant, of course.

Johnny. But I know they are important! I know that!

Linda. [*Smiles*] Still—

Johnny. [*Turns away*] That's it—*still*— 590

Linda. [*A moment*] I think it'll come out all right,

Johnny.

Johnny. Maybe, in the long run.

Linda. Have you—I suppose you've decided something
or other— 595

Johnny. I'm going to stay at my job, if that's what you
mean.

Linda. [*After a moment, very quietly*] I see.

Johnny. But only for a while! Only a couple of years,
say—just until I can get through to her that—well, it's 600
what she asked, and after all, a couple of years isn't a
lifetime.

Linda. No, of course not.

Johnny. I can see the way they look at it—I could hardly
expect them suddenly to do a complete about-face, 605
and—but hang it, they ought at least to see what I'm
getting at!

Linda. Perhaps eventually they will.

Johnny. That's what I'm counting on.

Linda. [*Another silence. Then*] The fun's gone out of 610
you, *Johnny.* That's too bad.

Johnny. [*Stares at the floor*] It'll be back.

Linda. I hope.

Johnny. [*Looks up suddenly*] *Linda*—you agree that
there's only the one thing for me to do now— 615

Linda. [*Smiles again*] Compromise—

Johnny. Yes, damn it! But *you* think that's right, don't you?

Linda. I don't think it matters a bit what I think—

Johnny. [*Goes to her suddenly and seizes her wrists*] It 620
does, though! You think it's right, don't you? Say
you think it's right!

Linda. Shall I send for Julia?

Johnny. Say it first!

Linda. [*With difficulty*] Johnny—when two people love 625
each other as much as you, anything that keeps them
apart must be wrong.—Will that do? [*JOHNNY drops
her hand and moves away from her*] And shall I
send for her now?

Johnny. Go ahead.

630

Linda. [*Goes to the telephone and presses a button in the
box beside it*] With luck, we'll manage not to include
Father this time.

Johnny. Oh, Lord, yes! [*LINDA again presses the button,
and again several times*] Asleep, probably— 635

Linda. Of course not. [*She presses it again. Then*] Julia
—yes—would you come down a minute? No—but
there's no telegram to send up. Will you come, Julia?
[*Her voice changes*] Julia, it's terribly important that
you come down here at once. [*She replaces the tele- 640
phone and turns to JOHNNY*] She'll be right down.

Johnny. If she doesn't fall asleep again.

Linda. Johnny—don't talk like that. I can't stand to hear your voice do that.

Johnny. You care more what happens to me than she 645 does.

Linda. [*Startled*] What? Don't be silly. [*Then with difficulty*] Maybe I feel things about you that she doesn't because—well, maybe just because *I'm* not in love with you. 650

Johnny. You know what I think of you, don't you?

Linda. [*Smiles*] I'd be glad to hear.

Johnny. I like you better than anyone else in the world.

Linda. That's very nice, Johnny—because I like you a good deal, too. [*For a long moment their eyes hold them together. Then EDWARD comes in and, with a start, LINDA sees him*] Oh, for the love of Pete—

Edward. [*Advances to JOHNNY, hand outstretched*] Well, well—good evening!

Johnny. Good evening, sir. [*They shake hands.* 660

Linda. [*Turns away*] Both members of this club.

Edward. They tell me you've been away. Very pleasant, having you back.

Johnny. It's pleasant to be back.

Edward. —Quite at the mercy of the snow these days, 665 aren't we?

Johnny. Quite.

Edward. [*Moves toward the fireplace*] Still, they say Americans need four seasons, so I suppose we oughtn't to complain, eh? 670

Johnny. I suppose not.

Linda. Father—Johnny came tonight to see Julia—

Edward. —That doesn't surprise me a great deal, Daughter—not a great deal!

Linda. —Julia—not you and me.—Come on—let's go bye- 675
bye.

Julia. [Enters] Linda, what's the idea of—? [She sees
JOHNNY] Oh—

Johnny. [Goes to her swiftly] Get a wrap, will you?
We're going out— 680

Julia. [Hesitates] Father—you won't mind if Johnny and
I—

Edward. Please close the door. I wish to speak with both
of you. [JULIA gestures helplessly to JOHNNY and
closes the door] —You insist upon putting me in a 685
position that I don't in the least relish— [JULIA
seats herself upon the bench at Left. The door is
opened again, tentatively] Who's that?—Oh, come
in, Ned, come in.

Ned. [Enters and moves toward his drink] Sorry.—I 690
just wanted—

Edward. Sit down, Son— [NED seats himself upon the
sofa Left. EDWARD continues to JULIA and JOHNNY]
—Coming between two young people in love is
furthest from my wish and intention.—Love, true 695
love, is a very rare and beautiful thing, and— [NED
rises and moves silently toward the door] Where are
you going? Please sit down! [He waits until NED

has returned to his place, then continues] And I believe its path—that is to say, the path of true love, 700 contrary to the adage, *should* run smooth. But in order that it may—I am a man of fifty-eight years, and speak from a long experience and observation—it is of paramount importance that——

Johnny. I beg your pardon, sir.

705

Edward. Yes?

Johnny. If Pritchard, Ames still want me, I'll go with them when we get back from our wedding-trip—about March first, say.

[*LINDA turns away. There is a silence. Then:*

Julia. [*Softly*] Oh, Johnny—— [*She goes to him.* 710

Johnny. I'm still not convinced—I still don't believe in it, but it's what Julia wishes and—and I'm—glad to defer to her wish.

Linda. And now, in Heaven's name, may they be left 715 alone—or shall we all move over to Madison Square Garden?

Edward. [*Disregarding her*] You are not convinced, you say——

[*LINDA exclaims impatiently.*

Johnny. Would you like me to lie to you, sir?

720

Julia. It's enough for me, Father.

Johnny. Julia said a year or two. I'll stay with them three years. I'll work harder than ever I've worked before. I'll do everything I can to make a success of it. I only ask that if at the end of the three years I 725

still feel that it's wise to quit for a while, there won't be any more objections.

Edward. I doubt if by that time there'll be reason for any.

Johnny. We'll have to see about that, sir.

Julia. Well, Father?

730

Edward. [*A pause. Then*] When is it you wish to be married?

Julia. As soon as possible.

Johnny. Sooner.

Edward. The invitations must be out for ten days at 735
least.—How would two weeks from Wednesday suit you?

Julia. That would be perfect.

Edward. No doubt there will be a sailing later that week.

—Well, now, the sun's shining once more, isn't it?— 740
And we're all friends again, eh?

Linda. Just one big family.

Edward. —And what are your plans for your wedding-trip, may I ask?

Johnny. We haven't any very definite ones. Mostly 745
France, I expect.

Edward. It's well to arrange even honeymoons a bit in advance.—Now let me suggest a little itinerary: You'll land at Plymouth or Southampton, and proceed straight to London. I'll cable my sister to-morrow. 750
She and her husband will be delighted to have you stay with them.

Linda. Good Lord, Father—

Edward. [To JOHNNY] He is Sir Horace Porter—one of the most important men in British banking circles. 755

Julia. Father, I'm not sure—

Edward. You can scarcely go abroad and not stop with your Aunt Helen, Julia. In addition, it will save hotel expense and Johnny will be able to learn something of British methods.—Then I shall cable the 760 Bouviers in Paris.—He was expert adviser to the Minister of Finance in the late war—a very good man for you to know. If they aren't already in Cannes, they will be very glad to have you visit them. And if they are, you could not do better than go straight 765 to the South yourselves and—

Johnny. I had thought of this as more of a lark than a business trip, sir.

Edward. —But there's no harm in combining a little business with pleasure, is there? I've never found there 770 was.

Julia. [To JOHNNY] They have a lovely place in Cannes.

Edward. A week in London—a week in Paris—

Linda. An hour in the Louvre—

Edward. —Ten days in Cannes—ideal! Then you might 775 sail from Genoa and return by the Southern route.

[To JULIA] I'll arrange to have your house ready for you to go into March first.

Julia. —Thanks, dear.

Johnny. What house is that, Julia?

Julia. Father's lending us the sweetest little place on Sixty-fourth Street.

Ned. [*To LINDA*] Would you call the Sixty-fourth Street house little?

Linda. [*Watching JOHNNY*] By comparison. 785

Edward. [*To JULIA*] And I have also decided to turn the cottage at The Poplars over to you for the summers.

Julia. Father, you shouldn't—you really should not!

[*She goes to him and takes his hand.*]

Ned. Now there *is* a small place—hasn't even got a ball-room. 790

Julia. Oh, Johnny—wait till you see it!

Edward. [*Beaming*] This is not a deed of gift, you know not yet. Perhaps when you have occupied them for—er—five years or so, my hard old heart may soften.

Julia. —Listen to him—*his* hard old heart! [*To JOHNNY*] 795
—Have you ever known of anyone so sweet?

Johnny. [*After a moment*] Julia—I'm sorry—but I can't stand it.

Julia. [*A silence. Then*] Would you—mind telling me what you mean? 800

Johnny. If we begin loaded down with possessions, obligations, responsibilities, how would we ever get out from under them? We never would.

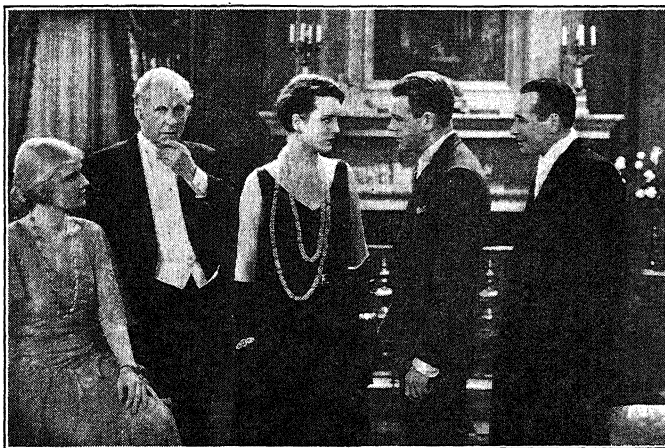
Edward. Ah?

Johnny. —No. You're extremely generous—and kind— 805
but it's not for me.

Edward. And may I ask what *is* for you?



EDWARD SETON AND LINDA
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION



JOHNNY EXPLAINS
FROM THE SCREEN PRODUCTION

Johnny. I don't know yet, but I do know it's not this.

Edward. [*Very quietly*] We are to understand, then, that
you are *not* returning to work. 810

Johnny. That work? For this? [*He shakes his head*]
—No.

Julia. But you said——!

Johnny. —I'm back where I was, now. I can see now that
it's got to be a clean break, it's simply got to. 815

Edward. But the other day, if I remember correctly, you
intimated that you might follow some occupation——

Johnny. Eventually, yes. I think I may still be fairly
active at thirty-five or forty.

Edward. —And in the meantime you expect just to lie 820
fallow, is that it?

Johnny. Not lie—be! I expect to dig and plow and water
for all I'm worth.

Edward. Toward the—er—eventual occupation which is
to overtake you—— 825

Johnny. Exactly.

Edward. I see.—Julia, if you marry this young man now,
I doubt if he will ever again earn one penny.

[*He moves to the table behind the sofa, at Right.*]

Johnny. [*Advances*] Julia, if it's important to you, I'll
promise you I shall always earn my own living.* And 830
what's more, if there's need of it, I'll always earn
yours.

Julia. Thanks.

Johnny. Oh, my dear, we've got to make our own life—

there's nothing to it if we don't—there's no other way 835
to live it!—Let's forget wedding invitations and two
weeks from Wednesday. Let's go now. Let's be mar-
ried tonight. [EDWARD *turns, in amazement.*

Julia. I must decide now, must I?

Johnny. Please—

840

Julia. —And if I say No—not unless you—?

Johnny. —Then I'm going tonight, by myself.

Julia. [*A moment. Then.*] Very well—you can go. Be-
cause I don't quite see myself with an idler for a hus-
band. 845

Johnny. [*A silence. Then JOHNNY speaks slowly*] I sup-
pose the fact is, I love feeling free inside even better
than I love you, *Julia.*

Julia. Apparently—or what you call feeling free.

Johnny. [*Turns to EDWARD*] Goodbye sir. I'm sorry we 850
couldn't make a go of it. Thanks for trying anyhow.
[*He goes to LINDA and takes both her hands*] —Good-
bye to you, *Linda.* You've been sweet.

Linda. Goodbye, *Johnny.* So have you.—I hope you find
what you're looking for. 855

Johnny. I hope *you* do.

Linda. You did want someone along with you on the big
search, didn't you?

Johnny. I did, you know.

Linda. Poor boy. 860

Johnny. —But we won't mind, will we?

Linda. Hell, no—we won't mind.

Johnny. We'll get there——

Linda. Sure! We'll get there!

Johnny. Linda——

865

Linda. [*She leans toward him*] Oh, please do——

Johnny. [*Bends, kisses her briefly, and moves toward the door*] Goodbye, Ned.

NED attempts a goodbye, but cannot say it. JOHNNY goes out.

There is a complete silence for a moment. Then LINDA murmurs:

Linda. I'll miss that man.

[*Another silence, which JULIA finally breaks:*

Julia. [*Half to herself*] He's really gone, then.

870

Edward. Yes.—And in my opinion——

Linda. [*Turns sharply*] Good riddance, eh?

[EDWARD nods sagely.]

Julia. —Really gone——

Linda. [*Goes to her*]. Oh, never mind, dear, never 875
mind. If he loves you, he'll be back!

Julia. [*Turns upon her*] Be back? Be *back*, did you say? What do you think I am? Do you think all I've got to do with my time is to persuade a—a lightweight like him that there's something to life but having fun 880 and more fun?

[LINDA stares, unable to speak.]

Edward. I hope, Julia, that this experience, hard as it may have been, will teach you that——

Julia. Oh, don't worry about me! I'm all right. [*She laughs briefly*] Even a little more than all right, I 885 should say.

Ned. [*Rises*] —Um.—Narrow squeak, wasn't it?

[*Suddenly LINDA grasps JULIA's arm.*]

Julia. What's the matter with you?

Linda. You don't love him.

Julia. Will you kindly let go my arm? 890

Linda. You don't love him!

Julia. Will you *please*—

Linda. Answer me! Do you or do you not?

Julia. And what's that to you, may I ask?

Edward. Now, children— 895

Linda. What's it to me! Oh, what's it to me! [*Her grasp tightens on JULIA's arm*] Answer me!

Julia. Father—what's the matter with her?

Linda. You don't, do you? I can *see* you don't. It's written all over you. You're relieved he's gone—*relieved!* 900

Julia. And suppose I am?

Linda. —She asks me suppose she is! [*Again she confronts JULIA*] Are you? Say it!

Julia. [*Wrenches herself free*] I'm so relieved I could 905
sing with it.—Is that what you want?

Linda. Yes!—*Thanks!* [*She throws back her head and laughs with joy, and moves quickly to the table behind the sofa at Left*] Oh, Lordy, Lordy—have I got a job now! 910

From her handbag on the table she takes two brown envelopes, goes to NED and gives him one of them.

Ned. What is it? [*He sees*] Passport—

Linda. What do you say?

Ned. When?

Linda. Now. Tonight.

Ned. Oh, I couldn't tonight. 915

Linda. Of course you could! If I can, you can.

Edward. [*Advances*] Linda, where are you off to?

Linda. [*To NED*] Will you come?

Ned. Well, you know I'd like to, but——

Linda. Then come! 920

Edward. Linda, where are you going? Tell me instantly.

Linda. —On a trip. On a big ride. Oh, what a ride! Do
you mind?

Ned. Listen, Father, I'd——

Edward. A trip now is out of the question. Please remem- 925
ber you have a position to fill. You are not an idler.

[*To LINDA*] —A trip where?

Linda. [*To NED*] You won't?

Ned. I can't.

Linda. —Caught. 930

Ned. Maybe.

Linda. —I'll be back for you, Ned.

Ned. [*Almost inaudibly*] I'll—be here——

Delia. [*Enters*] Excuse me, Miss Linda—Mr. and Mrs.
Potter are waiting in the car. Your bag has gone 935
down.

Linda. Bring my fur coat, will you, Delia?—And throw
a couple of hats in the hatbox and take it down, too.

Delia. Very well, Miss. [*DELIA goes out.*]

Linda. [*Turns to JULIA*] —You've got no faith in Johnny, 940

have you, Julia? His little dream may fall flat, you think—yes! So it may! What about it? What if it should? There'll be another—the point is, he *does* dream! Oh, I've got all the faith in the world in Johnny. Whatever he does is all right with me. If 945 he wants to sit on his tail, he can sit on his tail. If he wants to come back and sell peanuts, Lord how I'll believe in those peanuts!—Goodbye, Julia.—Goodbye, Father. [*She leaves them and goes to NED*] Goodbye, Neddy— 950

Ned. Goodbye, kid—good luck—

[*For a moment they cling together. Then:*

Linda. Oh, never you fear, I'll be back for you, my fine bucko!

Ned. All right, kid. [*She moves toward the door.* 955

NED *is drawn after her.* DELIA *enters with the fur coat.*

LINDA *takes it from her.* DELIA *goes out.*

Edward. As yet you have not said where it is you are—

Julia. [*Exclaims suddenly*] I know!

Linda. [*Going out*] —And try to stop me, someone! Oh, please—someone try to stop me! [*She is gone.*

Ned. [*Stands looking after her, murmuring softly*] Oh, 960 God, oh, God—

Edward. I shall not permit it! I shall—

Ned. —Permit it!—Permit Linda?—Don't make me laugh, Father.

Julia. [*Advancing*] She's going *with* them, isn't she? 965
Isn't she?

Ned. [*Smiles and picks up his glass again*] —Going to get her Johnny.

Julia. [*Laughs shortly*] A fine chance she's got!

Ned. —Any bets? [*Then savagely*] —Any bets, Julia? 970
[*He raises his glass*] —To Linda—— [*The portrait above the fireplace catches his eye*] —And while we're at it—Grandfather! [*He drinks.*]

CURTAIN.

COMPARATIVE QUESTIONS

Social Conditions and Background

1. How does the education of a well-to-do girl of today as shown in *Holiday* differ from that of a girl in the eighteenth century as shown in *The Rivals* and *She Stoops to Conquer*?
2. Compare the interests of the girls in the two modern plays with those of the heroines of the two eighteenth century plays.
3. What causes of dissatisfaction had Lydia Languish and Kate Hardcastle as compared with Linda and Lois?
4. Select in each of the four plays one or more illustrations of misunderstanding between parents and children.
5. Show how these illustrations bring out the differences in the two periods.
6. In which of the plays do you think that affection between parents and children is most evident?
7. How is it demonstrated?
8. Compare Sir Anthony Absolute and Mr. Edward Seton as domineering fathers showing resemblances and differences.
9. Compare Ned Seton with Captain Absolute as products of their fathers' tyrannical up-bringing.
10. Which one has been harmed by his father's methods and why?
11. Compare the "spoiled children" presented to us in the four plays.
12. Which of the four plays shows best that a real crisis may develop the fine qualities latent in "spoiled children"?
13. Which play or plays seems to show that under certain circumstances children are justified in rebellion?

14. Show that the eighteenth century plays reveal more deception on the part of children in relation to their parents than do the modern ones.
15. Account for this difference.
16. Compare the amusements of well-to-do English people in the eighteenth century with those of Americans today, as shown in these plays.
17. Compare the attitude of young people towards elderly women (Granny in *The Goose Hangs High* and Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*) in the eighteenth century and today.
18. What evidences do you find in these plays of an undue emphasis on the importance of money?

Dramatic Devices

19. Show the importance of letters in the plots of *The Rivals*, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Goose Hangs High*.
20. Can you mention any other well-known story or play in which a letter is of great importance?
21. How much change of scene is there in each of the four plays?
22. Do you prefer those which have little change or those which have much?
23. Which of the plays observe the unity of time? (See note on Dramatic Unities, for *The Rivals*.)
24. Select the main plot and at least one sub-plot in each of the plays.
25. Show that in the opening scenes of the eighteenth century plays, the author makes the audience aware of a deception or misunderstanding of which some of the characters are ignorant; while in the modern plays the uncertainty of the characters is shared by the audience.
26. In spite of this superior knowledge on the part of the audience, how does the eighteenth century play sustain suspense?

27. Where does this suspense in each play seem to you to reach its highest point?
28. Show that in the two modern plays the crisis consists chiefly in an emotional attitude on the part of the characters, while in the earlier plays it consists chiefly in swift or violent action.
29. Is the happy ending in each play plausible,—true to life or does it seem to you to be forced?

Character

30. Show that one outstanding trait distinguishes each of the main characters in *The Rivals* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.
31. Show that the characters in the modern plays are less definitely types of a single trait.
32. Show that the characters in the modern plays are developed by events, while those in the eighteenth century plays are practically unchanging.
33. Compare the personality of Granny with that of Mrs. Hardcastle and of Mrs. Malaprop.
34. Which of the following girls do you find the most charming, and why:
Linda Seton
Lois Ingals
Lydia Languish
Kate Hardcastle
35. Which of the following young men do you admire most, and why:
Johnny Case
Hugh Ingals
Captain Absolute
Marlow
36. Compare the comic elements in the characters of the four plays.

COMPARATIVE COMPOSITION TOPICS

1. The life of a well-to-do girl of today, as shown in *Holiday*, and that of a wealthy girl of the eighteenth century, as shown in *The Rivals* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.
2. Rebellious children then and now.
3. Domineering fathers in the eighteenth century and today.
4. Women's influence in the eighteenth century and today.
5. The Education of Girls. (See especially *The Rivals* and *The Goose Hangs High*.)
6. How I would make a motion picture scenario for one of the eighteenth century plays.
7. How I would make a motion picture scenario for one of the modern plays.
8. Stage setting for a school performance of one of the eighteenth century plays.
9. Stage setting for a school performance of one of the modern plays.
10. A comparison of the humorous elements of the eighteenth century plays and those of the modern plays.
11. A comparison of the realism of dialogue in the eighteenth century plays and in the modern plays.
12. A comparison of methods of travel in the two plays as suggested by references and incidents in the four plays.
13. Take a character from one of the modern plays and introduce him or her into the life of one of the eighteenth century plays.

HELPS TO UNDERSTANDING

She Stoops to Conquer

Notice that the whole play represents but one evening.

In my time, etc. P. 61. Compare the tendency to hark back to "good old times" and to blame the rising generation, with that today.

Looks like an inn. P. 62. This prepares us for the mistake which leads to all the complications.

He's not come to years of discretion. P. 62. This is important as background for the surprise at the end.

A school would be his death. P. 63. At this time private tutoring was preferred by many parents for their sons. Mrs. Hardcastle's faith in Latin as a cure-all for her son is also a reflection of a common attitude.

You know our agreement, sir. P. 65. The costumes suggested here explain in part Marlow's mistake.

Miss Hardcastle (alone.) P. 68. Note the use of soliloquy, a custom from earliest English drama and very common in Shakespeare's plays. It is now generally abandoned, though Eugene O'Neill experimented with something similar in *Strange Interlude* and *The Great God Brown*.

Courting you for my brother Tony. P. 69. Beginning of the sub-plot.

And a pretty son. P. 75. Note Tony's reversal of qualities.

Winking upon the Landlord. P. 76. Note how the landlord enters into the joke.

To the Buck's Head. P. 77. Beginning of main action.

Travelers, George. P. 83. Note the way that both speakers ignore the supposed landlord.

Miss Neville loves you. P. 85. A further explanation of the sub-plot.

Note the irony in Hastings' compliments. Pp. 102-105.

Note the turning point, where Kate and her father make their bet. P. 113.

Note Tony's inability to read. P. 142. See introduction, p. 17.

Note the danger from highwaymen. P. 157. See introduction, p. 9.

GENERAL QUESTIONS

She Stoops to Conquer

Act I

1. What outstanding traits does Mrs. Hardcastle reveal in the first scene? Mr. Hardcastle?
2. What does their opening conversation show as to the character and interests of Tony Lumpkin?
3. What new light on Tony do we have when he appears?
4. How much do we learn in Scene I about Kate's character and previous experience?
5. With what complications in Miss Neville's love affairs do we become acquainted in Scene I?
6. What satire in eighteenth century taste is implied in Scene II, when the ale-house group affect to despise "anything that's low?"
7. The "incentive moment" would probably be placed in Scene II. At just what point do you think it occurs?
8. How does Marlow, in Scene II, bear out our earlier expectation of his character? Tony?

Act II

1. How would you explain the fact that Mr. Hardcastle has no trained servants for his dining-room?
2. How are we shown by their conversation that the young visitors ignore Mr. Hardcastle?
3. Comment on the further proofs of Marlow's extreme shyness.

4. How do you think that Marlow's resolution, "I don't think I shall venture to look her in the face," may complicate his already mistaken situation?
5. What were the words or acts of Marlow in this scene that seem to you most offensive as addressed (though unknowingly) to his father's friend?
6. How does Hastings become aware of Tony's deception?
7. What reason does he give for not undeceiving Marlow?
8. What are Hastings' plans for marrying Miss Neville and why are they delayed?
9. What must be Marlow's posture in his first conversation with Miss Hardcastle?
10. Why does Hastings flatter Mrs. Hardcastle?
11. How does she further betray her character in this act?
12. On what pretense does Hastings persuade Miss Hardcastle to leave him alone with Tony? How does he engage Tony's assistance?

Act III

1. What misunderstanding is revealed in the opening conversation between Kate and her father?
2. What two methods of obtaining Miss Neville's jewels from Mrs. Hardcastle are undertaken?
3. How does Tony show his wit in trying to prevent the discovery of their disappearance?
4. How did Goldsmith in the first act prepare us to understand the deceptive "bar-maid" costume of Kate in this scene?
5. What new misunderstanding between Kate and her father arises through his coming upon her when Marlow is with her?

Act IV

1. Trace the history of the jewel casket since first we heard of it.
2. Explain the misunderstanding between Marlow and his host with regard to the behavior of Marlow's servants.
3. What words of Mr. Hardcastle begin to undeceive Marlow and thus form the turning-point in the play?
4. At what place just before the turning-point would you put the climax of the complication?
5. By what new device does Kate, while admitting that this is Mr Hardcastle's house, still keep Marlow deceived about her own identity?
6. What in Marlow's behavior now rouses Kate's admiration?
7. What deception does Miss Neville practice with regard to the letter received by Tony? Why is it in vain?
8. The secondary plot of Hastings' love affair has its own minor climax and turning-point in this act. Where do you place them?

Act V

1. Explain the new misunderstanding between Marlow and Mr. Hardcastle which arises after Marlow has apologized for mistaking the house for an inn.
2. How does Kate at the end of Scene I gave us a new sense of suspense?
3. How has Tony's trick in Scene II given Hastings and Miss Neville a new opportunity? Why does Miss Neville refuse to seize upon it?
4. Find "the moment of last suspense" for the main plot, in Scene III.
5. What sudden surprise brings the sub-plot of Hastings and Miss Neville to a happy conclusion?

QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER

She Stoops to Conquer

1. In this play are the persons realistic; that is, true to life? What reason can you give for your answer?
2. What is the outstanding trait of Marlow? Would you think him a desirable suitor if you were in Kate's place? Does he show any really fine trait? How? What unworthy trait does he show and where?
3. Is Kate's character shown to be noble or only pleasing? Do you think she would rise to a really serious crisis? How does she show quick wit?
4. Is Tony stupid or only ignorant? What is the difference? Support your belief in the matter. Has he any really likable traits? Is he selfish? Support your views.
5. What faults has Mrs. Hardcastle and what evil effects have they had on other characters?
6. Do you like Squire Hardcastle or merely laugh at him? Why?
7. Do you find that any character really develops during the play? If so, where or how?
8. Do you find a clear difference in character between Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville? If so, how is it manifested?
9. Can you imagine the two sets of lovers interchanged, with Marlow in love with Miss Neville? Why do you think this would or would not make for their future happiness?
10. Has Marlow's father any distinctive traits? If so, how does he differ from Squire Hardcastle?

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS OR DISCUSSIONS

She Stoops to Conquer

1. How Goldsmith prepares us for future events in the play.
2. Misunderstandings in this play.
3. Soliloquies and "asides,"—their uses and their defects.
4. How I would costume the characters in *She Stoops to Conquer*.
5. A scenario for a motion picture from this play.
6. Stage sets and stage properties needed for a production of the play.
7. Beatrice and Benedick of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* compared with Marlow and Kate.
8. Mistaken identity as an interest in plays (Compare examples from Shakespeare's plays such as *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.)
9. Conditions in travel in eighteenth century England (See A. S. Turberville: *Johnson's England* Vol I, Chap. 6, and E. S. Roscoe: *The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century*.)
10. Eighteenth century English inns. (Look up in the library their appearance and management.)

HELPS TO UNDERSTANDING

The Rivals

Time Covered By the Play

The entire action of the play takes place in five hours. Eighteenth century dramatists adhered to the classical unity of *time*, which required the action of a play to take place within one day. The other classical unities were those of *place* and *action*, the first forbidding any shift of scene, the second requiring the play to revolve around one main character.

Lydia Languish's Reading

Sheridan satirizes not only the sentimental drama so popular in his day, but the sentimental novels that enjoyed an equal popularity. The books that Lucy procured for her mistress at the circulating library, as well as those that she was unable to secure, were all contemporary favorites, and help us to understand Sir Anthony's denunciation of the circulating library as "an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge." Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* and *Peregrine Pickle* and Sterne's *Sentimental Journal* seem to be included in Sheridan's satire, although we consider these to be among the great novels of the century.

Acres's Oaths

Bob Acres explains his ingenious oaths himself (Act II, Scene I) when he tells Captain Absolute that there is no meaning in the common oaths, for an oath should be an echo to the sense. Notice how appropriate Acres's ridiculous ejaculations are: how, when

he is speaking of weapons, the oath is "Odds triggers and flints"; when he is recalling his journey, he swears by "whips and wheels"; when assuring the jealous Faulkland of the good spirits of Miss Melville, he ejaculates, "Odds Blushes and Blooms!"

Dueling

Private duels, or "duels of honor," were unknown in England before the sixteenth century, and were very rare until the beginning of the seventeenth. The Restoration drama, reflecting the reaction against Puritan morality, abounds in duels. During the reign of Queen Anne, the subject was frequently discussed in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, Steele and Addison using their influence against the popular practice. In Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* we may read the famous descriptions of the historical duel between The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun and the fictitious duel between Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood.

Throughout the reigns of the Georges duels were frequent. It has been estimated that 172 duels were fought during the reign of George III, as a result of which 91 persons were killed.

As we approach the nineteenth century, duels become rarer in fiction, as they were in fact, for dueling became punishable by law, and a man who killed another in a "combat of honor" was tried for murder.

Bath

Bath in the eighteenth century was a fashionable health resort and watering place. It was frequented by people of wealth and fashion, who went there "to drink the waters" and to enjoy the social diversions, and also by adventurers and fortune hunters, such as Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

That the Romans, during their occupation of Britain, also esteemed the waters of Bath, we know from the discovery of a remarkable series of Roman remains, in the city, including a

magnificent bath. The main bath is still supplied with water from the original Roman conduit, the foundations of which have been left untouched. Many other relics, such as altars, inscriptions, statues, cameos, and coins may be seen in Bath.

The Abbey in which Sir Lucius proposes to inter Bob Acres is the famous Bath Abbey, sometimes called "The Lantern of the West" from the number of its windows. It is on the site of Saxon and Norman buildings.

During the eighteenth century Bath was rebuilt according to fine architectural designs. Queen Square, the Royal Crescent, and the North and South Parades, settings of scenes in *The Rivals*, are beautiful avenues that were planned and built during the first half of the century. The Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms that figure so largely in the books of Fielding, Smollett, Fanny Burney, and Jane Austen as well as in the actual lives of many prominent English people were built during this period.

Coffee-Houses

Coffee-houses were a pleasant feature of the life of the eighteenth century. They resembled the clubs of today, for men frequented them less to drink coffee and other beverages than to meet their friends, discuss business, and hear the news of the day. The picture of Sir Roger de Coverley at his coffee-house is a famous one; it may be found in Number 49 of the *Spectator*.

PARTIAL GLOSSARY OF THE WORD- BLUNDERS OF MRS. MALAPROP

(From Appendix to Nettleton's *Major Dramas of Sheridan*. Ginn & Co.

Accommodation—recommendation
Affluence—influence
Allegory—Alligator
Analyzed—paralyzed
Antistrophe—catastrophe
Caparisons—comparisons
Complication—appellation
Commotion—emotion
Conjunction—injunction
Contagious—contiguous
Controvertible—incontrovertible
Delusions—allusions
Derangement—arrangement
Dissolve—disclose (?), solve (?)
Enveloped—developed
Envoy—convoy
Epitaphs—epithets
Exhort—escort
Exploded—exposed (?)
Extirpate—exculpate, extricate (?)
Felicity—velocity (?), celerity (?)
Geometry—geography
Harry Mercury—the herald Mercury
Hesperian—Hyperion's
Hydrostatics—hysterics
Illegible—ineligible
Illiterate—obliterate
Illuminate—elucidate
Incentive—instinctive
Induction—seduction
Ineffectual—intellectual

Infallible—ineffable
Ingenuity—ingenuousness
Interceded—intercepted
Interested—disinterested
Intricate—obstinate (?)
Intuition—tuition
Job—Jove
Laconically—ironically
Locality—loquacity, venality (?)
Malevolence—benevolence
March—Mars
Meretricious—meritorious (?)
Misanthropy—misanthropist
Oracular—vernacular
Orthodoxy—orthography
Particle—article (?)
Participate—precipitate
Perpendiculars—particulars
Persisted—desisted
Physiognomy—phraseology
Pine-apple—pinnacle
Preposition—proposition
Profane—profuse (?)
Progeny—prodigy
Punctuation—punctilio (?)
Putrifaactions—petrifaactions
Reprehend—apprehend, comprehend (?)
Similitude—simile
Simulation—dissimulation
Supercilious—superficial
Superfluous—superficial
Superstitious—superfluous
Vandyk—vandal (?)

GENERAL QUESTIONS

The Rivals

Act I

1. What information about Captain Absolute and his father, Sir Anthony, do we gain from the conversation of their two servants, in Scene I?
2. What kind of girl do we expect Lydia Languish to be, judging from her name and her taste in books?
3. What are the complications of Lydia's love affair? How far have these been caused by her own character?
4. How does Mrs. Malaprop contribute to the humor of the act?
5. What do we learn of the suitability of Sir Anthony Absolute's name?
6. How does Lucy's deception add to the complications of the plots in the first act?
7. What do we learn of the complications of Julia's relations with Faulkland? How far have these been caused by the character of her lover, Faulkland?
8. What main plot and what minor plot shall we expect to see developed in the following acts?

Act II

1. What traits of character does Captain Absolute show in his conversation with Faulkland?
2. What do we learn of Faulkland during this conversation?
3. What do we learn about Acres before he enters, in Scene I? After he enters?

4. Why do Acres's attempts to reassure Faulkland have exactly the opposite effect?
5. What part does Captain Absolute play in the conversation after Acres's entrance?
6. How do Acres, Faulkland, and Captain Absolute contribute to the humor of this scene?
7. How does Sir Anthony Absolute live up to his name in Scene I?
8. How does this scene between the father and son add to the complication of the main plot?
9. What is the purpose of the ending of Scene I, after the departure of Sir Anthony?
10. What is Sir Lucius O'Trigger's purpose in Bath?
11. What further evidence of Lucy's deception do we discover in Scene II?

Act III

1. What is the purpose of Captain Absolute's opening soliloquy?
2. What makes this a very humorous scene?
3. How does the son exasperate his father in this scene?
4. Why is it that in spite of his domineering manner we sympathize with Sir Anthony during this interview?
5. What quality of Captain Absolute's is entirely lacking in Faulkland?
6. How is the second scene a concession to those in the audience who enjoyed sentimental comedy?
7. What causes us to be in suspense during Scene III?

Act IV

1. What are the relations between David and his master?
2. In spite of Acres's protests, what effect have David's fears on him?

3. What is Captain Absolute's real reason for refusing to act as Acres's second in the proposed duel?
4. Under what misapprehensions are three people laboring when Sir Anthony presents his son to Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia, in Scene II?
5. What is the effect of Captain Absolute's confession on these three characters?
6. Why does Lydia refuse to forgive the deception?
7. What is the real reason for Sir Lucius's challenging Captain Absolute to a duel, in Scene III?
8. What other similar event has been set for the same time and place?
9. Why does Captain Absolute lose patience with Faulkland, in this scene?
10. How does Faulkland arouse our curiosity by his final speech?

Act V

1. What do we discover to be Faulkland's latest plan for testing Julia's affection?
2. What is the outcome of this test?
3. Compare Julia's remonstrances with Lydia, in the first scene, and those of Captain Absolute with Faulkland, in the preceding scene.
4. What urgent message do David and Fag bring to the ladies?
5. What is the immediate result of their visit?
6. What makes Scene II a very humorous relief to the preceding scene?
7. How does Sir Anthony learn of the impending duel?
8. Explain the humor and suspense of Scene III.
9. What explanations and discoveries prevent the duel of Captain Absolute and Sir Lucius?
10. What discovery has already saved Acres from having to fight a duel?
11. What reconciliations close the play?

QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER

The Rivals

1. How has Lydia's reading formed her tastes? What ideas gained from books does she try to carry out in her own life? Is Lydia generally unintelligent, or only foolishly romantic on one subject? Why does she quarrel with Beverley? Why does she refuse to marry Captain Absolute when she discovers his deception? Is Lydia Languish a realistic character? Is a girl of today influenced by the novels she reads?
2. Is Captain Absolute really in love with Lydia, or does he want to marry her only for her money? Why does he pretend to be Ensign Beverley? Does he understand Lydia's character? Give instances of his sense of humor.
3. Is Mrs. Malaprop a realistic character? What are her ideas about the education of a young girl? To what extent do you think that Lydia's character has been formed by her aunt? How far do you think that Lydia will resemble Mrs. Malaprop when she too is middle-aged?
4. What is Sir Anthony's attitude toward his son? What does he think is the position of women? Has he any fine traits of character? Does he ever show any affection for his son or any real sympathy with him? What would Sir Anthony think of the modern idea that parents should try to gain their children's friendship and understanding?
5. Compare Julia and Lydia. What traits of character do you admire in Julia? Has she any trait in exaggerated form? Does she seem too sentimental to be a realistic character? Where does she assert herself? How does she express herself

in contrast to Lydia's mode of expression? Why do you think that the author has the two girls talk so differently?

6. What's your opinion of Faulkland? Does he realize his own character defect? Does he regard it as a weakness to be overcome or is he proud of it? Would he make a better husband for Lydia than for Julia?
7. Is Acres a realistic character? In what way is he no match for Sir Lucius? Why is Captain Absolute fond of him? What is his chief weakness? Does it make you dislike him?
8. What is Sir Lucius's dominating characteristic? Is he in love with Lydia? Does he wish to marry only for money? Why does he scorn Acres?
9. Are the minor characters well-drawn? What's Lucy's chief trait? Compare Lucy with Fag and David as to loyalty to their employers.
10. Are the men or the woman the more convincing characters? Why?

TOPICS FOR COMPOSITIONS OR DISCUSSIONS

The Rivals

1. Bath as a social resort in the eighteenth century.
2. Education of girls in the eighteenth century. (Opinions expressed by Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop.)
(See *Life as a Background, Introduction*, p. 16.)
3. Effect of Lydia's reading on her attitude toward life.
4. The sentimentalism of the Julia-Faulkland plot as a specimen of the sentimental drama.
5. The Lydia—Captain Absolute plot as a satire of sentimental drama.
6. Relations of the younger and older generations in the eighteenth century.
7. Blaming the rising generation.
8. A comparison of Lydia and Julia.
9. How Sheridan prepares us for future events.
10. Misunderstandings in *The Rivals*.
11. Stage sets and stage properties needed for the play.
12. Dueling in the 18th century.
(See *Helps to Understanding*.)
13. Rights of parents and guardians as shown by Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop.
(See Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own*.)
14. Letters in *The Rivals* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.
15. Reasons for the lasting popularity of *The Rivals*.

GENERAL QUESTIONS

Holiday

Act I

1. What discoveries about the background of the girl he loves does Johnny Case make on his first visit to her home?
2. What differences in their attitude toward money and money-making do you discover in the first act?
3. What do we learn about Julia Seton's father from his daughter's conversation with Johnny Case?
4. What do we learn about Julia's sister and brother from this same conversation?
5. After Linda and Ned enter, what additional comment about their father prepares us for difficulties ahead?
6. How do we learn that Linda is dissatisfied with her life?
7. What does she mean by "Do you know any living people, Case? That's a cry from the heart."
8. What kind of engagement party does Linda plan for Julia?
9. What ideas and ideals do we discover that Linda and Johnny share during their conversation while they are left alone?
10. Explain why Johnny's interview with Julia's father fails to secure the father's consent to his daughter's engagement.
11. What conflict of ideas is started in this act? Who are the characters on either side in this conflict? Which one seems to you difficult to place?
12. What characters contribute humor in the act? In what way?

Act II

1. What has happened to the engagement party planned by Julia?

2. How has Linda rebelled against her father?
3. How do we gradually discover that Julia is on her father's side, not with her sister and Johnny?
4. Why does Linda prefer the company of Nick and Susan to that of her cousin Seton Cram and his wife?
5. Compare the party in the playroom with that downstairs.
6. What is the effect of Johnny's business success on Julia and her father? On himself?
7. Why do they fail to sympathize with Johnny's plan to stop working, now that he has enough money to live on?
8. What does Johnny mean when he says, "I'm after all that's in me, all I am. I want to get it out—where I can look at it, know it"?
9. What is the significance of Johnny's remark to Linda, "There's a conspiracy against you and me"?
10. What additional complication in the plot do you discover toward the close of Act II?
11. Why does Linda say to Ned, "I don't want any luck"?

Act III

1. What change in the plans of Johnny and Julia has taken place since the close of Act II?
2. What efforts does Linda make to bring about a reconciliation?
3. What new light on her sister's character does Linda get during their first conversation with her father, in this act?
4. How does Johnny follow Linda's advice, to compromise?
5. Why does he decide that marriage with Julia would be impossible?
6. How is the "happy ending" also a realistic one?
7. How is suspense kept up during this act?

QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER

Holiday

1. What is Johnny Case's philosophy? Has he thought it through, or is it only a hazy idea? Is his love for Julia sincere? Why is he not willing to stay in business, to please her? Why does he give her up?
2. Is Julia a likable person? Do you sympathize with her at all? Why is she not able to get Johnny's point of view? To what extent does she resemble her father? To what extent is she broader-minded than her father? Would she have been happy, married to Johnny?
3. Is Linda as happy in her environment as Julia is? How is she different from her sister? What attracts her to Johnny? Why does she hide her love for Johnny until she is sure that Julia no longer loves him? Do you think she and Johnny will be happy together? Why?
4. How is Ned the result of his father's training? Why has he taken to drink? How does he show his ability to read character? For which sister does he feel more affection? Which one understands him?
5. What are Mr. Seton's chief traits? Why has he failed to understand Linda and Ned? What is his attitude toward Johnny as his daughter's suitor? Why does he consent to the marriage? Why is he unable to understand Johnny's reasons for giving up work?
6. Characterize the Potters. Why does Linda admire them so much? Do you approve of their way of spending their time?

How do they disarm any criticism of their apparent uselessness? Why do we enjoy them?

7. Compare the Crams with the Potters. Is Linda quite fair to them? Why does Laura consider the conversation at the playroom party "absolutely mad"? How does it appear to you?
8. What conclusions regarding Johnny's character could be drawn from the following (1) "In term-time I usually ran eating-joints and typed lecture notes. In summers I sold aluminum pots and pans." (2) "You see, it's always been my plan to make a few thousands early in the game, if I could, and then quit for as long as they last, and try to find out who I am and what I am and what goes on and what about it—now, while I'm young, and feel good all the time." (3) "I don't want to be identified with any one class of people."
9. "In a drama the course of action is usually determined by the character of one of the principal personages." Trace carefully the action of *Holiday* to show that this statement is true.
10. "A good dramatic plot requires that the audience not only must be satisfied with what takes place on the stage, but must be convinced that the course of events is inevitable." With particular emphasis on character trace briefly the varying fortunes of Julia, Linda and Johnny to show that this statement is true.

TOPICS FOR ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITION

Holiday

1. Edward Seton's comment on Johnny Case—"I consider his whole attitude deliberately un-American."
2. Comparison of Johnny's and Linda's ideas on use of leisure with those of Julia and her father.
3. Your own idea of leisure.
4. Linda's remark, "We're all grand at seventeen. It's after that that the sickness sets in."
5. Which scene in your opinion might be most effectively presented over the radio? Why?
6. Discuss an incident in the play which brought you to a realization of a problem or situation which conceivably you yourself may some day have to face.
7. Have the incidents in the play been so chosen as to present a coherent, unified story? Prove.
8. Does the story seem worth telling? Were you interested, thrilled, excited or moved by any parts?
9. What is the "struggle" in this play? How does it differ from the other plays?
10. What is the significance of the title *Holiday*? Discuss.
11. Do the characters seem alive? Do you feel strongly about any of them? Do you sympathize, dislike or admire any of them? Why?

GENERAL QUESTIONS

The Goose Hangs High

Title

The Goose Hangs High. Granny's exclamation in the first act, when Bernard and Eunice have been buying what she considers extravagant Christmas gifts for their children, gives the title to the play. It signifies that the young people are leading a life of thoughtless gaiety. The old adage is often spoken in the form: "*Everything is lovely* and the goose hangs high."

The origin of the expression remains doubtful, though discussions on the subject have appeared in *The Wilson Bulletin* (1933) and in *The Literary Journal* (1930). The Century Dictionary, under the word *goose*, gives the following theory, to which *The Library Journal* also attaches most weight. The expression seems to be an Americanism and a corruption of "The goose *honks* (or *hawks*) high." Wild geese, it seems, fly higher when the weather is fine or promises to be fine. Hence, the interpretation: "Prospects are bright." Another theory, tracing the proverb to the early English sport of hanging a plucked and greased gander to the branch of a tree and then allowing contestants to snatch at it as they rode swiftly under it, seems to have less probability.

Act I

1. What indications are there of the fact that the scene is laid in a small city (100,000) and west of Detroit but settled originally by New Englanders?
2. What indications do you find as to the characters of all persons who appear in the scene both from their own words and by discussion before they appear?

3. What college may be indicated by Granny's remark, "Lois had it made in Springfield." (See also Act II where "Hamp" is mentioned.)
4. Is Ronald's dissatisfaction his mother's fault or his own?
5. What proof is there that the play represents the period when prohibition was still the law.

Act II

1. What indications are there that the children think that their parents have practically unlimited means?
2. How does Bradley show that he is younger than Hugh?
3. How does the conversation between Bernard and Eunice after Bradley goes upstairs, reveal the "problem" or central theme of the play? How would you state that theme?
4. State clearly the problem of municipal government that is represented by Kimberley.
5. Do you guess at once the contents of the letter which Bernard writes so hastily and wishes to recall? How is it implied?
6. How does Hugh's exclamation, "Poor Dad!" become a turning point?
7. Fill in what you think Lois means when she says, "Selfish love, unselfish."
8. Why is Eunice's "Love's too beautiful to be hidden," followed by Bradley's "Good Lord, but I'm hungry"?

Act III

1. How does Dagmar state the theme of the play?
2. What characteristic of Granny do Lois and Bradley play upon, to get their way?
3. Had Bradley *really* "almost forgotten" about Noel Derby's plan with their father? If not, why does he say this?
4. Do you approve of the outcome? If not, how would you change it?

QUESTIONS ON CHARACTER

The Goose Hangs High

1. Do the younger characters in this play really develop through the force of events? Explain this in relation to each character.
2. Prove that Granny does or does not possess: wisdom, sense of humor, unselfishness, impatience.
3. Prove the unselfishness of Bernard Ingals and of his wife.
4. Show the effect of their character on each of their children.
5. In contrast show the effect on their cousin, of his mother's character.
6. Do you believe that parents' character in real life influences their children? Can you give examples?
7. What strong contrasts in character and manners are shown between two men of the play? Two women?
8. In what way is civic honesty and dishonesty illustrated in the characters of the play?
9. Show how Bernard is torn between unselfish devotion to his family and adherence to ideals of business conduct.
10. Why do such problems of conscience occur for these characters, while they do not for the characters in the eighteenth century comedies?

TOPICS FOR ORAL OR WRITTEN COMPOSITION

The Goose Hangs High

1. How corrupt city politics might be improved.
2. How far should parents sacrifice for their children?
3. Doing what we really want most to do: What does it mean?
4. The importance of "Granny" to the plot of the play.

SHORT TYPE TESTS

I. Multiple Choice Test

Directions: Copy on your paper the number of each question and after each number write a, b, or c, choosing the one that you think most satisfactorily completes the statement.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

1. Miss Neville is
 - a. Tony's sister.
 - b. Marlow's cousin.
 - c. Tony's cousin.
2. Hastings is eager
 - a. To get Miss Neville's jewels.
 - b. To marry Miss Neville with or without jewels.
 - c. To leave the Hardcastle house alone.
3. Marlow is deceived into mistaking the house for an inn, by
 - a. The landlord.
 - b. Tony.
 - c. Hastings.
4. Kate wishes
 - a. To win Marlow's love.
 - b. To show up Marlow as unworthy of her.
 - c. To turn Marlow's regard toward Miss Neville.
5. Marlow fails to recognize Kate on her second appearance because
 - a. She puts on finer clothes.
 - b. She hides behind a screen.
 - c. She wears simpler clothes and he has not looked her in the face.
6. Mrs. Hardcastle finds Hastings
 - a. A delightful flatterer.

- b. A rude fellow.
- c. A shy stranger.
- 7. Tony's attitude toward Miss Neville is
 - a. He is in love with her.
 - b. He tries to injure her in every way.
 - c. He tries to help her marry, that he may be rid of her.
- 8. Kate makes a wager as to the character of Marlow with
 - a. Miss Neville.
 - b. Squire Hardcastle.
 - c. Tony.
- 9. Marlow's servants are directed by him
 - a. To drink freely.
 - b. To keep sober.
 - c. To wait on the table.
- 10. Tony's trick to save Constance from leaving her lover is
 - a. To bring her home from her aunt's.
 - b. To help her elope with Hastings.
 - c. To keep her at home by having the coach drive around the estate instead of to Aunt Pedigree's.

THE RIVALS

- 1. Lydia Languish wished to marry Beverley because
 - a. He was an army officer.
 - b. He had promised to elope with her.
 - c. She would lose most of her fortune if she married him.
- 2. Captain Absolute wished to marry Lydia because
 - a. He loved her.
 - b. She had a large fortune.
 - c. His father wished him to do so.
- 3. Faulkland's jealousy was due to
 - a. Julia's flirtations.
 - b. His own disposition.
 - c. The fact that Julia's father had arranged the marriage.

-
4. The Julia-Faulkland plot was introduced to
 - a. Provide slap-stick comedy.
 - b. Please a sentimental audience.
 - c. Provide complication for the main plot.
 5. Sir Lucius O'Trigger was
 - a. A fortune hunter.
 - b. A suitor of Mrs. Malaprop's.
 - c. A friend of Sir Anthony Absolute.
 6. Bob Acres wished to fight a duel because
 - a. He wished to win Lydia from Captain Absolute.
 - b. Sir Lucius O'Trigger talked him into it.
 - c. He was a bold fighter.
 7. Mrs. Malaprop was
 - a. A scheming guardian who wished to keep Lydia's fortune from her.
 - b. An uneducated woman fond of using long words.
 - c. An amiable and humorous old lady.
 8. Sir Anthony Absolute was
 - a. A believer in higher education for women.
 - b. A fond, indulgent father.
 - c. A tyrannical hot-tempered parent.
 9. A duel in King's-Mead-Fields was arranged to be fought by
 - a. Faulkland and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.
 - b. Bob Acres and Captain Absolute.
 - c. Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Captain Absolute.
 10. The duel was prevented by
 - a. The entreaties of Lydia and Julia.
 - b. Acres's cowardice.
 - c. David's devotion to his master.

II. Completion Test

Directions: Copy on your paper the number of the question and write opposite it the word or words that will truthfully complete the sentence.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

1. An earlier play by Goldsmith was _____.
2. A servant of Mr. Hardcastle was named _____.
3. The stealing of Miss Neville's jewels was planned by _____.
4. Mrs. Hardcastle wished to live in _____.
5. Mr. Hardcastle was an old friend of _____.
6. The happy ending is brought about partly by the revelation that Tony's age is _____.
7. Shyness with ladies and boldness with serving maids is a characteristic of _____.
8. Inability to read is shown by _____.
9. The jewel casket is given back to Mrs. Hardcastle by _____.
10. A story about the Duke of Marlborough is a favorite of _____.
11. Tony's favorite place of amusement is _____.
12. A song is sung by _____.
13. When Miss Hardcastle first meets Marlow he mistakes her for _____.
14. Later Marlow mistakes her for _____.
15. Miss Neville starts with Mrs. Hardcastle for the home of _____.

THE RIVALS

1. Lydia wished to marry without her aunt's consent because _____.

2. Two topics on which Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop agreed were _____.
3. Captain Absolute finally agreed to marry the girl his father had selected because _____.
4. Three suitors of Lydia Languish were _____, _____, _____.
5. The Julia-Faulkland plot can be omitted without detracting from the interest of the play because _____.
6. Lydia refused Captain Absolute's proposal because _____.
7. The two people who challenged Captain Absolute to a duel were _____.
8. Julia finally lost patience with Faulkland when _____.
9. David and Fag proved of service to their masters by _____.
10. One misunderstanding that was cleared up when the party met at King's-Mead-Fields was _____.
11. Lucy deceived Sir Lucius and Mrs. Malaprop when _____.
12. Sir Anthony Absolute is well-named, because _____.
13. Mrs. Malaprop is well-named, because _____.
14. Lydia Languish is well-named, because _____.
15. The title of the play refers to the fact that _____.

HOLIDAY

1. Johnny has not known of Julia's wealth and social position because _____.
2. Mr. Seton postpones Julia's marriage to Johnny Case because _____.
3. Linda's plans for Julia's engagement party were _____.
4. Linda refused to attend her father's New Year's Eve party because _____.

5. Mr. Seton consented to Julia's marriage with Johnny when he learned _____.
6. Johnny wishes to quit business because _____.
7. Julia and her father objected to Johnny's giving up his position because _____.
8. The conflict that is making Linda unhappy during the New Year's Eve party is caused by _____.
9. Johnny's final realization that he cannot marry Julia comes when _____.
10. Linda feels free to show her love for Johnny when she hears _____.
11. Linda and Johnny share the view that _____.
12. Linda sympathizes with her brother because _____.
13. The play is called HOLIDAY because _____.
14. One reason why this play is popular is _____.
15. The theme behind the play is _____.

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

1. Leo Day wants Bernard to help his social standing by getting him into _____.
2. Bernard's position is that of _____.
3. That the Ingals children have been spoiled is the opinion of _____ and _____.
4. Fifty dollars is wired for by _____.
5. A son who has been strictly kept in his place is _____.
6. Bradley came home by _____.
7. Leo Day did not dine with the Ingals family because _____.
8. When Lois goes to a shop she shows she has clever ideas about _____.
9. Kimberley threatens Bernard because the latter has _____.

10. Granny brings out the best side of the children when she _____.
11. Bernard has always wanted to be a _____.
12. The money that he needs for this occupation is finally furnished by _____.
13. She is persuaded to do this by _____ and _____.
14. Hugh's occupation is _____.
15. The play shows that what is most needed between parents and children is _____.

III. True—False

Directions: Place the numbers of the following questions on your answer sheet and write T for True or F for False after each number.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

1. The scene of the play is London.
2. Hardcastle is the proprietor of the inn.
3. Mrs. Hardcastle has over-indulged her son Tony.
4. Miss Hardcastle (or Kate) on hearing from her father that Marlow is to visit them, resolves to attract him.
5. Tony wishes to marry his cousin, Miss Neville.
6. Marlow is never at ease in the company of serving maids.
7. Hastings refused to marry Miss Neville without her jewels.
8. Marlow mistakes Miss Hardcastle for a servant, at their first meeting.
9. Hastings flatters Mrs. Hardcastle.
10. Tony steals his cousin's jewels from his mother.
11. Miss Hardcastle pretends to be a servant.
12. Marlow does not admire her in her simple gown.

13. Marlow sent Miss Neville's jewels to Mrs. Hardcastle, for safety.
14. Miss Hardcastle reveals to Marlow his mistake with regard to the house.
15. Tony reads aloud the letter from Hastings to himself, which reveals the plan for elopement.
16. Marlow's father quarrels with Mrs. Hardcastle.
17. Constance Neville is driven to her aunt Pedigree's.
18. Highwaymen attack her on the journey.
19. Mr. Hardcastle is mistaken for a highwayman.
20. Tony is about 18 years old.

THE RIVALS

1. Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley were two of the lovers of Lydia Languish.
2. Lydia Languish had improved her mind with wide reading.
3. Sir Anthony disapproved of higher education for women.
4. Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony agreed that young people should decide whom they wished to marry.
5. Mr. Faulkland was sorry to hear that Julia had enjoyed good health and spirits during his absence.
6. Because Captain Absolute was dependent on his father, he agreed to marry anyone Sir Anthony selected.
7. Sir Lucius O'Trigger wished to marry Mrs. Malaprop for her money.
8. Lucy, a shrewd and unscrupulous girl, thought more of money than of honest dealings with her employers.
9. When Captain Absolute discovered that his father wished him to marry Lydia, he told him that he had already promised to do so.
10. Faulkland realized that his jealousy was unreasonable but could not control it.
11. When Captain Absolute visited Mrs. Malaprop to ask for

Lydia, they laughed together over a letter in which he had insulted her.

12. Acres was a brave fighter, eager to challenge his rival to a duel.
13. Lydia was overjoyed to find that her aunt approved of the man she wished to marry.
14. Captain Absolute returned Lydia's miniature to her when she refused to marry him.
15. Dueling was the legal way for English gentlemen to settle their disputes at the time this play was written.
16. The Julia-Faulkland love affair was included in the play only to satisfy the sentimental tastes of the audience.
17. The conversations between Julia and Faulkland sound more natural than those of Lydia and Captain Absolute.
18. Sir Anthony was in Bath for the purpose of visiting his son.
19. Fag knew nothing of the affairs of his master.
20. Sir Anthony proposed marriage to Mrs. Malaprop at the close of the play.

GAME OF QUOTATIONS

Directions: See how many of the following quotations you can locate by speaker and relation to the events of the play:

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

1. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.
2. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb.
3. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare this very moment, to run off with *me*.
4. I love everything that's old: old friends, old tunes, old manners, old books, old wine.
5. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance.
6. Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.
7. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.
8. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it.
9. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time; if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.
10. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?
11. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise.

12. Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman.
13. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia.
14. At your age, you may wear what you please, and it must become you.
15. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of the Ould Grouse in the gun room.
16. I know every inch of her; and there's not a more bitter, cantankerous toad in all Christendom.
17. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.
18. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself.
19. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire.

THE RIVALS

1. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman?
2. Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!
3. He is the very Pine-apple of politeness!
4. If I loved you less I should never give you an uneasy moment.
5. I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.
6. You know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way.
7. To swear with propriety, the "oath should be an echo to the sense"; and this we call the oath referential, or sentimental swearing.
8. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

9. I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman.
10. I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim.
11. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive.
12. What, you have been treating *me* like a *child*!—humoring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!
13. For—give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as as well as *speak* one.
14. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog.
15. I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one.
16. Come, come, let's have no Honour before ladies.
17. I own the soft impeachment.
18. We have both tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets of Love; with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself.
19. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unreproaching kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault.
20. Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trust;—commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!

HOLIDAY

1. Which is harder to do, anyway? Go to an office and rustle papers about or sit under a tree and look at your own soul?
2. We're all grand at seventeen. It's after that that the—sickness sets in.

3. Mine is a simple story. I just want to save part of my life for myself. There's a catch to it, though. It's got to be part of the young part.
4. If we begin loaded down with possessions, obligations, responsibilities, how would we ever get out from under them? We never would.
5. But you see, the things you like in him are just what she can't stand, Linda. And the fate you say he'll save her from is the one fate in this whole world she wants.
6. I know you wouldn't expect that of a man in father's position, but the fact is, money is our god here.
7. It's always been my plan to make a few thousands early in the game, if I could, and then quit for as long as they last, and try to find out who I am and what I am and what goes on and what about it—now, while I'm young, and feel good all the time.
8. Because the playroom's the one room in this house anyone's ever had any fun in!
9. You've always been the "stronger character," haven't you? At least people have always thought so. You've made all the decisions, you've always had the ideas—
10. If there's one thing I'll do in my life, it'll be to let the fresh air back into you again, hear me?

THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

1. I'd like to see any one persuade me to give up my life. Nothing can stop me.
2. There's no snob like a pioneer.
3. You forget that in high school I acted in *The Merchant of Venice*, and darn well too.
4. You act as though I were a Victorian calla-lily.
5. Rather than be back here, I'd live in a hall bed-room in New York.

6. And as for religion, College makes them all atheists.
7. I want to get in with the right people—socially.
8. But all husbands are alike and wives should get everything from them they can.
9. A year after you're married you'll both be darn glad to have me at the dinner table.
10. Either you do what I want you to do or I swing things against you.

PROJECTS

1. Arrange a program dealing with the older woman today and in the eighteenth century. A stock character of drama and of novels in that period was the absurd, crochety, or ignorant elderly female. Of recent years a number of plays have featured elderly women as showing shrewd common sense. A comparative study might include:

FROM RECENT PLAYS

Granny in *The Goose Hangs High*
Grandmother in *No More Ladies* by A. E. Thomas
Grandmother in *The Royal Family* by George Kaufman
Aunt Kate in *Personal Appearance* by Brock Pemberton
Aunt Min in *Her Master's Voice* by Clare Kummer.

FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*
Mrs. Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*
Tabitha Bramble in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*
The Grandmother in *Evelina* by Fanny Burney

2. Arrange a program dealing with English squires in literature. Mr. Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer* and Sir Roger de Coverley in *The Spectator*, are examples from the eighteenth century; Archibald Marshall's *The Squire's Daughter* and *The Eldest Son* portray a squire of the twentieth century; George Eliot's *Silas Marner* shows the nineteenth century Squire Cass. Compare any of these.

3. Arrange a program on the staging and costuming of *She Stoops to Conquer* or *The Rivals*. Members of the class with artistic gift might bring in original sketches for the costumes. Others might bring in illustrated editions or mounted pictures. Others might list the stage properties needed.
4. Give a series of selected scenes from one of the plays, to occupy one recitation period. Committees should be in charge of simple properties, stage directions, and such bits of costuming as can be easily obtained.
5. Make a model of an eighteenth century theater.
6. Arrange a program consisting of motion picture scenarios for the plays in this volume. One committee can work on each scenario, one or two recitation-periods being devoted to group-consultations in different parts of the room. Then one or two students may polish off at home the work of each committee, and one member read the scenario to the class.
7. Prepare a program on the rise of the English novel in the eighteenth century. The following references are suggested:
Hopkins and Hughes: *The English Novel before the Nineteenth Century* (Excerpts from famous novels)
William Lyon Phelps: *The Advance of the English Novel*
Wilbur L. Cross: *The Development of the English Novel*
Sir Walter Raleigh: *The English Novel*
8. Plan and carry out a radio program based on each of the plays. Part of the "broadcast" ought to be in narrative form and part in dramatic form. Have a make-believe microphone on the teacher's desk, for the "broadcasters," use and be sure to observe time limits as is done in all radio programs.
9. Arrange a program on eighteenth century life, using as sources the material furnished in the Introduction to this volume and that suggested in the Suggested Reading list at the end of the book.

-
10. Arrange a program of reports on some of the recent plays listed at the end of the volume.
 11. Let all members of the class select a topic from the following list, to write in the form of a dramatic dialogue. Appoint a committee to select the best dialogue on each topic. Then have these dialogues acted before the class.

Mrs. Malaprop and Mr. Hardcastle discuss the bringing up of children.

Captain Absolute and Tony Lumpkin discuss the difficulties of dealing with parents.

Linda Seton and Lois Ingals discuss the way to be happy.

The ghost of Kate Hardcastle discusses with Lois Ingals the advantages and disadvantages of a girl's life in each period.
 12. Arrange a program on the subject of types of humor in these plays, bringing out:
 - Humor of character
 - Humor of speech
 - Humor of plot or situation

SUGGESTED READING

The Eighteenth Century Background

- Ashton, John.....Social Life in the Age of Queen Anne (Charles Scribner's Sons)
- Calthrop, Dion Clayton.....English Costume (A. & G. Black, London)
- Garnett & Gosse.....Illustrated History of English Literature (Macmillan)
- Nicoll, Allardyce.....A History of Late Eighteenth Century Drama (Cambridge University Press)
- Sydney, W. C.....England and the English in the Eighteenth Century
- Trevelyan, G. M.....England Under Queen Anne (Longmans, Green)
- Turberville, A. S.....Johnny's England (2 vols.) (Clarendon Press, Oxford)

Biographical Reading

- Darlington, William Aubrey..Sheridan (Duckworth, London, 1933)
- Dobson, Austin.....Life of Oliver Goldsmith (Great Writers Series—Walter Scott, London)

- Irving, Washington Oliver Goldsmith, *A Biography*
(G. P. Putnam's Sons)
- King, Richard Ashe Oliver Goldsmith
(Methuen & Co., London)
- Sichel, Walter Sidney Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan
Sheridan (2 vols.)
(Constable & Co., London, 1909)

Eighteenth Century Plays

- All for Love and The World Well Lost Dryden
- Englishman in Paris Samuel Foote
- Englishman Returned from Paris Samuel Foote
- School for Scandal Richard Brinsley Sheridan
- The Beaux' Stratagem Farquhar
- The Critic Richard Brinsley Sheridan
- The Good-Natured Man Oliver Goldsmith

Other Recent Plays

- Adam and Eva—by Guy Bolton and George Middleton
- Another Language—by Rose Franken
- Bird in the Hand—by John Drinkwater
- Bunty Pulls the Strings—by Graham Moffat
- Captain Applejack—by Walter Hackett
- Clarence—by Booth Tarkington
- Come Out of the Kitchen—by A. E. Thomas and Alice Duer
Miller
- Dulcy—by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly
- Expressing Willie—by Rachel Crothers
- Grumpy—by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percival
- Merton of the Movies—by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly

- Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh—by Harry James Smith
 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—by Anne Crawford Flexner
 (from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice)
 Nothing But the Truth—by James Montgomery
 Old Lady 31—by Rachel Crothers
 Peg O' My Heart—by J. Hartley Manners
 Penrod—by Edward E. Rose (from the Tarkington stories)
 Pomander Walk—by Louis N. Parker
 Seven Keys to Baldpate—by George M. Cohan
 Seventeen—by Booth Tarkington
 So This is London—by Arthur Goodrich
 The Cinderella Man—by Edward Childs Carpenter
 The Country Cousin—by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street
 The Late Christopher Bean—by Sidney Howard
 The Man from Home—by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon
 Wilson
 The Royal Family—by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber

Some Famous Modern Comedies

- A Kiss for Cinderella—by J. M. Barrie
 Alice Sit-by-the-Fire—by J. M. Barrie
 Dear Brutus—by J. M. Barrie
 Hay Fever—by Noel Coward
 Mr. Pim Passes By—by A. A. Milne.
 Peter Pan—by J. M. Barrie
 The Admiral Crichton—by J. M. Barrie
 The Ivory Door—by A. A. Milne
 The Romantic Age—by A. A. Milne
 What Every Woman Knows—by J. M. Barrie
 You Never Can Tell—by Bernard Shaw

(Note: Many of the above plays (not by Barrie or Shaw) can be obtained in paper covers from Samuel French, Publisher, 25 West 45th Street, if they are not in your local library.)

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

COLLEGE ENTRANCE BOARD

1. Compare a modern book with a classic of the same type, play with play, novel with novel, essay with essay, etc.

English 1-2, 1930.

2. Choose from your reading of plays three characters from the following list, no two from the same play.

- (a) An ambitious man
- (b) A disloyal friend
- (c) A scheming woman
- (d) A comic character
- (e) An idealist
- (f) A cynic
- (g) A heroic woman
- (h) A supernatural character

Name the authors and give the titles of the plays in which the characters you have chosen appear. Describe briefly each character of your choice. *Comprehensive Examination, 1930.*

3. Write on one of the following topics:

- (a) "A novelist or dramatist may be personally interested in character, incident, or background."

Explain by an analysis of some novel or play which of these interests dominated the author. *English 1-2, 1931.*

4. In the plays you have read what means did the dramatist use to bring about the happy or unhappy conclusion?

Comprehensive Examination, 1931.

5. What significant change of view or attitude from that of a generation or two ago is brought out by some contemporary book or recognized excellence. *English 1-2, 1932.*

6. With specific reference to the books prescribed for reading expand one of the following sentences into a composition:

(a) A good novelist (or a good dramatist) makes the action of his plot seem natural.

(b) The ability to triumph over circumstances is often a quality of greatness. *English 1-2, 1933.*

7. The reading and study of literature should help a student to know a good book when he sees one—to distinguish, for instance, between the temporary and the permanent, the false and the true.

With this statement in mind, discuss some of the elements or qualities which enable you to recognize a piece of literature as good. Illustrate your answer, giving titles and authors, with specific references to at least two works, selected from fiction, poetry, or drama which you have read or studied.

Comprehensive Examination, 1933.

8. In your reading of contemporary literature what type of book do you like best? What pleasure or satisfaction do you derive from it? Illustrate from some work of recognized excellence.

English 1-2, 1934.

9. "The novelist or dramatist cannot forego the charm of plot without losing a great and legitimate source of interest, but his plot ought not to be governed merely by external circumstances imposed upon the characters from without. It is rather determined by the characters themselves; the outcome of those inner impulses of human nature which it is the chief purpose of the novelist or dramatist to portray."

(a) Illustrate the truth of this statement by the discussion of

one novel and two dramas (one comedy and one tragedy). Answer as fully as your time permits.

- (b) Give the titles and authors of two other novels or dramas in which you think external circumstances have an unusually important part. Give brief reasons for your choice.

Comprehensive Examination, 1934.

*Reprinted by Special Permission
of the College Entrance Examination Board*

REGENTS

1. From one of the following choose a character whose part you would like to play or act and tell how you ought to look and what you should do in order to portray the character naturally and effectively: *Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, a modern play of recognized excellence.*

Four Years English, 1930.

2. From the literature studied or read in your English course, select three works of different types (essay, collection of letters, biography, oration, play, novel, or short story, scientific writing) and explain briefly how each work selected has enriched the world with ideas inspirational or practical.

Four Years English, 1931.

3. A play or novel often presents life as lived at a definite time in history; e.g., our Civil War period, the reign of Queen Elizabeth. From among the plays and novels, select two that deal with living conditions at definitely separated times. Picture clearly and in considerable detail the living conditions in each period and by bringing into contrast both the advantages and the disadvantages show in which of these periods you would prefer to have lived. Give title and author of each work selected.

Four Years English, 1932.

4. Serious plays and novels usually deal with some special phase of life: family relations, politics, professions, business, social injustice, moral questions, pioneering, etc.

Choose one play and one novel that treat of any important phases of life and in a paragraph for each show in some detail (1) what phase the author deals with and (2) what ideas about it he expresses or what conclusions he reaches. Give the title and author of each selection. *Four Years English, 1933.*

5. "Adversity is the test of strong men." Referring to at least four novels, short stories or plays, show that writers frequently put their strong men or women to such a test.

Four Years English, 1934.

